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# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

SERMONS PREACHED

BY

C. H. SPURGEON.

REVISED AND PUBLISHED

DURING THE YEAR 1906.

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VOL. LII.

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THE ONE GOD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH,  
IN  
THE TRINITY OF HIS SACRED PERSONS,  
BE ALL HONOUR AND GLORY,  
WORLD WITHOUT END,  
AMEN

TO THE GLORIOUS FATHER, AS THE COVENANT GOD  
OF ISRAEL;  
TO THE GRACIOUS SON, THE REDEEMER OF HIS PEOPLE  
TO THE HOLY GHOST, THE AUTHOR OF  
SANCTIFICATION;  
BE EVERLASTING PRAISE FOR THAT GOSPEL OF THE  
FREE GRACE OF GOD  
HEREIN PROCLAIMED UNTO MEN.



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# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

"HIS GREAT LOVE."

## A. Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1905,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Lord's-day Evening, August 15th, 1875.*

"His great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins."—  
Ephesians ii. 4, 6.

You notice, in this chapter, the remarkable change of subject which commences at the 4th verse. Paul had been giving a very sad description of what even the saints are by nature, and of their conduct before conversion; and then, as if he was quite weary of writing upon that painful topic, he says, "But God"—and goes on to tell what God has done. What a relief it is to turn from ourselves, and from our fellow-men, to God! And I do not know when God, in his rich mercy, ever seems so lovely in our eyes as when we have just gazed upon our own abundant sins. The diamond shines all the more brilliantly when it has a suitable foil to set off its brightness; and man seems to act as a foil for the goodness and the mercy of God. Perhaps you remember that the psalmist, when he had said in his haste, "All men are liars," turned abruptly from that theme, and said, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" It is as if he had said, "I will not have anything more to do with man, I find him to be only like a broken cistern that can hold no water; but as for my God, he has never failed me, and he never will, so 'I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.'"

I want, at this time, just to intertwist these two subjects,—ourselves in our fall, and God in his grace,—ourselves in our sin, and God in his love: "His great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins." I shall not need so much to preach as just to refresh your memories,—to revive your recollections of the great things which the Lord, in his grace, hath done for you. I want you, who knew the Lord, to remember what you were, and what God has done for you. Those two themes will bring out the greatness of his love, so they shall be our two subjects for meditation; first, *what we were*: and secondly, *what God did for us*.

No. 2,968.

I. First, then, **WHAT WE WERE.** The text says that "we were dead in sins."

O believer, whatever life, of a spiritual kind, thou hast in thee to-day, was given to thee by God; it was not thine by nature. Before God looked upon thee in love and pity, and said unto thee, "Live!" thou wast dead. That is to say, as far as spiritual things are concerned, *thou wast insensible*,—insensible alike to the terrors of divine wrath and to the melodies of divine love. Thou couldst even lie at the foot of Sinai, and not shake with affright, although Moses did exceedingly fear and quake, and thou couldst lie at the foot of the cross, and yet not be melted by the death-cries of Immanuel, although the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent, and the graves were opened at that doleful sound. Do you not remember, beloved, when you passed through such a time as that? I do,—when utter callousness and hardness of heart reigned supreme within us, when the world—painted harlot, as she is,—could attract us, but we were insensible to the inexpressible beauties of him who is altogether lovely, Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

And as we were insensible to spiritual things, being dead, so *we were, at that time, without power to do anything.* We were preached to, called, and bidden to come; but, as far as all goodness was concerned, we were like a corpse, unable to hear the sweetest music, or the crack of doom resounding overhead. Do you not remember, dear friends, when it was so with you? You thought then that you could do something good in your own strength, but it was a dreadful failure when you attempted it. Your resolutions, when you got as far as resolving, all fell to the ground, for you were, in the emphatic words of Paul, "without strength." Yes, you were insensible and powerless.

And, what is worse still, we were then *without will or desire to come to God.* We had no disposition to move towards the Lord, no aspirations after holiness, no longings after communion with our Creator. We loved the world, and were content to fill our treasury with its paltry pelf; this seemed to be the only portion for which we cared. If we could have become rich, and increased with goods, we should have said, "Soul, take thine ease: there is nothing more for thee to desire."

That was our state by nature; we were dead. And did the Lord love us then, when there was nothing whatever in us to commend us to him,—nothing by which we could possibly rise into a condition that would be estimable in his sight? Did he love us then? Yes, he did; and there must have been surprising grace in that great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins.

While we were dead as to spiritual things, *there was, alas! a life in us, of another kind.* If you read the chapter from which our text is taken, you will find that these dead people are described as walking. They were walking corpses,—a strange combining of metaphors, and yet most certainly true with regard to all ungodly men. They are dead to goodness; but, as for the evil within them, how full of life it is! The devil within them and the flesh within them were active enough. And, as the corpse gives forth corruption,

and fills the tomb with putridity, so did our sin continually give forth evil emanations which must have been most nauseous to God; yet, notwithstanding all this, "he loved us, even when we were dead in sins."

Let me just mention some of the unlovely and unlovable things which God saw in us while we were in that dead state. One of the first was this; *we were ungrateful*. It is very difficult to continue to love ungrateful persons. If you seek to do them good, and yet you receive no thanks from them;—if you persevere in doing them good, and yet still, for all that, they are unkind to you;—it is not in flesh and blood to continue still to love them. Yet, my brethren and sisters in Christ, what ingratitude to God was in our hearts once! What favours the Lord bestowed upon us;—not merely daily bread and temporal blessings, but there were real spiritual gifts of his grace presented to us; yet we turned our backs upon them all, and, worse still, we turned our backs upon him who gave them to us. How sad it is that many people live, year after year, without ever recognizing the God who gives them so many mercies and blessings! Perhaps, now and then, there is a "thank God!" just uttered in idleness or as a compliment; but there is no heart in it. The ingratitude of some of us was greater even than that of others, for we were born of godly parents, we were nurtured in the home of piety, we heard scarcely a sound in our infancy that was not mingled with the name of Jesus; and yet, as we grew up, these very things we regarded as restraints, and sometimes we wished that we could do as other people's children did, and half regretted that we had godly friends who watched so carefully over our conduct. The Lord might have said to us, "I have done so much for you, yet you exhibit no gratitude, I will therefore leave you, and give these favours to others;" but, in his great mercy, he did not act like that although we were so ungrateful.

What is even worse, *we were complaining and murmuring*. Do you not remember, in your unconverted state, my friend, how scarcely anything seemed to please you? This thing happened quite contrary to your wishes, and that was not at all to your mind; and the other was not according to your notion of what should be. The prophet Jeremiah asked, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" But we seemed to ask, "Why should we leave off complaining?" We murmured against the Lord notwithstanding the great mercies that he gave to us; we rebelled against him, and waxed worse and worse. It is a difficult thing for us to love a murmurer. When you try to do a man good, and he only grumbles at what you do for him, you are very apt to say, "Very well, I will take my favours where they will be better appreciated." But God did not act like that towards us; "his great love wherewith he loved us" was not to be turned away from us even by our murmurings and complainings.

And all that while, dear friends, *we were trifling with spiritual things*. Like those people mentioned in the parable who, when they were invited to the marriage feast, "made light of it," so did we. We were warned to escape from hell, but it seemed to us like



an idle tale. We were bidden to seek after heaven, but we loved the things of this world too well to barter them for joys unseen and eternal. We were told that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and it seemed to be a story that we had heard so often that we called it "a platitude." We were adjured to lay hold on Christ, and to find eternal life in him; but we said, "Perhaps we will to-morrow;" proving that we did not care about it, but would make God wait at our beck and call when it should be convenient for us. You know that, if a man is in an ill state of health, and you, as a doctor, go to help him; but he merely laughs at his illness, and says that he does not care about it, you are very apt to say, "Then, why should I care? You are sick, and I am anxious to heal you; but you say that you do not care to be healed. Very well, then, I will go to some other patient who will entreat me to use my best skill on his behalf, and who will be grateful to me when I have used it." But the Lord did not act like that with us. Notwithstanding our teasing, he was in earnest; he meant to heal our soul-sickness, and he did heal it. Determined to save us, he would not heed the rebuff of our carelessness and callousness, but still persevered in manifesting toward us that "great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sin."

To make the deformity of our character still worse,—*we were all the while proud*,—as proud as Lucifer. We had not any righteousness of our own, yet we thought we had. We were far off from God by wicked works, yet we stood before him, like the Pharisees in the temple, and thanked him that we were not as other men. We were quite content, though we had nothing to be content with. We were "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," yet we said that we were "rich, and increased with goods, and had need of nothing." As for shedding penitential tears, we left that work to those who had sinned more deeply than we had, for we imagined that we had kept all the commandments from our youth up. Thus we despised the Saviour because we trod ourselves. We thought little of Christ because we thought much of ourselves. And so, in our pride, we dared to strut before the eternal throne as if we were some great ones, though we were but worms of the dust. I think that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to love a proud man. You can love a man, even though he has a thousand faults, if he is not proud and hateful; but when he is very proud, human nature seems to start back from him; yet God, in his "great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sin," loved us although we were proud, and loved us out of that sinful state.

If worse could be, there was something even worse than pride in us, for *we were deceptive* as well as proud. "No," says one, "surely you cannot truthfully lay that to our charge." Well, I have to confess that it was so with myself. I remember that, when I was ill, I said that, if God would only spare my life, I would live so differently in future; but my promise was not kept, though God did spare my life. Often, after a stirring sermon, I have sought a place where I could weep in secret, and I have said, "Now will I

be decided for the Lord;" but it was not so. Oh, how many times have we broken the promises and vows we made unto the Lord! Child of God, before your conversion, how many vows and covenants you made; yet your goodness was like the morning cloud or the early dew, which soon passes away. Who can love one who is not to be trusted? Yet God, in "his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins," loved us while we so many times deceived him:

These things, which I have mentioned, have appertained to all the children of God; but there are some of them whose sins have been even greater than these. I ask every converted man here just to look through his own biography. ~~Some~~ If you were, perhaps, converted while you were young, and so were kept from the grosser sins into which others fall; but there were some who were suffered to go into drunkenness, or into uncleanness and all manner of iniquity. God has forgiven you, my brother, and has washed all that evil away in the precious blood of Jesus; but you feel that you can never forgive yourself. I know that I am bringing some very unhappy memories before you, of which you say, "Would God that night had never been, or that day had never passed over my head!" The Lord grant that, as you look back upon those sins of yours, you may feel deeply humbled, and, at the same time, may be devoutly grateful to God for "his great love" wherewith he hath loved you!

There have been some, who seem as if they had gone to the utmost extremity of sin,—as if they dared and defied the Most High; and yet, notwithstanding their atrocious sins, free grace has won the day. There has seemed, in some cases, to be a stern struggle between sin and grace, as if sin said, "I will provoke God till grace shall leave him;" but grace has said, "Provoked as the Lord is, yet still will he stand to his purpose of mercy; he will not turn away from the decree of his love." Dear brothers and sisters in Christ, I ask you to think this subject over in your own private meditations. There are some things that it would not be right to mention in any ear but the ear of God; for it certainly was a horrible pit out of which he took us, and miry clay indeed out of which he drew us; so we may well praise "his great love wherewith he loved us even when we were dead in sins."

II. The second subject for our meditation is, WHAT GOD DID FOR US "even when we were dead in sins."

Well, first of all, *he remained faithful to his choice of us.* He had chosen his people or ever the earth was, and he did not choose them in the dark. He knew right well what their nature would be, and also the practice which would grow out of their nature; so that nothing that has happened has ever surprised the Lord concerning any one of his people. He was well aware beforehand of all their corruption and filthiness; so, when he saw them acting as I have described, he did not turn from his purpose to save them. Blessed be his name for this. It is one of the wonders of his grace, and proves the greatness of his love.

Then, next, as he did not repent of his choice, so *neither did he*

*repent of his redemption of his people.* You will find it recorded in Scripture that "it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart;" but you never read that he repented of redemption. Nowhere in Scripture is there such a passage as this, "It grieved the Lord at his heart that he had given his Son to die for such unworthy ones." No, my friends, he had bought us with a price beyond all calculation, even the heart's blood of his only-begotten Son; so that, although we went from sin to sin, and for a time resisted all the calls of the gospel, he did not turn from his purpose of love and mercy, nor make his atonement for us null and void.

Then, further, in his great love for us, *God would not let us die till he had brought us to Christ.* Possibly, we passed through many perils, and had many escapes. John Bunyan, you will remember, was to have stood as sentinel, one night, but another soldier took his place, and was shot. John Bunyan did not know at the time, why the exchange was made, but God had ordained that he should not die till he had been brought to Christ. So fool-hardy was he that, on one occasion, he plucked the sting out of a viper with his bare hand, yet he was unhurt, for God would not let him die while he was such a desperado. And what wonderful escapes from shipwreck, from murder, from fever, from accidents in a thousand forms, some men have had, simply because God will not let them perish, for he means that they shall yet be brought as sheep into his fold. I told you, some time ago, that I once talked with a gentleman who was in the famous charge at Balaklava; and I felt moved to say to him, "Surely God had some designs of love toward you, or he would not have spared you when so many were being taken away." Well, in whatever way our lives have been spared, we ascribe it to the great love wherewith God loved us even when we were dead in sins.

We see that great love also manifested in the way in which God restrained us from many sins. There have been times in our history when, if it had not been for a mysterious check that was put upon us, we should have sinned much worse even than we did. Something of that kind happened in the case of the well-known Colonel Gardiner. He had made an appointment for the commission of a very gross sin, but the Lord had chosen him unto eternal life, so that night, which he intended to spend in sin, became the time of his conversion to God; and you know what a devout and earnest Christian he became. The Lord knows the right time to say to anyone, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." He makes men's minds and hearts, like the sea, to know his will; and to move or be still at his divine command. Cannot some of you, my brethren, recollect the way in which God thus restrained you from going to an excess of riot?

And, then, his great love was seen by the way in which he kept on calling us by his grace. Some of us can scarcely tell when we were first bidden to come to the Saviour. A mother's tears and a father's prayers are, however, among the fondly-cherished memories of that early call. Do not some of you remember that loving

Sabbath-school teacher, and the earnestness with which she pleaded with you; and that godly minister, and how he seemed to throw his whole soul into the work of entreating you to yield yourself to the Saviour? Others of you cannot forget how, with good books, letters, entreaties, and persuasions from Christian friends, you have been followed, as if the Lord had hunted you out of your sins by all the agencies that could possibly be used, yet you dodged, and twisted, and doubled, this way and that way, trying to escape from your gracious Pursuer. You were like a bird that the fowler cannot take for a long while, or like a wandering sheep that the shepherd cannot find for many a day. But the good Shepherd never gave up the search; he meant to find you, and he did. He had determined to save you, and from that determination he would not be turned aside, do whatever you might. And, at last, there came the blessed day when he subdued you unto himself. The weapons of your rebellion fell from your hands, for Christ had conquered you; and how did he do it? By "his great love"—his omnipotent grace. You were dead in sins when his Spirit came to work thus upon you; but the Spirit came, in the name of the risen Saviour, with such almighty force of irresistible love that you were carried captive—a willing captive—at the chariot wheels of your Divine Conqueror. Shall we ever forget that blessed time? We sing "Happy day! Happy day!" and well we may, for that conquest is the chief and foremost token of "his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins."

I will not say more about this precious truth, but I will use the few minutes still at my disposal in making a practical application of my subject.

If, dear friends, the Lord loved us with such great love even when we were dead in sins, *do you think that he will ever leave us to perish?* Have you indulged the notion that, under your present trial, whatever it may be, you will be deserted by your God? My dear widowed sister, do you fear that the Lord will forsake you now that your husband is dead? My friend over there,—you who have had heavy losses in business,—do you not believe that the Lord will help you through? Did he love you when you were dead in sins, and is he going to desert you now? Do you think you will ever have to ask, with the psalmist, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" If you do talk like that, then ask yourself why the Lord ever began his work of love upon you if he did not mean to finish it, or if he meant, after all, to cast you off? Do you think, if that was his intention, he would ever have begun with you? He knew all that would happen to you, and all that you would do, so that nothing comes unexpectedly to him. Known unto the Lord, from the beginning, were all your trials and all your sins, so that, as he still loved you, in the foresight of all that was to happen to you, do you think that he will now, or ever, cast you away from him? You know that he will not.

Again, if he so loved you even when you were dead in sins, will

he deny you anything that is for his own glory, and for your own and others' good? You have been praying, but you have feared that the mercy you asked would never come. Think for a moment,—he that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for you centuries before you were born, will he not freely give to you all that you ought to ask of him now that you are alive unto him? George Herbert speaks of the dew that falls upon the grass, although the grass cannot call for the dew, but you do call upon God to give you his grace, so shall not his grace come as copiously to you as the dew falls where God sends it? Doth he water the earth when its dumb mouth opens? Doth he provide food for the dumb driven cattle? Then, will he not attend to your cries and prayers when you call upon him in the name of his well-beloved Son? If he loved you when you were a mass of corruption, will he not answer your supplications now that he has made you to be an heir of heaven, and formed you a the likeness of his Son? O, beloved, be of good comfort, and let no thought of despondency, or of unbelief, ever cross your mind!

Further, if the Lord loved you thus even when you were dead in sin, ought you not now to love him very much? Oh the love of God! The apostle does not say that God pitied us, though that is true. He does not say that the Lord had compassion upon us, though that also is true, but Paul speaks of his "great love." I can perfectly understand God's pitying me, I can perfectly understand God's having compassion on me, but I cannot comprehend God's loving me, nor can you. Think what it means,—he loves you. Sweet above all other things is love,—a mother's love, a father's love, a husband's love, a wife's love,—but all these are only faint images of the love of God. You know how greatly you are cheered by the earthly love of one who is dear to you, but Paul says that God loves you. He that made the heavens and the earth, before whom you are as an emmet, has set his heart's affection upon you. He loves you so much that he has made great sacrifices for you, he is daily blessing you, and he will not be in heaven without you. So dear, so strong is his love to you, and it was so even when you were dead in sin. Oh, then, will you not love him much in return for his "great love" to you? Is anything too hard for you to bear for his dear sake, or anything too difficult for you to do for him who loved you so? Dear Lord, we give ourselves to thee, tis all that we can do.

Another reflection for you, my Christian friend, is this. If God so loved you even when you were dead in sin, ought not you to love those who treat you badly? There are many people, in this world, who seem as if they could not do anything but ugly things. They have not a generous spot in their nature, they are cross-grained, ever quarrelling, and he who would fain live peaceably with them sometimes finds it very hard work. I know some gentle spirits that are deeply wounded by the hard and cruel things that are said or done to them by their relatives or companions. Well, dear friends, if any of us are treated thus, let us love these cruel people, let us cover their unkindness over with our love, for, if

God loved us even when we were dead in sins,—when he could not see anything in us to love, we also ought to love others for his sake. Even when we see a thousand faults in them, we must say, "As God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven us, so do we forgive you." It is a grand thing to be able to bury in eternal forgetfulness every unkind word or act that has ever caused us pain. If any of you have any thought of anger in your heart against anyone,—if you have any feeling of resentment,—if you have any recollection of injuries,—if there is aught that vexes and grieves you, come and bury it all in the grave of Jesus, for if he loved you when you were dead in sins, it cannot be half so wonderful for you to love your poor fellow-sinner whatever ill-treatment you may have received at his hands.

My last word is to the unconverted, and it is a very sweet and precious word. Do you see, unconverted man, that you need never say, "I dare not come to God through Jesus Christ, because there is nothing good in me"? You need never say that, for Paul speaks of "his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins." Now, if all his people were loved by him when they were dead in sins, how can you think that God requires anything good in man as the cause or reason for his love? Of all the saints in heaven it may be said that God loved them because he would do it; for, by nature, there was nothing more in them for God to love than there was in the very devils in hell. And as to his saints on earth, if God loves them,—and he does, it is simply because he will do it, for there was no goodness whatever in them by nature, God loves them in the infinite sovereignty of his great loving nature. Well, then, poor soul, why should not God love you? And since he bids you come to him, however empty you may be of everything that is good, come to him, and welcome. Let the text knock on the head, once for all, all ideas of doing anything to win the love of God, and if you feel yourself to be the very worst, and lowest, and meanest of the human race, I rejoice that you feel that, for the Lord loves to look upon those who are self-empty, and who have nothing good of their own to plead before him. These are the people who will value his love, and upon such people as these it is that he bestows his love. "The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick." The hospital is for the man who is diseased, not for the one who is in health, and the Lord Jesus Christ has opened a Hospital for Incurables,—for those who cannot be cured by all the medicines of human morality and outward religion. Christ bids them come to him that he may make them whole.

I wish I had the power to speak of the love of God to the sinner in such a way that he would come to the Lord Jesus Christ, but I will try to put the truth very plainly and simply, and then I will close my discourse. My hearer, whatever thou mayest have been up to this moment,—if thou hast been a despiser of God, an infidel, a blasphemer,—if thou hast added sin to sin, if thou hast made thyself black as hell with enormous transgressions,—yet all this is no reason why God should not have chosen thee, and loved thee; and all this is no reason why he should not now forgive thee, and

accept thee. Nay, he puts it thus in his Word: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Come, then, ye blackest of sinners,—ye who feel yourselves unfit to be found in a house of prayer,—ye who, like the publican in the temple, scarcely dare to lift up your eyes to heaven,—ye self-condemned ones, who fear that there is no hope for you,—let me assure you that in you there is space for God's mercy to be displayed, elbow-room for his grace to work. Come to Jesus just as you are; accept the atonement made by his own blood, and be saved here and now, for he waiteth to be gracious, and he hath said, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." I recollect the time, many years ago, when I would have given both my eyes to hear such truth as I have preached to-night. It would not have mattered to me who had told it to me. If it had been a man of stammering tongue and faulty grammar, if he had but said to me, "Salvation is of God's grace, not of your merit; it is of God's goodness, not of your holiness; you have nothing to do but to rest on what Christ has done, for God loves even those who are dead in sins,"—if I had known that, I think I should have found peace with God long before I did. Does anyone say, "But I want to feel, and I want to do, and I want to find out this, and that, and the other"? You want nothing of the kind, sinner. Christ has done it all. To take any merit of your own to Christ, would be worse than carrying coals to Newcastle. Come just as you are, empty-handed sinner, bankrupt sinner, starving sinner, thou who art at the very gates of hell, for—

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One;  
There is life at this moment for thee;  
Then look, sinner,—look unto him, and be saved,—  
Unto him who was nailed to the tree."

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

#### PSALM XXX.

May the Holy Spirit, who inspired the writer of this Psalm, now lead us into its inner meaning: It is entitled "A Psalm and Song at the dedication of the house of David;" or, rather, "A Psalm; a Song of dedication for the House. By David." It was a song of faith, since David did not live to witness the dedication of the temple, for which he had planned in his heart, and for which he had laid by in store. Though he knew that he would not be permitted by God to build it, he took delight in writing a Psalm which might be sung at the opening of the temple. Thus it begins:—

Verse 1. *I will extol thee, O LORD; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.*

"I will extol thee, for thou hast exalted me. I will lift up thy praise, because thou hast lifted up my spirits. I will bless thee, for thou hast blessed me." Our song of praise should be the echo of God's voice of love.

"Thou hast not made my foes to rejoice over me." You remember that this was one of the three things put to David as a chastisement for his great

sin in numbering the people: "Wilt thou flee three months before thine enemies, while they pursue thee?" He here praises the Lord, that such a calamity as that did not come upon him. "Thou hast not made my foes to rejoice over me." Sorrows averted should be the occasion of grateful songs of thanksgiving.

2. *O LORD my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.*

The king and the people had been sorely smitten with sickness on account of his sin; but the Lord, in mercy, bade the destroying angel sheathe his sword when he "was by the threshing-place of Araunah the Jebusite;"—the very place which afterwards became the site on which the temple was built. It was well, therefore, at its opening, to praise the God who heals his people. We ought to praise the Lord more than we do for our recovery from sickness. Employ the physician if you will; but, when healing comes to you, magnify the Lord for it, and ascribe the glory of it to his holy name.

3. *O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave; thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.*

Here is a double mercy to sing of,—not dead, and not damned. Life spared is something for which to praise the Lord, but to have the soul saved from going down to the pit is a cause of still greater thanksgiving. Oh, praise the name of the Lord, ye who love him, and trust in him, for he has delivered you from going down into the pit!

4. *Sing unto the LORD, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.*

David seems to say to the saints, "Do not let me sing alone, but all of you, join in the chorus." He does not invite reprobates to praise the Lord, but he says, "Sing unto Jehovah, O ye saints of his." I think it is very wrong to have the praises of God sung in public by ungodly men and women, as they sometimes are; the singing should not be left to a godless choir. Oh, no; "sing unto the Lord, all ye saints of his," for you only can sing sincerely unto him.

"Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness,"—at the very memory of him; at the remembrance of the whole of him, for that is his holiness, his wholeness, the entire, perfect character of God. O saints below, sing as they do in heaven, for their song is "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."

5. *For his anger endureth but a moment;*

Notice that the words "endureth but" are inserted by the translators, and very properly so; but see how the passage reads if you leave them out: "For his anger a moment." That is long enough for him to display it, for it is his strange work; and long enough for us to endure it, for it might crush us if it lasted longer.

6. *In his favour is life:*

Life came to Jerusalem, in David's day, as soon as God smiled upon it; and life comes to us as soon as we taste of his favour, even though we have been ready to die of despair.

7. *Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*

As the dews are appropriate to the night, so is weeping seemly for us when Jesus hides his face from us. The children of the bride-chamber may well mourn when the heavenly Bridegroom is taken from them; but it is only for a night. Morning will end our mourning. Our night-sorrow is for the night, but our joys are for a day that will know no evening.

8. *And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.*

It is a pity to say too much; very few people fall into the opposite fault



of saying too little. It is always a pity to be counting with certainty upon the future, and presuming, because of the hopefulness of the present, that this state of things will last for ever. David was not wise when he said, in his prosperity, "I shall never be moved."

7. *LORD, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong : thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.*

When God is at cross purposes with his people, they are troubled at once. There is no need for blows, no need for angry words: "Thou didst hide thy face; and I was troubled." That is enough for a child of God; let him but miss the light of God's countenance, and it breaks him down at once.

8. *I cried to thee, O LORD ; and unto the LORD I made supplication.*

What should the child of God do, when he is in trouble, but cry? And to whom should he cry but to his Father?

9. *What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit ? Shall the dust praise thee ? Shall it declare thy truth ?*

So his prayer was an argument, and that is the very bone and sinew of prayer,—to reason and argue with God. He seems to put it thus,—O Lord, if I lose my soul, thou wilt be a loser, too, for thou wilt lose a singer out of thy choir, one who would be glad enough to praise thee, and whose very life it is to magnify thee. Oh, do not cut me down! When I am dead, when I am lost, there can be no praise to thee from me, so spare me, my gracious God!"

10. *Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me : LORD, be thou my helper.*

What a handy prayer this is, a prayer to carry about with you wherever you go! "Lord, be thou my Helper." That is a minister's prayer when he is going to preach. That is a Sunday-school teacher's prayer when going to the class. Is not that a prayer for the sufferer when the pain upon him is very severe? "Lord, be thou my Helper." Art thou working for him? Art thou cast down in soul? This prayer will suit thee: "Lord, be thou my Helper."

11. *Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing : thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness.*

What a transformation scene in answer to prayer! Notice that David does not say, "I hope that thou hast," but he puts it thus, "Thou hast—thou hast." He is quite sure about it; and, being sure of this great mercy, he gives God all the glory of it. What a wonderful change it is! Not merely from mourning into peace, but into delight,—delight expressed by dancing; not merely from sackcloth into ordinary dress, but from the sackcloth of sorrow into the satin of gladness. God does nothing by halves; he not only chases away the night, and gives us twilight, but he goes on to gladden us with the full glory of noontide; and all this he does with a definite end and purpose:—

12. *To the end that my glory—*

Or, "my tongue"—

12. *May sing praise to thee, and not be silent.*

God ought to have praise from us. It is the quit-rent which we pay as tenants to the great Lord of all; let us not rob him of his revenue.

12. *O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.*

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

ANGELIC PROTECTION IN APPOINTED WAYS.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 4TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON.

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE, NEWINGTON,

On Lord's-day Evening, August 22nd, 1875.

"For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."—  
Psalm xci. 11.

Our subject this morning was the sprinkling of the blood of the paschal lamb upon the lintel and the two door-posts of the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt. As soon as that was done, and the lamb had been eaten, they had to start upon their journey to Canaan. They knew that they had to go, and they were prepared to go. They had their loins girt, and each man had his staff in his hand, and his sandals on his feet. After being prisoners so long, they were set free in order that they might become pilgrims to the land which the Lord their God had given to their fathers.

We, who have believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, are in a similar condition to theirs, for the Lord has redeemed us, and we can sing the new song, "He hath brought us up out of the house of bondage, and with a high hand and an outstretched arm he hath made us free." And now we are pilgrims and strangers in this world, for we are on our way to a better land than the earthly Canaan ever was,—a land that floweth with something richer than milk and honey, and where there is an eternal and abounding portion appointed for each one of the redeemed. We are pressing on, through this great wilderness, towards the land into which the Lord will surely bring us in his own good time. Our text is a promise to pilgrims. It most appropriately follows the text of this morning: "The blood shall be to you for a token." You have set out upon the road to heaven: you have entered the narrow way by Christ, who is the gate at the head of the way, and now you are wondering how you will get on while you are on the road, and whether you will be preserved in the right way so as to endure unto the end. This promise comes to you, with much of real heart-cher: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

No. 2,969.

I. My first remark is rather by way of implication from the text than in direct exposition of it. It is this, **THERE ARE SOME WAYS WHICH ARE NOT INCLUDED IN THIS PROMISE**, because they are not our ways, and they are not God's ways; but they are ways into which we may be tempted by Satan, and which we are jealously to avoid.

You know how, when the devil professed to quote this text to our Lord, he left out the latter part of it, "to keep thee *in all thy ways*," because it would not have suited his purposes to mention that proviso. We, however, will begin with the words which the devil omitted, since the very fact of his omission of them seems to show how essential they are to a right understanding of the meaning of the text. O Christian, if you keep to the King's highway, you will be safe; but there are by-ways, and, alas! crooked lanes, down which you must not go; if you do go there, you will go at your own hazard. He who travels on the King's highway is under the King's protection; but he who takes to by-roads must protect himself, and the probability is that he will meet with robbers who will make him rue the day that ever he turned to the right hand or to the left.

So, first, we must take care that we never go *in the ways of presumption*. This is what Satan would have had Christ do. "Cast thyself down," said he, "for it is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee." This temptation to presumption is by no means an uncommon one. I have heard of it from the lips of men who were evidently not the children of God, or they would have resisted the temptation, and not have yielded to it as they did. They have said, "Well, we are God's children, so we may do as we like. We are saved, therefore we may live as we please,"—a dreadful inference from what, to other men, might be a precious truth. O dear friends, beware of tempting the devil to tempt you! Beware, too, of tempting the Lord your God, as some do, who venture a long way into evil company, or into doubtful paths, under the mistaken notion that they are so prudent that they will not be overtaken as others might be,—that they are so sage, and withal so experienced, that they may go where young people must not venture, and may do a great many things which less-instructed Christians had better not touch. Where you think you are perfectly safe, there you are often most in danger. Horses frequently fall just at the bottom of the hill, when the driver thinks that it is unnecessary to rein them up any longer. When you are so foolish as to say, "Now I am out of the reach of temptation," you are in the very midst of temptation; and when you think you are not being tempted at all, you are being tempted the most by the very fancy that you are not being tempted.

O beloved friends, beware of presuming! Some have been so favoured in the dispensations of providence, so prosperous in everything they have undertaken, that they have thought they might speculate as far as ever they pleased, and, at last,—well, they have had very shady characters at the end of their lives. They have done once what they never ought to have done; and, because it succeeded, they have been tempted to do it again, and yet again.

But, I pray you, *sirs*, never gather from the success of a wrong action that God is willing for you to repeat it; rather say, "God was very gracious to me in not punishing me that time, but I will never run such a risk as that again." I do not believe that Jonah, after having been once thrown into the sea, and been cast forth upon the shore by the whale, ever wanted to be flung into the sea again; he might not have felt certain about another whale coming along to carry him to land. If you have been miraculously delivered once from the great deep, do not put yourself into such a position again. If you do, you may find that the next great fish is a shark, not a whale, and, instead of being brought to land, you may be destroyed. In brief, beware of all presumptuous ways, for God has not promised to keep you there.

And, brethren, you scarcely need to be told that you cannot expect to be preserved if you go into sinful ways. I trust that you do watch against the more coarse and vulgar sins to which others are prone, and that you will not be allowed to fall into them; but there is such a thing as falling by little and little. Mind, I pray you, the little evils. A man never falls into the great, unclean sins of lust all at once; it is usually by a long series of little familiarities that he reaches that terrible end. He is indecorous first, indecent next, and then, at last, criminal. Oh, keep back, keep back from the beginnings of evil. If you keep back at the very first, you will go no further, but if you slide just a little, you will find that this world is such a slippery place that you will surely fall, and fall frightfully, too. I trust that no Christian man would practise dishonesty in his business; yet you know that it is very easy for one to do a wrong thing because it is "the custom of the trade." "They label this 100 yards, though it is only 90, but if I label it 90, I shall not sell it, and in the next shop it will probably be marked 110, so I must label mine a little more than it is." Well, if you do, recollect that you are a thief. Though it is the custom of the trade, you are a liar if you conform to it, and you cannot expect God's blessing upon you in doing it. Do you think that, in the day of judgment, God will say to men, "You are not guilty, for that deception was the custom of the trade"? By no means; what does the Lord care about the customs of your trade? Do right, at all hazards; if you do wrong, you do it at your peril, for you have no promise from God that he will keep you in such a way as that. I need not enlarge upon this point, because you know as much about such things as I do, and, therefore, you can make the application to your own particular case. But, O Christian, do keep altogether clear of every evil way! May God's grace preserve you from straying into By-path Meadow!

The man who professes to be a Christian must not expect God's angels to keep him if he goes in the way of worldliness. There are hundreds, and I fear thousands, of church-members, who say that they are the people of God, yet they appear to live entirely to the world. Their great aim is money-making, and personal aggrandizement, just as much as it is the aim of altogether ungodly men. The kingdom of Christ, the needs of his Church, the wants

of perishing souls, have a very slender place in their hearts; but they live wholly for themselves, only they try to conceal it under the plea of providing for their families. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you," is a text from which we need to preach to professing Christians throughout London, and throughout the whole world.

There is also the way of pride which many tread. They must be "respectable"; they must move in "Society"—with a big S; and everything is ordered with a view to display. To be great, to be famous, to be esteemed, to keep up a high repute,—it is for this that they live. And some grow very strong, in a Christian sort of way, in that line; they profess to have attained to a "higher life" than ordinary Christians ever reach. I am not at all anxious to get up there, for I do not believe there is any higher life, in this world, than the life of God which is given to everyone who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ. The highest life I aspire to is to live as Jesus Christ lived, and to walk as he walked; and that is the lowest kind of life with which any Christian ought to be contented. When we get such fine feathers as these, they do not make us fine birds.

There is also the way of wilfulness which I have known some follow. Very grievous is it to see some, whom we really think to be good men, shift their quarters apparently without any reason. They were doing very well, yet away they rush, for they cannot let well alone. Some brethren seem to be afflicted with a kind of perpetual fidgetiness. They are rolling stones, and gather no moss. They move from one position to another, not because there is any need for them to move, but just because they cannot stay still. They go away from their nest, and away from their home, and very often act in direct opposition to the order of God's providence. Oh, beware of that spirit of wilfulness! We may get to be so very strong in the head that we may have to suffer there. It is often wise, as the old saying puts it, to take advice of our pillow. He who does not sleep upon a thing may have to weep upon it. Better look before you leap. Always follow the cloud of God's providence, don't run before it; for, if you run before it, you may find it hard work to get back again. Many have acted thus to their cost, and of course have had no blessing resting upon them in doing so.

One other way in which a Christian ought not to go is the way of erroneous doctrine. I know some professors who, as soon as a new heresy comes up, want to have taste of it. I confess that I never felt much temptation in that direction. I do not suppose, if you went into a chemist's shop, you would say to him, "I have heard of somebody being killed at Norwood by taking such-and-such a poison; I should like a taste of it." You would not ask him to take down his big bottles and to give you a taste of all the deadly poisons he had in stock. "Oh, no!" you say, "we are in our right senses; we should not do such a foolish thing as that." Yet I know people who, as soon as ever there is any teaching spoken of as being erroneous, say, "We must have a look at that; we must have a taste of that;"—never satisfied except when they are tasting poisons. There is a period in life when a Christian man should obey Paul's

injunction to the Thessalonians, "Prove all things;" but let him get that done as quickly as he can, and then let him get to the second part of the injunction, "Hold fast that which is good." Never hold anything fast till you have proved it to be good, but do not be everlastingly proving it. Some things do not need any proving; they bear upon their forefront their character. But others need to be proved; so, having proved the right things to be right, and the true things to be true, hold them fast, and turn not aside from them. About every six weeks there is a new doctrine promulgated; sometimes, there is a new sect started. It is simply because there is somebody away there, up in his study, who is sorely troubled with bile or dyspepsia. He never went out to try to win a soul, he never did any practical work for Christ; but he edits a newspaper, or he writes for a magazine, and out of that wonderful brain of his, which is full of cobwebs, he excogitates a new doctrine; and as there are certain people, who are always waiting for such novelties, straightway they run off with it, and spread it wherever they can. These false-doctrine-makers and their disciples are the curse of the age in which we live. I implore you, my friends, to abide in the good old paths. What you know to be true, that hold fast. Your father's God and your mother's God forsake not; as for the truths which God has taught you by his own Spirit, grapple them to you as with hooks of steel; for, if you go in the way of error, you cannot expect divine protection.

II. Now, secondly, THERE ARE WAYS IN WHICH SAFETY IS GUARANTEED. I shall only have time to mention them very briefly.

There is, first, *the way of humble faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.* You know that way, brother; so walk in it. Oh, to be nothing, and to let Christ be everything;—to confess our own guilt, and to be clothed in his righteousness! Keep to that safe road; for it is the King's highway, of which it may be said, "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but, the redeemed shall walk there."

There is, next, *the way of obedience to divine precepts.* Do what God tells you, as God tells you, and because God tells you, and no hurt can come to you. The Lord told Moses to take by the tail the serpent from which he fled; he did so, and he was not bitten, but the serpent stiffened into a wonder-working rod. Obey the Lord in all things. Mind the jots and the tittles, for whosoever shall break one of the least of Christ's commandments, "and shall teach men so, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." Oh, to follow in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus Christ, step by step, and to keep closely to his footprints! It is in such ways that angelic protection will be afforded to us.

There is, also, *the way of childlike trust in providential guidance.* Happy is that man who always waits upon God to know what he shall do,—who asks the Lord ever to guide him, and who dares not lean upon his own understanding. Watch the Lord's providential leadings; wait for divine guidance. It is far better to stand still

than to run in the wrong road. Pause a while, and pray for direction, and do not move until you hear the voice behind you saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it." In such a road as that, angels will certainly guard you.

There is, too, *the way of strict principle and stern integrity*. Travelling along that road will often involve a good many losses and crosses, and much reproach, and sometimes it will even appear to destroy your usefulness. But I charge you,—young men especially,—never violate any principle which you profess to hold. I believe that it has been a lasting blessing to some, whom I know, that they have scorned to trim their sails, even in the smallest degree, to please any living soul. Do you the same. "Be just, and fear not." Keep to a cause that is despised if you believe it is a right one, and love it all the more because it is despised. Ask not what will be; care not for the flatterer's smile. Pursue truth even though she may go along very rough roads; she will always repay you in the long run. Cling to her, and win her smile; then the frowns of the whole world need not cause you a moment's thought. The way of principle is the way of safety; God's angels will keep you if you keep to that road.

And, dear brethren, I am quite sure that *the way of consecrated service for God's glory* is another of these safe ways. It is well when a man says, "I choose my path by this rule,—how can I best serve my God? Having judged whether there is any principle involved, and having a fair choice between this and that, I say to myself, 'In which way can I hope to be the more useful? In what course of life can I best glorify God?'" That is your way to heaven, Christian, the way in which your Master can get the most glory out of you, and, if you walk in that way, you may depend upon it that you will be protected by his sovereign power.

And once again, there is *the way of separation from the world, and close walking with God*. No man ever suffered any real injury through keeping himself aloof from the ways of ungodly men, and, on the other hand, no man ever failed to be a gainer by close and intimate fellowship with God. "Enoch walked with God," and he gained, not only escape from the pangs of death, but also the testimony that "he pleased God." O Christian men, could not more of us choose this blessed path, and walk in it continually? If we did so, we should have the fulfilment, in its deepest meaning, of the promise of our text, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

III. But I must pass on to note briefly, in the third place, that *THESE RIGHT WAYS WILL LEAD US INTO DIFFERING CIRCUMSTANCES*.

Sometimes, *the right way will lead us into very stony places*, positions of great difficulty; yet here is the promise to meet that emergency, "They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." A way is none the less right because it is rough. Indeed, often it is all the more sure to be the right way because it is so displeasing to flesh and blood.

Sometimes, also, *the right way may be very terrible with temptation*. If your path is so beset, do not, therefore, imagine that it is a wrong

way, because the psalmist goes on to say, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder." Lions and adders will come to you, temptations will threaten to devour you even while you are in the right road; but, then, you are promised that, as long as it is the right road that you are in, you shall get the victory over the lion and the adder. The temptation may be of so mysterious a character that you cannot understand it. It may be like a dragon; but, if so, here is your comfort, "the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet."

And remember, beloved friends, that even if the road is not stony, and if no lion attacks you, *you will be kept from the perils of the smooth and easy roads.* You will always need divine and angelic keeping, for God would not have charged his angels to keep his people in all their ways if they did not need protection in *all* their ways. Some of you are just now prospering in business, but your way is not any safer than the way of the man who is losing his all; indeed, yours may not be as safe as his. To you who are in robust health, I venture to say that your path is more perilous than the path of the man who is always ailing; and to all of you I say, do pray for angelic keeping. Ask the Lord still to guard you with his celestial hosts; or else, in any of your ways, be they rough or smooth, you will fall to your serious hurt.

IV. Now we come to the fourth point, which is this, WHILE WALKING IN ALL RIGHT WAYS, BELIEVERS ARE SECURE. "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

O Christian man, if you have not violated your conscience,—if you have not forsaken the path of communion with your God, think what high privileges are yours! First, *God himself concerns himself about you.* He charges his angels to take care of you. David, when his soldiers went to battle against his rebellious son, Absalom, specially charged their leaders to deal gently with the young man, Absalom, for his sake; but he charged them in vain. In a far higher sense, God charges his angels to guard his saints, and he does not charge them in vain. This is not a mere general command; it is a sort of imperative personal charge that God lays upon his angels: "Take care of my children; they are in my road,—the King's high road of rectitude. Watch over them; and do not suffer them to be hurt." So you have God personally charging his angels to take care of you.

Next, *you have mysterious agencies to protect you:* "He shall give his angels charge over thee." We speak of dragons, but we do not know much about them; and we do not know much about angels, but we feel sure that angels can overcome dragons, for they are more than a match for devils; and if mysterious temptations come to you, there shall also be mysterious defenders to thrust them back. You have more friends, poor Christian, than you know of. When you are fighting the battles of God, you may hear a rush of angels' wings at your side if you only have your ears divinely opened. If all men forsake you, God can send his angels, though you see them not, to strengthen you in some secret manner that I cannot fully explain. "Behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of



fire round about Elisha," the prophet who dared to be true to his God, and to serve him faithfully. God would sooner empty heaven of all the angelic host, cherubim and seraphim included, than allow any one of his people, who has walked in his ways, to suffer defeat. He charges all his angels to take care of his saints, and to keep them in all right ways.

And as angels are on our side, *so are all things, visible and invisible*. Why believers, the very stones of the field are in league with you, and the beasts of the field are at peace with you. Wherever you go, you have friends ready to help you. It is true that you have enemies among the wicked, but their weapons shall not prevail against you; and wherever there is a messenger of God,—be it wind, or storm, or lightning, or hail,—it is your friend. The very stars in their courses fight for you. The forces, terrific and tremendous, which at times shake the world, are only your Father's flaming swords unsheathed to protect you. If we are walking in the ways of God, we can truthfully sing,—

"The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas :

"This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love;  
He shall send down his heavenly powers  
To carry us above."

Sing then, ye saints of the Lord, for everything is on your side. "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

What a very sweet thought is suggested by the word "thee" in our text! It teaches us that *each one of the saints is personally protected*: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." God takes a personal interest in every traveller along the right road, and charges his angels to keep him. Perhaps you say, "I do not read the text, sir, as referring to me." Well, I think you should do so. When you read the precept, "Thou shalt not steal," do you suppose that it refers to you? "Oh, yes!" you say, "I would not like to suggest that it did not mean me; I would not plead exemption from the precept." Well, then, my dear brother, do not seek to be exempted from the promise. Just as you feel sure that the precept applies to you, so, as a child of God, feel sure that the promise applies to you: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

*This protection is perpetual, as well as personal*; God's angels are "to keep thee in all thy ways;"—in thy ups and thy downs, in thy advancements and thy retirings;—to keep thee when thou art asleep, and when thou art awake;—to keep thee when thou art alone, and when thou art in company;—to keep thee if thou hast to preach, and to keep thee if thou hast to hear;—to keep thee if thou hast to serve, and to keep thee if thou hast to suffer. Thou

always needest keeping, and thou shalt always have it, for the angels are charged "to keep thee in all thy ways."

\* And how beautiful it is to remember that *all this keeping brings honour with it*: "He shall give *his* angels charge over thee." Notice that: "He shall give *his* angels"—the very angels that wait upon God, and see his face;—the very angels that are the body-guard of the Eternal;—"He shall give *his* angels charge over thee." "Mark you," says the Lord to Gabriel, or Michael, or whatever the angel's name may be, "I charge you to take special care of that poor girl, for she is a daughter of mine. Take care of that poor man whom so many despise, for he is "a prince of the blood" imperial. He belongs to me; he is an heir of God, and joint-heir with Jesus Christ." Oh, what amazing dignity this promise puts upon the very least and lowliest of the followers of the Lamb!

Note just one more point, that *all these privi-<sup>es</sup>es come to us by Jesus Christ*, for Christ is that mystic ladder which Jacob saw, up and down whose wondrous rungs the angels came and went. The commerce between the saints and heaven is kept up by way of the person of the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, what joy is this! If Christ is yours, angels are yours, and all the principalities and powers in the heavenly places will delight to take care of you.

Now, if anyone here is going home to a lonely room, I should like you to feel that you are not going there alone. Father and mother are away in the country, perhaps, and some of you young people feel quite alone in London; but, if you are believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, you are not alone, for the Lord of all the holy angels is with you, and an innumerable company of blessed spirits is round about you. Take comfort from this glorious truth. God's mysterious angelic agency, which you see not, and hear not, but which is most true and real, will form a cordon round about you to protect you in the midst of the temptations of this great city; and if you be but faithful to him, and keep in his ways, nothing shall hurt you between here and heaven. There may be many darts hurled at you, but the great shield of faith shall turn them all aside, or quench them for ever. You will have to encounter many temptations and trials, but you will be preserved amid them all. I heard a Primitive Methodist minister, speaking last Friday night, make use of a very strong expression while describing what a man could do by faith. He said, "He can not only overcome a legion of devils, but he could kick his way through a lane of devils if he did but rest in God." I have had that idea in my mind ever since I heard him use that expression; and I am sure that it is true, for some of us have had to do it already. Those devils are great cowards; so, when God once takes entire possession of a man, he need not fear even though all hell were let loose upon him. One butcher is not afraid of a thousand sheep; and one man, whom God makes strong, can put to rout all the hosts of hell, and he need not fear all the trials of life whatever they may be. "If God be for us, who can be against us."

In closing, there are two or three thoughts which I think are worth remembering. The first is this. Dear brethren, we see,

from this text, that the *lowest employment is consistent with the highest enjoyment*. The angels are our nurses: "they shall bear thee up in their hands," just as nurses hold up little children, who are not able to stand by themselves. Those angels continually behold God's face, and live in the perfect bliss of Heaven, yet they condescend to do such humble deeds as these. Dear brother, be like the angels in this respect; teach an infant class in the Sunday-school, yet keep your face bright with the light of God's countenance. Give away tracts, go and visit among the poor, look after fallen women, or do any other work for the Lord that needs to be done. Never mind what it is, but remember that the employment is all the more honourable because it appears to be so commonplace. Never was Christ grander, no, thanks, than when he washed his disciples' feet; certainly, never are we more like him than when we also are willing to wash their feet, or render any lowly service that they may need.

The next thought is, *as angels watch over us, how cheerfully ought we to watch over one another!* How gladly you, who are older in the divine life, ought to watch over the younger ones of the Lord's family! If God enables you to have any of the joy of angels over repenting sinners, mind that you take some of the care which angels exercise over those who walk in God's ways. What can I, the pastor of this huge church, and my brother and all the elders, do by way of watching over five thousand of you? You must pastorize yourselves to a large extent. Watch over one another. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Visit each other in your sicknesses; seek to bring back to Christ and the church all the backsliders whom you can find; labour for the good of one another; for, in this way only, can our task be done, and you shall be like the angels if you bear up the feeble ones in your hands lest they trip up and fall to their grievous hurt.

Then, next, *how safe and happy we ought to feel when we know that God has charged the angels to take care of us!* Do not be so nervous, my dear sister, the next time there is a little storm, or even a great storm. Do not be afraid, my dear friend, when sickness comes into your house. Do not be alarmed, as perhaps you are, when you hear that there is fever next door to you. Remember the promise that precedes our text: "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." But suppose it should seem right to the Lord to let the plague come to you, and suppose you shall die of it, well, you will the sooner be in heaven. Wherefore, comfort one another with the reflection that all is well with you as long as you keep in the way of duty.

And, lastly, *how holy we ought to be with such holy beings watching over us!* If the angels are always hovering round you, mind what you are at. Would you, my dear friend, have spoken as you did when you were coming in at that door yonder, if you had seen an angel standing by your side, listening to what you were saying? Oh, no; you are wonderfully decorous when there is some-

body near whom you respect! How often your glib tongue is checked when there is some Christian man or woman, whom you highly esteem, within hearing! How many a thing is done that would not be done under the eye of one whom you love! It is not only true that "a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter;" but it is also true that there are angels watching over us evermore. Paul wrote to the Corinthians that a woman in the public assembly ought to have her head covered because of the angels,—a certain decorum was due because of the angels who were there; and I am sure that I may use the same argument concerning all our actions. Whether we are alone or in company, let us not sin, because angels are ever watching us, and the angels' Lord is also watching us. May he graciously keep us in his holy way; and if we are so kept, we shall be preserved from all evil while we are here; and, at last, we shall see his face with joy, and abide with him for ever. I would to God that all, who are now present, were in that holy way. I remind you once more that the entrance to it is by a door that has the blood mark upon the lintel and the two door-posts: "The blood shall be to you for a token." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

#### PSALM CXIX. 25—32.

Verse 25. *My soul cleaveth unto the dust:*

"It sticks to it as though it were glued to it; my soul cannot be lifted up, at least by myself, out of its sadness, and its earthiness." The psalmist was not one who could boast of perfection. He had to lament that the earth which was in him by nature, made even his soul cleave to mother earth. He did not like it; he was not content that it should be so, and therefore he breathed this prayer:—

25. *Quicken thou me according to thy word.*

"Lord, there is nothing but life that can bring me up out of the dust, for death lurks in the dust, and the dust tends to death. Put life into me, Lord; thy life, the divine life. Thou hast promised to do this; therefore, do it, Lord, 'according to thy word.'" That is a prayer which is always sure to succeed, for it is based upon the promise of God. Hath the Lord promised anything? Then he will surely perform it; and you cannot use a better argument in prayer than to say to him, "Do as thou hast said;" or, as the psalmist puts it, "Quicken thou me according to thy word."

26. *I have declared my ways, and thou heardest me:*

"I have made a full confession to thee, my God. I have owned my fault wherein I was wrong, and I have thanked thee for thy grace given to me in anything wherein I was right."

28. *Teach me thy statutes.*

"O Lord, let me not have such a sorry tale to tell again. If my copy of thy handwriting has been badly written, set it for me afresh, I pray thee: 'Teach me thy statutes.'"

27. *Make me to understand the way of thy precepts:*

"Let me know, O Lord, what the way of thy precepts is; get me into that way; and then, oh, help me to keep in it all my life!"

27. *So shall I talk of thy wondrous works.*

A man never talks rightly of God's works till he knows God's ways, and it is idle to talk of them if there is no doing at the back of the talking; so the psalmist prays, "Make me to understand the way of thy precepts: so shall I talk of thy wondrous works." To preach, and not practice, is very bad preaching; but first to understand the way of the Lord, then to run in it, and then to speak of it, this is well.

28. *My soul melteth for heaviness:*

The Hebrew word is "droppeth." The psalmist's soul was like water dripping from the eaves of a house in time of rain. There are two sorts of sorrow,—the sorrow that rushes like a mighty torrent, and the sorrow, which is perhaps the worse of the two, which goes drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip,—like the constant dropping which wears away stones,—and which melts even the boldest heart to feel the attrition: "My soul melteth, dissolveth, droppeth, drippeth for heaviness:"—

28. *Strengthen thou me—*

The psalmist does not ask to have the trouble removed; but he prays, "Help me to bear it." Whenever there is a thing that is hard, the right way to cut through it is to get something that is still harder. If God will give us an adequate supply of his grace, hard times will not wear us away. So the psalmist prays, "Strengthen thou me"—

28. *According unto thy word.*

See how he clings to that expression, "according unto thy word." He knows the power of that argument, and therefore he uses it again and again.

29. *Remove from me the way of lying:*

"Do not let me fall into any untrue habits. Do not let me profess to have had an experience which I have never felt, or talk about holy things of which I know nothing experimentally. Keep me from everything that has any trace of falsehood in it."

29. *And grant me thy law graciously.*

"For thy law is truth; and when thy grace brings thy law home to my heart, all that is false will be banished from me."

30. *I have chosen the way of truth: thy judgments have I laid before me.*

"I have laid them before me as a man puts his model in front of him that he may work to it." It is well for us to have God's way and God's judgments always before our eyes, that we may be duly impressed and rightly guided by them.

31. *I have stuck unto thy testimonies:*

Just now, the psalmist said that his soul stuck to the earth; yet, at the same time, he was sticking to God's testimonies, for every good man is two men. There is a new-birth-man who sticks to God's testimonies, and there is that old carnal nature in us which cleaves to the dust.

31, 32. *O LORD, put me not to shame. I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.*

That is, "When thou shalt give me liberty of heart, then I will run in the way of thy commandments. When the impediments are removed,—when the sin, which doth so easily entangle me, is taken away, then will I run with delight in the way of thy commandments."

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—91, 720;  
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# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

GODS JEWELS.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 11TH, 1906,

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C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Malachi iii. 17

THESE words were spoken in a very giaccless age, when religion was peculiarly distasteful to men, when they scoffed at God's altar, and said of his service, "What a weariness it is!" and scornfully asked, "What profit is it that we have kept his ordinance?" Yet, even those dark nights were not uncheered by bright stars. Though the great congregations of God's house were but a mockery, yet there were smaller assemblies which God gazed upon with delight, though the house of national worship was often deserted, there were secret conventicles of those who "feared the Lord," and who "spake often one to another, and our God, who regards quality more than quantity, had respect to these elect twos and threes. He "hearkened and heard," and he so approved of that which he heard that he took notes of it, and declared that he would publish it. "A book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." Yea, and he valued so much these hidden ones, "faithful among the faithless found," that he called them his "jewels", and he declared that, in the great day when he should gather together his "segullah", his regalia, the peculiar treasure of kings, he would look upon these hidden ones as being more priceless than emeralds, rubies, or pearls. "They shall be mine," said he, "in the day when I gather up my jewels into my casket to be there for ever."

We will try to work out this metaphor of jewels. Our first point shall be that *God's people are compared to jewels*; our second, *the making up of the jewels*, and our third, *the privilege of being found among them*.

### I. THE LORD COMPARES HIS PEOPLE TO JEWELS

From the remotest antiquity, men have thought much of precious stones. Almost fabulous prices have been paid for them, and there have been instances in which most bloody wars have been waged for the possession of a certain jewel renowned for its brilliance and

size. Men hunt after gold, but the diamond they pursue with even greater eagerness. Five hundred men will work for a whole twelve-month in the diamond mines of Brazil when the entire produce of the year might be held in the hollow of your hand; and princes will give whole principalities, or barter the estates of half a nation in order to possess one peculiar brilliant of rare excellence. We wonder not, therefore, that the Lord, who elsewhere likens the precious sons of Zion to fine gold, should here compare them to jewels. However little they may be esteemed by men, the great Jewel-Valuer, the Lord Jesus Christ, esteems them as precious beyond all price. His life was as dear to him as life is to us, and yet all that he had, even his life, did he give for his elect ones. He counted down the price of his jewels in drops of bloody sweat in the gloomy garden of Gethsemane. His very heart was set abroad, streaming with priceless blood in order that he might redeem his people. We may compare our Lord to that merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found the one pearl of his Church, for the joy thereof went and sold all that he had that he might make it his own.

- Our God sets great value upon those whom he calls his jewels, as we may gather, not only from their costly redemption, but from the fact that all providence is but a wheel upon which to polish and perfect them. Those stupendous wheels, which Ezekiel saw, were but a part of the machinery of the great Lapidary, by which he cuts the facets of his true brilliants, and makes his diamonds ready for his crown, for is it not written that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose"? The Lord values his people very highly; not only the rich among them, not alone the most gracious among them, but the very least and most unworthy among believers are Jehovah's jewels. To fear the Lord, and think upon his name, are very simple indications of piety; yet, if we only come up to the standard which these evidences indicate, we are dear to God. What though we may possess no singular gifts or eminent graces, what though our voice may never be heard among the crowds of populous cities, yet still, if we "think upon his name," and our hearts are set towards the Lord Jesus, we are precious to him.

Jewels well portray the Christian, *because they are extremely hard and durable*. Most jewels will scratch glass; some of them will cut it, while they themselves will not be cut by the sharpest file, and many of them will be unimpaired by the most potent acids. The Christian is such an one. He has within him a principle which is incorruptible, undefiled, and destined to endure for ever. In Pompeii and Herculaneum, diggers have discovered gems in an excellent state of preservation, while statuary and implements of iron have been destroyed. Jewels will last out the world's lifetime, and glitter on as long as the sun shines; the rust doth not corrupt them, nor doth the moth devour them, though the thief may break through and steal them. The Christian is born of an incorruptible seed, which liveth and abideth for ever. The world has often tried to crush or destroy God's diamonds, but all the attempts of

malicious fury have failed. All that enmity has ever accomplished has only been, in the hands of God, the means of displaying the preciousness and brilliance of his jewels. The sham Christian, who is but a paste gem, soon yields to trial, he evaporates into a little noxious gas of self-conceit, and it is all over with him. A little heat of persecution, and the man-made Christian,—where is he? But the genuine Christian, the true gem, the choice jewel of God, will survive the fires of time, and when the last dissolving day shall arrive, he shall come forth from the furnace without a flaw.

The jewel is prized for its lustre. It is the brilliance of the gem, which, in a great measure, is the evidence and test of its value. It is said that the colours of jewels are the brightest known, and are the nearest approaches to the rays of the solar spectrum that have yet been discovered. Certainly, there is no light like that which is reflected from the sincere Christian. The renewed heart catches the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and reflects them,—not without some refraction, for we are mortal; but, still, with much of glory, for we are immortal, and God dwells in us. See how the diamond flashes and sparkles! It is of the first water when, with certain other conditions, it is also without cloudiness and without spots. And oh! when a Christian man is truly what a saint should be, what a lustre, what a brilliance there is about him! He is like the Lord Jesus Christ, humble yet bold, teachable yet firm, gentle yet courageous, like his Master, he goes about doing the will of him that sent him, and though the wicked world may not love him, it cannot but perceive his brightness.

Look at Richard Baxter, in Kidderminster, what a flashing diamond was he! He had some spots, no doubt, but his brightness was most surprising, even swearers on the ale-bench could not but know that he was a heaven-born spirit. We might quote honoured names out of all Christian churches, which would be at once discerned by you as God's flashing brilliants, because there is about them so little of the cloudiness of nature, and so much of the brightness of grace, that he must be blind indeed who does not admire them. Precious stones are the flowers of the mineral world, the blossoms of the mines, the roses and lilies of earth's caverns. Scarcely has the eye ever seen a more beautiful object than the breast-plate of the high-priest, studded with the twelve gems, each with its own separate ray melting into a harmony of splendour; and, albeit that the trickeries of pomp have but little influence over men of sober mind, I scarcely believe that there exists a single person who is altogether impervious to the influence of a crown bedight with ruby, and pearl, and emerald, and a bright array of other costly gems.

There is a beauty, a divine and superhuman beauty, about a Christian. He may be humbly clad and miserably housed, he may be poor, and his name may never be mentioned among the great; but jewellers value a rare stone none the less because of its ill-setting. Beloved, nothing so delights God, next to the person of his own dear Son, as the sight of one of those whom he has made like unto the Lord Jesus. Know ye not that Christ's delights are



with the sons of men, and that the holiness, the patience, the devotion, the zeal, the love, and the faith of his people are precious to him? The whole creation affords no fairer sight to the Most High than an assembly of his sanctified people, in whom he sees the beauty of his own character reflected. May you and I have much of "the beauty of holiness" given to us by the Holy Spirit! May the Lord look upon us with divine complacency, because he sees in us the rays of the solar spectrum of his own ineffable perfection!

Christians are comparable to jewels *because of their rarity*. There are not many precious stones in the world. Of the smaller sorts, there may be many; but, of the rarer gems, there are so few that a little child might write them. Only six *very* large diamonds (called paragons) are known in the world; and God's people are but few compared with the unregenerate multitude who are as the pebbles in the brook. The Christian belongs, like the ruby, the diamond, and the emerald, to the choicest of created things. These stones are the aristocracy of minerals, and Christians are the aristocracy of men. They are God's nobles. The roll of Battle Abbey,—have you ever looked it through? Well, it is of little consequence. There is a better roll by far; and if your name is written there, it will be of infinitely more consequence to you. In Doomsday Book,—is there a name there at all like yours? Never mind whether there be or not. There is a Doom's-day Book which will be of more value in the day of doom than Doomsday Book has ever been among the sons of men. Not many wise men after the flesh, not many great and noble have their names inscribed there; but all who are written in heaven are, in another sense, wise, and great, and noble, for God has made them so through his own grace. Not many are the gems which enrich the nations, and not many are the saints who shine among men. The way to heaven is narrow, and the Saviour sorrowfully says, "Few there be that find it." There is a city where pearl, and jasper, and carbuncle, and emerald are as common things. O fair Jerusalem, when shall these eyes behold thy turrets and thy pinnacles?

It is worthy of observation, too, that *a jewel is the production of God*. Diamonds have been burned, and other jewels have been resolved into their elements: but, after the most laborious attempts, no chemist has yet been able to make a diamond. Men can cut the Gordian knot, but they cannot tie it again. Lives have been wasted in attempts to produce precious stones, but the discovery is still unmade; they are the secret productions of God's own skill, and chemists fail to tell how they were produced, even though they know their elements. So the world thinks it knows what a Christian is, but it cannot make one. All the wit in the world put together could not find out the secret of the heaven-born life; and all the sacraments, vestments, priests, prayers, and paraphernalia of Popery cannot create a Christian. "Yes," says one, "we take a little water, and we make an infant a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." Sir, you make yourself a liar, and nothing better, when you so

• speak, for it is neither in your power, nor in the power of any other man, to regenerate a soul by any performance, either with or without water. You may wash a flint long enough before you can wash it into a diamond. To make jewels for Christ's crown is God's work, and God's work alone. We might preach until our tongues grew dumb, and men's ears grew deaf, but not a living soul would ever receive divine grace by our talk alone; the Spirit must go with the word, or it is so much wasted breath. The Lord alone can create a child of grace, and a Christian is as much a miracle as was Lazarus when he rose from the tomb. It is as great a work of Deity to create a believer as it is to create a world.

It is worthy of remark, too, that *jewels are of many kinds*. Perhaps there is not a single ray in the spectrum which is not represented amongst them, from the purest white of the diamond, the red of the ruby, the bright green of the emerald, to the blue of the sapphire. So is it with God's people. They are not all alike, and they never will be; all attempts at uniformity must fail, and it is very proper that they should. We need not wish to be one in the sense of uniformity, but only in the sense of unity; not all one jewel, but many gems set in one crown. It little matters whether we shine with the sapphire's blue, or the emerald's green, or the ruby's red, or the diamond's white, so long as we are the Lord's in the day when he makes up his jewels.

*Jewels are of all sizes, yet they are all jewels*. One is a Koh-i-noor, a very mountain of light; but it is not any more a diamond because it is large, though it is more precious. The smallest dust of the diamond that comes from the lapidary's wheel is made of the same material as the richest jewel that sparkles in the monarch's crown; and even so, those Christians who have but little faith, and little grace, are still as much the divine workmanship as the brightest and most precious in the believing family; and what is more, they shall be in the casket when the others are there, for it is said of them all, "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels."

Once more, *jewels are found all over the world*. In the most frozen regions, on the tops of mountains, and in the depths of mines, jewels have been discovered; but they are said to be most numerous in tropical regions. So, Christians are to be found everywhere. Blessed be the name of God, the Esquimaux have sung the praises of Immanuel in the regions of eternal ice, and the children of the sun have learned to adore the Sun of Righteousness in the midst of the torrid zone; but in England, which is the tropical region of divine grace, the land where the gospel is preached in our streets, we find the most of believers, as also in a few other happy lands which, like our own fair island, lie upon the Equinoctial line of gospel privilege, where the grace of God has given the gospel in its greatest purity.

Wherever the jewels have been found, though they differ in some respects, yet *they are all alike in others, and kings delight in them, and are glad to use them as regal ornaments*. So, wherever the Lord finds his precious ones, East or West, or North or South, he

sees something in them in which they all agree, and he delights in them. Our Lord Jesus counts them to be his true ornaments, with which he arrays himself as a bridegroom adorneth himself, with ornaments, and as a bride decketh herself with jewels. God delights in Christians, come from whatever part they may. Although they may be of many tongues, and though the colours of their skins may vary, yet are they still very, very precious in his sight, and they shall be his in that day when he makes up his jewels.

II. In the second place, let us consider THE MAKING UP OF THE JEWELS.

We have not come to the day of the making up of the jewels, for *some of them are at this hour hidden and undiscovered*. There is no doubt that many precious stones will yet be found. Diamond-hunters are, at this moment, looking after them in the caverns of the earth, and, washing the soil of the mines to find them. Many of the chosen of God are not yet manifested. The missionaries in heathen lands are toiling to discover them amid the mire of idolatry. My daily business and calling is that of a jewel-hunter, and this pulpit is the place where I try to separate the precious from the vile. Sunday-school teachers and other workers are diamond-hunters too; they deal with gems far more precious than millions of gold and silver. Oh, that all Christians were seekers of souls, for there is much need of all hands, and it is a work which well rewards the labourer. All the chosen are not saved yet. Blood-bought multitudes remain to be ingathered. Oh, for grace to seek them diligently! Because of the absence of so many of the Lord's gems, the "making up" of the jewels has not yet taken place, but the time for that is hastening on.

Many jewels are found, *but they are not yet polished*. They are precious gems, but it is only lately that they have been uplifted from the mine. When the diamond is first discovered, it glitters but little; you can see that it is a precious gem, but perhaps one-half of it will have to be cut away before it sparkles with fullest splendour. The lapidary must turn it upon his wheel, and many hundreds of pounds must be spent before perfection is reached. In some cases, thousands of pounds have been expended before the diamond has been brought to its full excellence. So it will be with many of the Lord's people; they are justified, but they are not completely sanctified. Corruption has to be subdued, ignorance removed, unbelief cut away, worldliness taken off, before they can be set in the crown of the great King; for this also the King carries, and his jewels are not "made up."

*Many of the Lord's gems are but partly polished*; indeed, there are none on earth perfect yet. This is not the land of perfection. Some persons dream of it; their pretensions are but a dream. We have heard some say that they were perfect, but they were *not* perfect in the virtue of humility, or they would not have boasted after so vain-glorious a fashion. The saints are still in the Lapidary's hand. The Master is taking off first one angle and then another, and rending away much which we have foolishly cherished; but through this cutting process we shall sparkle gloriously ere long,

so that those who knew us on earth will wonder to see the difference in heaven. Perhaps it will be part of the joy of heaven to perceive our conquest over sin, to see how the divine hand has shed a glory and beauty upon the poor dull stones of earth.

The making up is delayed, too, because *certain of the gems, which have been partly polished, are missing*. "Oh!" say you, "does the Lord ever lose any of his gems?" No, not for ever, but for a time they may be missing. A certain blue diamond, that was very greatly renowned, was by some means lost at the time of the French Revolution, and has never been heard of since. It is somewhere, however, and God knows where it is, and it is a diamond still; and so there are some of his people who go astray, and we cannot tell where they are; but, still, "the Lord knoweth them that are his," and "the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Backslider, you were once a jewel in the church; you were put down in the book as a church-member, but from the casket of the church Satan stole you. Ah, but you did not belong to him, and he cannot keep you! You have agreed to be his, but your agreement does not stand for anything. You did not belong to yourself, and so you could not give yourself away. Christ has the first and only valid claim to you, and will yet obtain his rights by the omnipotence of his grace. Because of these missing jewels, the longsuffering of God waiteth; but the day is coming—its axes are hot with speed,—when sardius, and topaz, and carbuncle, shall glisten in the same crown with emerald, and sapphire, and diamond, nor shall ligure, agate, amethyst, beryl, onyx, or jasper be wanting; they shall all be "set in gold in their inclosings."

III. UPON THE HONOURABLE PRIVILEGE of being numbered with the crown jewels of Jehovah, we will utter hardly more than a few sentences, and we will preface them with words of self-examination.

"They shall be mine." This does not include all men, but only "those that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." Standing in the midst of this immense assembly, and remembering that a very large proportion of my hearers are professors of faith in Christ, I am happy to be in such a great jewel-house; but when I reflect that it is a very easy thing indeed to imitate a jewel so that the counterfeit cannot be detected except by the most skilful jeweller, I feel solemnly impressed with the desire that none of you may be deceived. It is not very long ago that a lady possessed a sapphire supposed to be worth £10,000. Without informing her relatives, she sold it, and procured an imitation of it so cleverly fashioned that, when she died, it was valued by a jeweller in order that the probate duty might be paid upon it, and the trustees of the estate actually paid probate duty upon it to our government on £10,000 for what was not really worth more than a few pence, for they imagined that it was the real sapphire. Now if, in examining material jewels, men well skilled have been thus deceived, you will not wonder if, in connection with the jewels of mind and spirit, it is so difficult to detect an imposition. You may deceive the minister, the deacons, and the church; nay, you may easily deceive yourselves, and even pay the probate duty; you may be

making sacrifices and discharging duties on account of true religion as you think, but really for something which is not worth the name. Beloved in the Lord, be zealous for vital godliness, hate hypocrisy, shun deception, and watch against formality. I will make a pause, and give you time, in a few minutes of silence, to pray that ancient and needful prayer, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." All paste gems, and all the glass imitations, will surely be detected in the day which will burn as an oven. May we be found among the Lord's genuine jewels in that dread testing day!

If we are the Lord's, then what privileges are ours! Then are we *safe*. If we really pass the scales at the last, there will be no more questionings, suspicions, testings, weighings, or cuttings. If the Great Valuer accepts us as being genuine, then we shall be secure for ever.

Nor is this all, beloved; we shall also be *honoured*. Remember where the jewels are to shine for ever. Jesus himself shall wear them as his glory and joy. Believers will be unrivalled illustrations of the glory of divine grace throughout all ages. Can you see our glorious Well-beloved? There he sits; the adored of angels and admired of men! But what are the ornaments he wears? Worlds were too small to be signets upon his fingers, and the zodiac too poor a thing to bind the sandals of his feet. But, oh, how bright he is, how glorious! And what are the jewels which display his beauty? They are souls redeemed by his death from going down into the pit. Blood-washed sinners! Men and women who, but for him, would have been tormented for ever in the flame, but who now rejoice to sing, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." So that, once acknowledged to be Christ's, you are not only safe, but you will be in the closest communion with Christ throughout eternity. It is a bliss, the thought of which may well flash with vehement flame through your hearts even now, that you are, one day, to display the glory of Immanuel; that unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places shall be made known, through the Church, the manifold wisdom of God. You are to be his "gold rings set with the beryl;" with you as his reward, his person will be "as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires." You are so dear to him that he bought you with his own blood because you could not be "gotten for gold, neither could silver be weighed for the price thereof." Your redemption by his death proves that your soul could not be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire; and when the ever-glorious God shall exhibit your sanctified spirit as an illustration of his glorious character and work, no mention shall be made of coral or of pearls, for your worth will be above rubies, the topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal you, nor shall the precious crystal be compared to you.

But I hear a mournful voice crying, "All this is concerning the precious ones, but there is nothing for me; I was in hopes that

there would have been something for a sinner like me." Well, what are you then? Are you not a jewel? "No," you cry, "I am not a jewel; I am only a common stone; I am not worth the picking up; I am just one of the many pebbles on the shore of life, and the tide of death will soon wash me into the great ocean of eternity; I am not worthy of God's thoughts; I am not even worth his treading upon; I shall, with multitudes of others, be swallowed up in the great deep of wrath, and never be heard of more!" Soul, didst thou never hear this text? "I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." What stones were they? They were ordinary loose stones in Jofdan's bed. John was standing in the river baptizing, and pointing to those worthless pebbles, not worth picking up, he said, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." Even so, this night, God is able, of these stones around me in this vast throng, to make gems which shall be his treasure in the day when he makes up his jewels. You cannot thus exalt yourselves, nor can I do it for you; but there is a secret and mysterious process by which, by divine art, the common stone is transmuted into the diamond; and though you are a stone black with sin, or blood-red with crime, though you are a flinty stone with jagged edges of blasphemy; though you are such a stone as Satan delights to throw at the truth, yet God can transform you into a jewel! He can do it in an instant. Do you know how he can do it? There is a wondrous rod with which he works matchless transformations; that rod is the cross. Jesus Christ suffered that sinners might not suffer. Jesus Christ died that sinners might not die, but that "whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Sinner though you be, if you come beneath the cross, and trustingly look up to God's dear Son, you shall be saved: and that salvation includes a complete change of nature, by which you shall fear the Lord, and think upon his name, and mingle with those who speak often one to another, with the certainty of being the Lord's when he makes up his jewels.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

#### MALACHI III., AND IV.

Chapter iii. Verse 1. *Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me:*

The name Malachi means "my messenger." The reference here is, of course, to John the Baptist, who was to prepare the way of the Lord.

1. *And the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple,—*

Now, the temple at Jerusalem is utterly destroyed, so how can the Jews still think the Lord, whom they profess to seek, will suddenly come to his temple? He must have come there already,—as we know he did,—for there is not one stone of the temple left standing upon another: "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple,"—

1. *Even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the LORD of hosts.*

Christ was the great Messenger of the covenant, the Messenger of mercy; and the Lord's own people, even in that ancient time, delighted in anticipating the coming of the Christ of God, the anointed and appointed Messenger of the Lord of hosts

2 But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap

All that only looked like religion, but was not real and genuine, was purged away at his coming. He was like a refiner's fire, consuming the false pretensions of the Pharisees, and the vain boastings of the Scribes. There is, in the religion of Jesus Christ, a power that is a great purgative and a great refiner.

3 And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver:

Christ comes suddenly, but he comes to stay. "He shall sit." If he comes into our heart at this moment,—and he may come there suddenly,—he will come to stay there, and he will sit there "as a refiner and purifier of silver."

3. And he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the LORD an offering in righteousness

Those men, called to holy service, shall offer unto the Lord offerings in righteousness after he has cleansed and purified them. You cannot worship God aright until you have been cleansed by Christ. Till then, you are like priests with defiled feet, unfit to come into the sanctuary of God, but when Christ has purified you, fail not to draw near to God, and to present your thank-offering unto him.

4, 5 Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the LORD in the days of old, and as in former years. And I will come near unto you to judgment, and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the LORD of hosts

See how hard taskmasters are put, by divine inspiration, with sorcerers, and adulterers, and false swearers. They do not think badly of themselves, but the Lord thinks badly of them, and his judgment is always just.

6 For I am the LORD I change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed

This is their comfort, even the immutability of God is on the side of his people. He is just, and always just, he hates sin, and always hates sin, yet that unchangeableness of his is always on the side of the people of his choice.

7 Even from the days of your father, ye are gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them. Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the LORD of hosts

Ye wanderers from God, take this invitation home to your hearts, and act upon it. Amse, and return unto your Father, for when you are yet a great way off he will see you, and will run to meet you and have compassion upon you. "Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts."

7. But ye said, Wherein shall we return?

God takes notice of what men say to him after he has spoken to them. He will take notice of what you say when you go out of this house of prayer. Erring men usually have something to say for themselves. The self-righteous can always invent some excuse, or ask some question, as they did here "Wherein shall we return?"

8. Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me

They were always ready to deny or question a just accusation, instead of letting it operate upon their conscience, so they asked about this charge.

8. *But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.*

They had kept back from God's service the money which was needful for the carrying on of the worship of his house. We read, in Nehemiah xiii. 10, that "the Levites and the singers, that did the work, were fled every one to his field," for they could not live at Jerusalem, because "the portions of the Levites had not been given them,"—their supply of provisions having been stopped through the meanness of the people, who had thus robbed the Lord "in tithes and offerings."

9. *Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation.*

They could not make out why they were so poor, and why they could not get on; the real reason was that there was a curse resting upon all that they did, because they had robbed God.

10. *Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the LORD of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.*

They had kept themselves poor by their own meanness. If they had behaved rightly towards God, he would have enriched them with the bounties of his providence; the very windows of heaven would have been thrown open to give them abundance for all their needs.

11. *And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the LORD of hosts.*

The locust and the caterpillar came up and ate their harvests, all because God was angry with them; and he alone could change their miserable circumstances.

12. *And all nations shall call you blessed: for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the LORD of hosts.*

God is able, simply with a turn of his hand, or a glance of his eye, to enrich or to impoverish. He gives in a thousand ways that we cannot control, and he takes from us in as many ways which perhaps we cannot understand. It is always best to be right with God.

13—15. *Your words have been stout against me, saith the LORD. Yet ye say, What have we spoken so much against thee? Ye have said, It is vain to serve God: and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinance, and that we have walked mournfully before the LORD of hosts? And now we call the proud happy; yea, they that work wickedness are set up; yea, they that tempt God are even delivered.*

Those were indeed bad old times when the mass of the people looked only to their own temporal comfort; when they saw the wicked become rich, they wished that they were wicked too, in order that they might be rich. They thought that it was of no use to serve God; but happily there was another set of people in the land, as there always is, more or less. God never leaves himself without witnesses; and when the wicked are proudest, God's people are often boldest.

16. *Then—*

*At that very time,—*

16. *They that feared the LORD spake often one to another:*

They could not bear to hear their God thus spoken of, so they went to one another's houses, they found one another out, and talked to one another.



16. *And the LORD hearkened,—*

He loves to listen to the holy talk of a holy people: "The Lord hearkened,"—

16. *And heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the LORD, and that thought upon his name.*

That is a very precious expression; you cannot perhaps, speak much for the Lord, yet you think the more about him; and God remembers those who think upon his name. Yet, often, thinking leads to speaking; and there ought to be no speaking without previous thought. God loves to listen to the thoughtful conversation of a loving people who stand true to him in the midst of an ungodly crowd, and he thinks very highly of them.

17. *And they shall be mine, saith the LORD of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.*

"Others, who thought much of themselves, shall be thrown away like worthless pebbles; but these faithful ones shall be mine in that day when I am putting my jewels into my crown, for they shall be precious in my sight."

17. *And I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.*

When the sword of the foeman is drawn from its sheath, when disease is cutting down its myriads, when God's vengeance has laid hold upon the ungodly, he will be a hiding-place for his people, and will care for them as a man would anxiously care, not only for his son, but for his only son, one who is obedient and faithful to his father: "his own son that serveth him."

18. *Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked.*

Not now, but then; by-and-by, there shall be a distinguishing mark set upon all mankind: "Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked,"—

18. *Between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not.*

Chapter iv. Verses 1, 2. *For, behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the LORD of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch. But unto you—*

Here is the difference: "But unto you"—

2. *That fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise—*

Not like a scorching and burning even as the sun of the heavens is in the East, but he shall arise—

2. *With healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall.*

All is right with those who are right with God.

3-6. *And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this, saith the LORD of hosts. Remember ye the law of Moses my servant, which I commanded unto him in Horeb for all Israel, with the statutes and judgments. Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the LORD: and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.*

The Old Testament ends with the mutterings of a curse, but the New Testament begins with a message of blessing concerning the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. What a mercy to come from under the old covenant unto the new!

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

THE RIGHT KIND OF FEAR.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 18TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON.

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAOLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Thursday Evening, September 2nd, 1875.*

"Happy is the man that feareth alway."—Proverbs xxviii. 14.

BUT did not John say that "fear hath torment"? Then, how can he be happy who hath fear, and especially he who hath it alway? Did not John also say that "perfect love casteth out fear"? How is it, then, that he is happy in whom love is not made perfect, if so be that the fear which John meant to be left in it? Dear friends, the explanation is that the word "fear" is used in different senses, and both Solomon and John are right; neither is there any conflict between their two statements. There is a fear which perfect love casts out because it hath torment. That is the slavish fear which trembles before God as a criminal trembles before the judge,—the fear which mistrusts, suspects, and has no confidence in God,—the fear which, therefore, keeps us away from God, causes us to dread the thought of drawing near to him, and makes us say, like the fool to whom the psalmist refers, "No God." Many of you know what this kind of fear is, for you once suffered from it; though I trust you are now delivered from it by faith in Christ Jesus, and by the love which the Spirit of God has wrought in your hearts. There is also another sort of fear, which springs out of this slavish fear, and which is to be equally shunned, namely, a fear which leads to the apprehension that something evil is about to happen. There are many persons, who have so little faith in God that they fear that the trials, which will sooner or later overtake them, will also overthrow them. They are afraid of a certain form of suffering that threatens them; they fear that they will not have patience enough to bear up under it, they feel sure that their spirit will sink in their sickness. Above all, they are dreadfully afraid to die. They have not yet believed that God will be with them when they pass through the valley of deathshade; and because they cannot trust him, they are all their lifetime subject to bondage. They cannot

say that all things work together for good to them; but they often say, as poor old Jacob mistakenly said, "All these things are against me." And so they go on, fearing this, and fearing that, and fearing the other, and their life is spent, to a great extent, in sorrow and sighing. May the Lord graciously deliver any of you who are in that condition!

That is a kind of fear from which the true believer is free. He knows that, whatever happens, God will overrule it for the good of his chosen. "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." Resignation to the divine will has made him feel that whatever the Lord wills is right; he does not seek to have his own will, but he is glad to make God's will his will, and so he is perfectly satisfied with all that comes. God save you, my brethren and sisters in Christ, from all fear of a slavish sort! Above all, no Christian ought to have any fear which would bring dishonour upon the truthfulness, the goodness, the immutability, or the power of God. To doubt his promise,—to suppose that he will not make it good,—this is indeed a fear which hath torment. To doubt God's faithfulness,—to suppose that he can ever forget his children, that his mercy can be withdrawn from them, or that he will be favourable to them no more,—this also is wrong. To doubt the perseverance of the saints, when God's Word has so plainly declared that he will keep their feet, and will perfect the work which he hath begun in them,—indeed, to doubt anything that has the inspired Scriptures to support it, and to tremble in any way when your trembling arises out of a suspicion that God may change, or cease to be faithful to his promises, and faithful to his Son, all that kind of fearing is to be cast far from us.

But, dear friends, there is another fear that ought to be cultivated,—the reverential fear which the holy angels feel when they worship God, and behold his glory;—that gracious fear which makes them veil their faces with their wings as they adore the Majesty on high. There is also the loving fear which every true, right-hearted child has towards its father,—a fear of grieving so tender a parent,—a proper feeling of dread which makes it watch its every footstep, lest, in the slightest degree it should deviate from the path of absolute obedience. May God graciously grant to us much of this kind of fear!

Then there is a holy fear of ourselves, which makes us shun the very thought of self-reliance,—which weans us equally from self-righteousness and self-confidence,—and which makes us feel that we shall surely fall unless the Lord shall continually hold us up, and that we shall certainly die unless he shall sustain our spiritual life. This fear of our own selves—the fear of sinning against God—is a fear which we ought always to cherish, and concerning which the text saith, "Happy is the man that feareth alway."

I have taken this topic for a special reason. You know that we have recently had a great deal of preaching of "Believe! Believe! Believe!" and I have very heartily joined in the evangelistic services which have been held. We have also had a great deal of singing about full assurance, and we have had a little chattering

about perfection, or something wonderfully like it, as far as I can make it out; and as I put all these things together, I cannot help being afraid that there will be a great growth of the mushrooms of presumption. With warm days and damp days, and with everything tending to make vegetation luxurious, we may expect to see an abundant crop of poisonous fungi growing up,—noxious agarics, toadstools, and I know not what besides. They will come up in a night, but they may not be destroyed in a night; and they will be a great nuisance, and possibly worse than that. So I want to speak in such a way that we may all be led to do some sincere heart-searching, and to commend to you the cherishing of an anxious fear lest, peradventure, all that glitters should not prove to be gold, and lest much of that which looks like wheat should, at the last, turn out to be tares.

I. My first observation shall be that THERE IS, AFTER ALL, VERY GRAVE CAUSE FOR FEAR. Otherwise, Solomon would not have been inspired to write, "Happy is the man that feareth alway."

There is cause for fear, dear brethren and sisters who love the Lord, *because corruption still remaineth in us*. In the best man or woman here, there is still the old flesh that lusteth against the spirit, that flesh which is in constant enmity to the spirit, and never will be reconciled to it. If that flesh keeps quiet for a time, it is there all the while, just as a lion is still a lion even when he is lying hidden in his den. He only needs some dark hour to come, and he will rush forth from his den; so is it with the flesh which still lurks within us. When a man imagines that all his corruptions are gone, that is no proof that he is clean rid of them, but only that he does not really know his true condition; for, if God were but to lift the veil that covers his eyes, and to let him see the great deeps of sin that are in his nature, he would soon discover that he has grave cause for fear, and he would be driven to cry out to God, "Oh, keep me, I beseech thee, or else I shall commit spiritual suicide!" I must and shall become like the vilest of apostates, unless thy sovereign grace shall hold me on my way."

There is also cause for fear, my brethren, *if you look around at the world in which we live*. This vile world has not changed its character; it is no more a friend to grace than it was in the days of the early Christians. It was a difficult thing to be a Christian in the days of Diocletian and the other persecuting Roman emperors, but I sometimes think that it is an even more difficult thing to be a Christian now. To be a soldier under Hannibal, and to fight bravely when crossing the Alps, must have been a difficult task, but it was far more trying for the soldiers when they reached sunny Italy, and their holiday amusements destroyed the discipline of the army. The Christian camp, at the present time, seems to be pitched in a sunny plain, where all the surrounding influences tend to relax the sinews of the warriors, and to take away from them their strength. It is hard to keep to the narrow way when the broad road runs so near to it that sometimes they seem to be one. The time was when the broad road was so distinct from the narrow one that we could easily discern who was travelling to heaven, and

who was going to hell; but, now, the devil has engineered the broad road so very close up to the side of the narrow way that there are many people who manage to walk on both of them; they never seem so pleased as when they can first take a little turn on the narrow road, and then, afterwards, take another turn on the broad one. Let us never imitate Mr. Facing-both-ways; but let us walk only in the narrow way, that leadeth unto life, whatever it may cost us to do so. You must be in a very singular position if you never have any temptations; indeed, I should not be surprised to learn, if you live where you have no temptations, that you are undergoing a worse trial than temptation itself would be. In such a place as that, you are very likely to get stagnant. The very pleasantness of the situation may put you off your guard, and you will not live so near to God as you would have done if your surroundings had seemed to be more opposed to your growth in grace. There is cause for fear, then, when all around us there is an enemy behind every bush, a temptation lurking in every joy, and a devil hiding himself under every table,—when, as old Francis Quarles used to say,—

“The close pursuer’s busy hands do plant  
Snares in thy substance; snares attend thy want;  
Snares in thy credit; snares in thy disgrace;  
Snares in thy high estate; snares in thy base;  
Snares tuck thy bed; and snares surround thy board;  
Snares watch thy thoughts; and snares attach thy word;  
Snares in thy quiet; snares in thy commotion;  
Snares in thy diet; snares in thy devotion;  
Snares lurk in thy resolves, snares in thy doubt;  
Snares lie within thy heart, and snares without;  
Snares are above thy head, and snares beneath;  
Snares in thy sickness, snares are in thy death.”

Besides that, dear friends,—in addition to having a store of dry tinder within our heart, and showers of sparks falling near us,—besides having a great heap of gunpowder within our nature, and being constantly exposed to the fires that burn all around us, we must remember that *there is such a thing as self-deception in the world*. This is a great and a common danger. Do you not yourselves know some who have been self-deceived? I have had a wide experience in watching over the souls of others, and many persons have come under my notice, who have thought themselves Christians, and I have often wondered how they could think so. I have seen that in their lives which has led me to feel sure—as sure as one man can feel concerning another—that the grace of God could not be in them; yet they have not had any doubt or suspicion concerning their Christianity. Now, brethren and sisters, do not you know some people like that? Well, then, is it not possible that the judgment which you have formed concerning them is the very same that others have formed concerning you? And perhaps that judgment is true. There have been great preachers, who have been very eloquent men, and God has even condescended to use them in his service; yet, afterwards, it has been discovered that they were

living in gross sin all the while that they were preaching holiness to others. If that has been the case with only one preacher, might it not also be the case with me? Have you never heard of church-members, who have come regularly to the communion table, and been very prominent in the work of the church, and apparently leading the way in all good things; yet, after all, they were rotten at the core? They had made a mistake altogether—unless they had wilfully deceived others instead of themselves,—in professing to be Christ's people at all. Well, then, if some have acted like that, may not you do the same? I do not wish to say anything unpleasant, merely for the sake of making you feel uncomfortable; but I want you to remember that my text says, "Happy is the man that feareth alway." Sometimes, to examine the foundation on which we are building for eternity, to look into the profession which we have made, to see whether it will stand the wear and tear of daily life, and to judge whether it will be likely to endure the test of our dying day, and the still sterner test of the day of judgment,—is a wise occupation for every one of us. The man who dares not have his ship examined is the man who knows that some of the timbers are rotten; and if you do not like being examined, you are the very man who ought to put yourself through that process without a moment's delay, obeying the injunctions of the apostle, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?"

There is also great cause for fear, *because some Christians have been "saved; yet so as by fire."* Oh, with what difficulty have some of God's ships entered the eternal harbour! They have lost their masts, the deck has been swept clear of everything, they have been well-nigh abandoned as derelict; and if it had not been that the eternal grace of God had ensured the safety of the vessels, they must have drifted away to destruction, and gone to the bottom of the sea. And what tugging there has been to get some souls into heaven! Do you not know some of that sort? I saw one, not long ago. I had highly esteemed him at one time; but, from what I learned afterwards, I saw how little cause there was in him for my esteem. He had professed to be a child of God, but he was weeping and wailing, and asking whether there was any hope for him. As a contrast to such a sad case, I may say that I have stood by the bedsides of many others, and have learned from them lessons that I can never forget; for they have told me something of the joys of heaven by the very glances of their eyes, and the wondrous words which have fallen from their lips, often more full of poetry than poetry itself. They have seemed to be inspired, and to be favoured with visions of the hereafter as they have looked through the veil which had become so thin to them. But I have also seen some, such as the one I mentioned just now, who have not lived near to God, who have neglected prayer, who have done but little service for Christ; and when they have come to die, they have been "saved; yet so as by fire." They have had to come, in their last moments, without any comfort of hope, without any joy in the

Lord, and cry, "What must we do to be saved?"—just as though they had never known the way of salvation, although they have been professors for years. Instead of having an abundant entrance into heaven, they have just been saved, and no more. Now, you and I do not want to have such an experience as that; and, therefore, let us always fear lest we should get into such a state of heart that this should be our case. Let us fear lest we lose communion with God, let us fear lest we misuse any grace which the Holy Spirit has given to us, let us fear lest we become fruitless and unprofitable, let us fear lest we lose the light of Jehovah's countenance; if we do so fear, we shall understand what Solomon meant when he wrote, "Blessed is the man that feareth always."

II. Now, secondly, I want to prove to you that THE MAN WHO DOES SO FEAR IS A HAPPY MAN. I will show you that by a few contrasts.

The word "happy" in our text may not exactly mean that the man enjoys happiness just now, but that he is really happy, he has the root of true happiness in him, and he will have the fruit in due time. Now, here are two men. One of them says, "I am a child of God; I have had a very deep experience; I know all the doctrines of grace, blessed be God; and I feel that I am thoroughly confirmed in Christian habits. I may be tempted to sin, but I shall be able to resist the temptation." Take a good look at that man, so that you will know him when you see him again. With a formal prayer, he leaves his bedroom in the morning, and he goes forth to his business, perfectly satisfied with himself whatever may happen. Here is another man. He says, "I believe I am a child of God, for I have trusted in Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and I know that I am safe in his hands; but I dare not trust myself. I feel that, unless he shall uphold me all through this day, I may, by my words, or my actions, bring dishonour upon his holy name; and I tremble lest I should do so." See him kneeling down there by his bedside, and hear how earnestly he pleads with God. His prayer is something like this, "O Lord, I am as helpless as a little child; hold thou me up, or I shall surely fall! I am like a lamb going out among wolves; O Lord, preserve me!" Now, which of these two do you regard as the really happy man? The happiness of the two men may, to a superficial observer, appear to be about equal, but which happiness would you prefer to have? I say,—and I think most of you will agree with me,—God save me from the so-called happiness which is careless and prayerless, and give me that holy fear which drives me often to my knees, and makes me cry to God to keep me.

Well, now, night has come on, and the two men have reached their homes. Neither of them has fallen into any gross sin during the day; they have both been preserved from that evil. One of them retires to his bed after a few sentences of formal prayer, with no life or earnestness in it, and no expression of his gratitude to God, and he soon falls asleep in perfect contentment with himself. The other man looks carefully over all that has happened during the day, for he is afraid lest he may have sinned against God even

unconsciously, and he takes notice of things which the other man does not think anything of, and he says, "Lord, I fear that I erred there, and that I failed there; forgive thy child, and help me to do better in the future." Then he says, "I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast kept me, by thy grace, from being surprised by sudden temptation, and thou hast enabled me to honour thy name, at least in some degree! I give all the glory for this to thee; and now, my Lord,—

"Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,  
I lay me down to rest,  
As in the embraces of my God,  
Or on my Saviour's breast."

Now, which is the happy man of these two? I know which I should like to be,—the man who is so fearful and so full of trembling that he wonders that he has not fallen, and who is sometimes almost afraid that he has; and who, therefore, walks humbly before his God. Is he not infinitely to be preferred to the other man who thinks it is a matter of course that he shall always stand, and who has no qualms of conscience about what he calls little faults? You may rest assured that the seeds of untold misery are already sown in that other man's heart.

Think of these two men under another aspect. Imagine that they are sailors out at sea. One of them is well aware that a certain course is very dangerous. Some captains have been able to take it, and have made "a short cut" by doing so, and he decides that he will take that course. He can see that his vessel is bound to go near some very ugly-looking rocks, and among a number of sharp ledges where many others have been wrecked; but he is a bold, dare-devil sort of fellow, he believes that all will be right, and he has no fear. But here is the other captain, and he says, "My motto is, to keep as far away from danger as I possibly can. I know that, in fair weather, that passage may be safe; but, then, I cannot reckon on fair weather. I may be caught in a fog, and not know where I am; or a terrible storm may come on, and drive me where I do not wish to go. I shall, therefore, take the longer course, which is also the safer course." Now, in which of these two vessels would you like to sail, and which of the two captains do you esteem to be the happy man? Of course, you say the second one. We admire courage, but we do not admire foolhardiness; and the Christian man, who seeks to steer clear of temptation, who endeavours to be precise and exact in his mode of living, so as not to go near to sin, but to avoid it, and keep away from it, must be judged to be, in the best sense of the word, a happier man than the one who courts temptation, and heedlessly rushes into a position of peril.

Look at the difference between what these two men regard as happiness. The one who was not afraid said, "Why should I fear? Am I not getting to be an old-established Christian now? Have I not resisted temptation for such a long while that I need not fear it now? I feel that I may do what young people must not do;



it would be dangerous for them, but it will never hurt me." So he talked, but look at him now. He has become so fond of the drunkard's cup that he was seen reeling through the streets, or else he has been so enchanted by the lusts of the flesh that he has committed himself fatally. Or it may be that he was strongly tempted to make money very quickly, and quick money-making and honesty never go together, except by a very extraordinary concatenation of circumstances; and this man thought it would end all right, and that he should make a great haul, so he asked the devil to help him throw the net in just that once, and now he has got into the clutches of the law, and his name—the name of a man who once made a profession of religion,—is bracketed with that of other rogues and vagabonds! But now look at the timid man,—the man who said, "I know that I shall never be intoxicated if I never take anything that is intoxicating; I know that I shall not be a thief if I never take anybody's money but my own; I know that, if I never indulge even in indelicate expressions, if I never think of or look at anything that is impure, I shall not be likely to go in that evil way which I utterly abhor;"—that is the man who is both safe and happy, "the man that feareth alway." Some people call him a milksop, and say that he has not spirit enough to do as others do; but just look at him. He can go in and out of the house of God as an honourable Christian man, while the other one, of whom I have told you, is a moral wreck, and his name is a by-word and a reproach. I can bear my testimony that I have seen high professors so act as to become a stench in our nostrils; and, on the other hand, I have seen poor, timid girls, who were half afraid they were hypocrites, and poor trembling men, who used to come to me for comfort and counsel, lest they should be deceiving themselves. I have seen many of the latter class enter the port of glory like ships in full sail coming into the harbour, while those other vessels, with their painted hulls, that seemed to tempt a shot from the enemy, have gone to the bottom, and they have been lost to us, and lost to themselves.

Now I will suppose that both these men, whom I have been describing, have fallen into a certain sin; see what a difference there is between them now. The man who has not any fear says, "Well, yes, there is no doubt that I did wrong; but, then,"—and he begins telling all about the circumstances under which he says that he was "overtaken." He tries to make out that he was an innocent victim who was deceived by somebody else. Now listen to "the man that feareth alway." "Ah!" says he, "I have sinned;" and he hangs his head in shame; and then adds, "I have no excuse to make; and you cannot say anything to me that will be half so heavy and so hard as what I say to myself. God will forgive me, I have no doubt, for I have truly repented; but I can never forgive myself." The first man has a dry eye, and a proud, defiant spirit; and it is very likely that, having committed that one great sin, he will go on, and commit another, and yet another, and get harder and harder in his heart continually, yet all the while talk about being one of God's Elect, who will be saved at last. Well now, that

man is not a happy man. I pray that none of us may ever experience the wretchedness of having a scared conscience, and get into a state of indifference in which we can trifle with sin, and yet pretend to be the servants of God. But, oh, if we do fall into sin, may the Lord make us very tender about it! Let this be our prayer,—

- “Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O Lord, my conscience make!
- Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake”

Dear brothers and sisters, may you, by God's grace, be preserved from sin, but if sin should come upon you unawares, may your bones be broken by it, and may you feel that your very heart is wounded because you have wounded your God! To repent of sin, is one of the hall-marks of a Christian, but to have a hardened, untrembling heart, is one of the sure marks of the reprobate who are far off from God.

I might thus continue to show you, by a hundred contrasts, that the man who feareth alway is the really happy man. Suppose that we are fishing, and that we have cast our line into the water. There is one fish that is altogether afraid of our bait, and of all our arrangements, and he swims as far as ever he can up or down the stream away from us. But here are some fish that are quite charmed with our worm. They say that they do not mean to swallow the hook, but we do not believe them. They say that they mean to get the worm off without letting the hook catch hold of them. They have very clever ways of sucking worms off hooks, and they are going to show what they can do, and soon they are caught. But happy is the fish that fears the bait as well as the hook, and so keeps right away from both of them. When some of us were boys, we used to set traps for the sparrows and other birds in winter time, and we would watch to see them go in to eat our crumbs inside the trap. Sometimes, there would come a bird that had seen our arrangement before, and had been almost caught in it, and knew all about it. Well, as soon as ever he looked at it, he made up his mind that he would give our trap a very wide berth, so he flew away as far as he could. But there were some other birds that would come, and look at the trap, and even perch on it, and presently some of them would get into it. Of course, they did not mean to be caught; they thought they knew the way to go just far enough into the trap to get those grains of wheat, and then to fly out; but once in, they could not fly out. And sinners are just as foolish as those sparrows. Of course, they do not mean to be caught; they will fly out of the trap all right when they have eaten the wheat! Yes, but I say, happy is the bird that feareth alway, and that keeps far off the trap, and unhappy is the bird that thinks it can go just so far into the trap, but fully intends to go no further. Oh, how many young men and young women have been ruined because they have gone just so far into sin, meaning to stop there! But they could not stop there, they began to slide, and the ice carried them along where they never meant to go. The

only safe plan is to keep off the ice altogether. If you do not take the first wrong step, dear friend, you will not take the second; and if divine grace makes you fear and tremble before you begin, to go down the hill, you are not likely to be found amongst those who have fallen to the bottom. Happy is the man, in this sense, that feareth alway.

III. But I must pass on to notice, in the third place, that THE MAN, WHO HAS THIS FEAR IN HIS HEART, WILL DO WELL TO HAVE IT THERE CONTINUALLY: "Happy is the man that feareth alway."

*Have this fear concerning your holy things.* For instance, when you come up to God's house to worship, be afraid, as you are coming along, lest you should be only a lip-server, and so get no blessing. If you are afraid of that happening, it will not happen. And when you are sitting in your pew, say to yourself, "Now, it is possible for me to become a mere formalist in worship, and I may be listening to the Word of God with my ears, yet not receiving it into my heart. I am sorely afraid lest it should be so." Brethren and sisters, it will not be so if you are afraid that it will be. And when the service is over, say to yourself, "I am afraid that I did not worship God in spirit and in truth, as I should have done; I fear that I did not praise him, or pray to him, with my whole heart, as I ought to have done. O Lord, pardon the iniquity of my holy things!" "I do not think any man ever preaches as he ought to preach if he is satisfied with his own efforts. I sometimes feel thankful to God for the feeling of dissatisfaction that possesses me every time I preach. I often feel, as I am going home, that I should like to go back again, and try to do it so much better;—I do not mean better in an oratorical way, but pressing the truth home to men's hearts more earnestly and more simply. I think that, in this sense, it is right that we should fear always. Ah, my dear young brother in the College, you are afraid that you will become cold-hearted, but you never will as long as you cherish such a fear as that. If you are afraid that you will, by-and-by, preach in a perfunctory, official manner, you will not fall into that bad habit if you live in dread of doing so. If you are afraid that you will not set a good example to your people, I believe that you will set them a good example. But if you ever feel, "Oh, I can preach, and practise, too; I am all right;" it may happen that God will rebuke your pride, and let you see, and perhaps let your enemies see, what a poor fool you are, after all. Blessed is the man who, in his holy things, feareth alway,—the man who is afraid, when he is on his knees alone, lest he should not pray aright,—the man who is afraid lest, either in public or in private, he should act the hypocrite before his God.

And happy is the man who has *this holy fear in his own house*,—the man who says, "I am afraid lest I should not act as a Christian father ought to act towards his children, or as a Christian husband should act towards his wife." Other members of the household may say, "I fear lest I should not be such a wife, or such a child, or such a servant, or such a master as I ought to be." These are the people who usually are what they should be,—those who are afraid

that they are not. Those who are the most anxious lest they should fail are generally those who do not fail.

And I would like you also to be anxious in your business, for fear lest you should in any way take advantage of anybody,—lest, in the measure, or in the weight, or in the price, or in the invoice, there should be any mistake which would unjustly benefit you. The man who is afraid of anything like that will be an honest tradesman, you may rest assured of that. As for the servant or the workman who is afraid that he will not give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage, and the employer who is afraid that he will not give his servant or workman as much as he ought to give him,—I can only say that I wish we had many more of that sort of men than we already have, though I know a good many of that sort. If we are afraid of wronging one another, and not loving our neighbour as ourselves, that is a healthy kind of fear, and the more we have of it the more happy shall we be.

And if, perchance, there should not seem to be, in yourself, any special cause for this fear just now, — though I let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall, — then begin to be afraid for the church of which you are a member. This is a fear which is always resting heavily upon me, — the fear lest we should lose our earnestness in prayer, — lest we should not care as much as we ought for the souls of men, — lest the members of our church should grow worldly, — lest we should become cold and indifferent towards our dear Lord and Master. Never lose this wholesome kind of fear concerning this church, and your fellow-members, or concerning any other church with which you are connected.

Then, have a solemn fear about your own children lest, possibly, you should not have trained them up as you should have done, or should not have prayed for them as you ought to have done, or lest your own example should not have been such as they could safely follow. Be afraid for your children, as Job was for his. When they met together to feast, he “offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts.” The man who is thus afraid that things may be wrong is the man who is most likely to keep everything right. Many a man, who becomes a bankrupt, is so largely because he does not examine his books. He says that he does not like looking into his books, they are very unpleasant literature to him, and he never sees to the details of his affairs himself. He leaves this to John, and that to Thomas, and the other to one clerk, and something else to another, and then, one day, he wakes up to find that everything has gone to smash. Do not let it be so in your household, or in your temporal affairs, or in your spiritual concerns, but look into everything yourself, and watch everything carefully; for, in this way, by bearing away, you will be both safe and happy in the hands of God.

IV. Now, lastly, THERE ARE SOME WHO HAVE INDEED VERY GRAVE CAUSE TO FEAR.

There are some of my hearers, at this service,—I am glad that they are here,—who, I am afraid, have cause to fear in a far deeper

sense than that in which I have used my text. Some of you are not saved; you know you are not. You have never had your sins forgiven, you have never sought and found mercy through the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ, God's only-begotten Son. And some of you are very ill; you were only just able to get here to-night. What! so ill as that, yet with no Saviour to help you? Sick, well-nigh unto death, yet without a Saviour? Likely to die soon, for you are consumptive; yet you have no Saviour? Let me appeal to you, my dear friend, is this wise? Can you afford to run such a terrible risk? Why, the healthy may die at any moment; but as for you, death is already at your door; so, surely, you cannot afford to trifle with eternal things. And some of you are getting old; yet you are not saved. Sixty years of age, and not saved? Seventy, eighty, and not saved? What are you at? A man told me, the other day, that he would not come to hear me again, for, said he, "The last time I came, you called me an old fool." Why was that? I asked. "Why," he replied, "you said that an old sinner was an old fool." So I said to him, "Are you an old sinner, then? Because, if you are, you are an old fool," and he could not deny it, for we are all fools till we are saved by Jesus Christ. A man must be a fool to run the risk of losing his immortal soul. I have heard that a man once went up to the top of the spire of Salisbury cathedral, and stood on his head there. What do you think he was? "A fool," you say. Yes, so he was; yet he only risked his neck; but you are risking your soul's eternal welfare, risking the loss of heaven, and running a terrible risk of going to hell for ever. O friend, is this wise? You know it is not, and that I am only speaking the truth when I tell you that you are a fool, and one of the worst of fools.

O sirs, if you are not believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, you are standing over the mouth of hell, upon a single plank, and that plank is rotten. You are hanging over the jaws of perdition by a single hair, and that hair is snapping. I looked down my well, this afternoon, as a man was going down it to do some necessary work, and I said to him, "Oh, do be careful! Pray be very careful!" I felt such dread upon me lest, possibly, the man should fall while he was going down that great depth, into which I looked till it made me giddy; and I cannot bear to think of some of you, who are in far greater danger, for you are hanging over the mouth of hell, with only a rotten rope to hold to. Some of you may be in hell within a week; I cannot guarantee that any one of you will live ten minutes longer. All the physicians in the world would not be able to guarantee to any one individual that he should live even for five minutes. You are always liable to death, and in danger of the wrath to come. Therefore, escape for your lives, I entreat you; and, meanwhile, I would put you in fear about this matter, that, through this fear, you may be driven to the only place of safety, even to Jesus Christ, who was lifted up upon the cross, and now is exalted on high a Prince and a Saviour. There is life in him; there is life for you at this moment if you will only trust in him. There is pardon for you now, if you will only believe in him.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

FORGIVENESS.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 25TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

On Lord's-day Evening, June 21st, 1863.

"But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared."—Psalm cxxx. 4.

How significant is that word "but" in our text! It is as if you heard justice clamouring, "Let the sinner die," and the fiends in hell howling, "Cast him down into the fires," and conscience shrieking, "Let him perish," and nature itself groaning beneath his weight, the earth weary with carrying him, the sun tired with shining upon the traitor, the very air sick with finding breath for one who only spends it in disobedience to God. The man is about to be destroyed, to be swallowed up quick, when suddenly there comes this thrice-blessed "but", which stops the reckless course of ruin, puts its strong hand, bearing a golden shield, between the sinner and destruction, and pronounces these words, "But there is forgiveness with God, that he may be feared."

Suppose the question had been left open,—forgiveness or no forgiveness? We know that we have offended God; but suppose it had been left a moot point for us to find out, if possible, whether there was any forgiveness, where could we find it? We might turn to the works of God in nature, and say, "Well, he is good, who loads the trees with fruit, and bids the fields yield so plenteous a harvest;" but when we remember how his lightnings sometimes strike the oak, and how his hurricanes swallow up whole navies in the deep, we shall be ready to say that he is terrible as well as tender; and we might be puzzled to know whether he would or would not forgive sin, more especially as we see all creatures die, and no exception made to that rule. If we knew that death was a punishment for sin, we should be led to fear that there was no forgiveness to be had from the hand of God; but when we turn to this open page, which God has so graciously written for our instruction, we are left in doubt no longer, for here we have it positively declared, "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared." Exclusively in the Bible is this revelation made; but

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the words of my text are not exclusive. This passage is but one among a thousand echoes from the throne of God which proclaim his willingness to save sinners.

In attempting to bring this great doctrine of the possibility of pardon before the mind of the sinner to-night, I shall handle it in two or three ways. First, *I shall try to prove it, is so, that he may be sure of the fact*; I shall then try to attract him to accept this doctrine by dwelling upon the pardon itself, hoping that the Spirit of God may work with my words; and ere I have done, I shall *state what will be the sure result of this pardon*; whenever a man has been forgiven through the mercy of God, he is then enabled to fear the Lord, and to worship him in an acceptable manner.

I. By way of assurance, O man! THERE IS FORGIVENESS FOR THY SINS, WHATEVER THEY MAY HAVE BEEN. However sinful thy life may have been up until now, there is forgiveness with God even for thee. God's bare Word ought to be enough for thee; but since the Spirit of God and thy conscience have shown thee something of thy sins, and since thou wilt be desponding and full of doubts, it will be well for me to give thee something more than the bare Word of God to make thee confident there is forgiveness with him.

Follow me, I pray thee, back to the garden where thy parents and mine first sinned. It was the greatest sin that was ever committed, with the exception of the murder of our Lord and Saviour,—the sin when Adam knowingly and wittingly rebelled against the one gentle command which his Master had given him as a test of his obedience. That was the mother-sin from which all other sins have sprung, the well from which the great river of iniquity, which drowned the world, first streamed. What said the Lord when this sin was committed? Did he lift his angry hand, and smite the guilty pair at once? Did he visit our first parents with a curse that withered them, and sent them down to their eternal portion in the pit? He cursed, but it was the ground; he spoke in angry terms, but the serpent felt the weight thereof. As for man, though God pronounced a sentence upon him that we call a curse, but which has been transformed into a blessing, yet he gave that matchless promise which is the mother of all promises, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." In that one single promise that God himself would provide a Deliverer by whom the tempter should be destroyed, and all his craft should be foiled, I see written as clearly as with a sunbeam that God meant to have mercy upon man. He would not talk about the seed of the woman bruising the serpent's head if he had not intended something comforting for you and for me. The fact, I say, that though he did drive our first parents out of Eden, he did not drive them down to hell,—that though he did banish them from Paradise, he did not immediately consign them to the flames of his wrath,—that he did there and then give them a bright promise, which for many a hundred years was the only one that cheered the thick darkness of the Fall,—that fact alone should make you hope that there is forgiveness with God.

But what, I pray you, mean those many altars with lambs and

bullocks smoking upon them, altars whose unhewn stones are dyed crimson with gore! Above all, what means that priestly man, wearing that jewelled breastplate, who comes forward, in obedience to God, and offers every morning and evening a lamb? Or what meaneth it that, once in the year, he produces a scapegoat, which carries the sins of the people into the wilderness? What mean those rivers of blood and those mounds of ashes from the altar, if God does not forgive sin? There can be no meaning whatever in all the long and gorgeous pageant of the Jewish religion unless it taught to every onlooker this great and solemn lesson, that though God is just, and blood must be shed, yet God is gracious, and accepts a substitute that the sinner may go free. By all those smoking altars, and the blood of rams, and lambs, and goats, and bullocks, believe, O sinner, that God has found a ransom and a sacrifice, and that he, therefore, can and will pardon sin!

If thou seest these things dimly here, thou wilt see them more clearly in another fact. Dost thou not know, O man, that God has commanded thee to repent? The times of former ignorance God winked at, but, now, he commandeth all men everywhere to repent. What for? Surely he would not command us to repent, and then intend to punish us afterwards. It could not be possible that God would woo sinners to return to him, and yet not intend to forgive them. I cannot believe a theory so monstrous as that God would send his ministers, and send his own Book, and earnestly and affectionately invite sinners to turn from their evil ways, and repent them of their sins, and yet intend, even if they did repent, to punish them on account of their iniquity. It cannot be.

Dost thou not know, too, that God has commanded thee to pray for forgiveness? What is the meaning of that prayer, "Forgive us our sins, for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us"? Would Christ put these words into thy mouth if there were no pardon? Would he teach thee to ask for forgiveness if forgiveness were an impossibility? Doth God mock men? Doth he teach beggars to beg when he intends to refuse? Does he bring you down upon your knees that he may see you mourn, and laugh at your despair? Does he intend to see you rolling in the dust, girt with sackcloth and ashes, that he may afterwards put his iron heel upon your neck, and crush you to the lowest hell? It is not possible. The God, who commands you to repent, is just and merciful to forgive you your sins, and he who hath bidden you seek his face has, not said unto the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye me in vain."

Moreover, sinner,—and here we come to something clearer still,—dost thou not know that Jesus died? Hast thou not heard the wondrous story, how the Son of God came down from heaven, and was made in the likeness of sinful flesh? Dost thou not know that, after thirty years of holy life, wherein he rendered perfect obedience to the divine law, and made it honourable, he took upon himself the guilt, the crimes, the iniquities of a multitude that no man can number, for he bore the sins of many, and now he maketh intercession for the transgressors? See there, if thou canst dare to look amidst those moonlit olives, where upon the ground, there kneels a



man, nay more, there kneels incarnate Deity;—what means it that his head, his hair, his garments are saturated with blood? How comes it that, on yonder ground, I see great clots of gore;—whence come they? Come they from his forehead? But what could have forced them from him? What means yonder sight? I watch that man dragged away, and charged most infamously with crimes he never knew, tied to a pillar, and there lashed with a Roman scourge, until the white bones stand out like islands of ivory amidst a sea of coral, and his whole back has become a stream of blood,—what means it all? And yonder sight, where he is stretched upon the transverse wood, where the nails have broached his hands and feet, and where his life goes oozing from him in anguish and agony extreme! What means that shriek of “Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?” He is a just man; does God punish the just? He is God’s dear Son, and has done no ill; does God hate him, and punish him for nought? Doth he pour wrath upon him without a cause? Thou knowest how it was. The sin of man was imputed to Christ; the iniquity of his people was laid upon him. “All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.” And here is the riddle unriddled; he dies that we may live.

“He bore that we might never bear,  
His Father’s righteous ire.”

Then, there must be forgiveness. I cannot see a bleeding Saviour without understanding that there must be pardon. Gethsemane, Gabbatha, Golgotha, three sacred words, three irresistible arguments by which it is proved beyond controversy that there is forgiveness even for the chief of sinners.

But if this content thee not, O troubled signer, here is another fact for thee to reflect upon,—what multitudes have already been pardoned! Darest thou look up yonder beyond the skies? Hast thou strength enough of eyesight to see that multitude clothed in white, who, to-day, are standing before the throne of God? If there were no forgiveness, not one of them had been there. Were their robes always white? Hark at their answer:—“We have washed our robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, therefore are we before the throne of God.” Forgiveness brought them there. Not one redeemed soul would ever have seen the everlasting glory unless it had been for the pardoning mercy of God.

“Round the altar priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
’Twas the Saviour’s righteousness,  
And his blood that made them so.

Who were these? on earth they dwelt;  
Sinners once of Adam’s race;  
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt;  
But were saved by sovereign grace.”

Here are scores and hundreds of us who bear witness that God has pardoned us. Whatever I may doubt, I dare not doubt my

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pardon in Christ Jesus. There are moments when one has to look well to one's evidences, and come to Jesus Christ again; but this one thing I know, that Christ says, "He that believeth on me is not condemned;" and I do believe on him; if I have an existence, I know that I am trusting the Lord Jesus Christ; and if so, then I am pardoned. And oh, how sweet it is to know this! What peace it gives! I can look forward to living or to dying with equal delight now that I can say, "My sin is forgiven." You can say, as I often do, in those sweet words of Kent,—

"Now freed from sin, I walk at large,  
My Saviour's blood my full discharge;  
At his dear feet my soul I lay,  
A sinner saved, and homage pay."

Do you know what it is to be forgiven, young man? If you do not, you have not tasted the sweetest thing out of heaven. Oh, it is such joy! Angels hardly have ever tasted a joy that exceeds the bliss of having sins put away. It yields a calm so deep, so profound, that it can only be called "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

I have thus tried to bring forward the great truth that there is forgiveness with God; and let me say, before I leave this point, that you will please to remember that we have warrant in God's Word for saying that *there is forgiveness for you*. However great your sins may have been,—with but one exception; there is the sin against the Holy Ghost, which, if you have any tenderness left in your conscience, you have not committed;—but, apart from that, "all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men," I wish I could go round these galleries, and to these pews, and find out where the aching hearts were. Perhaps I should find one who said, "O sir, I never attended a place of worship for twenty or thirty years; can I be pardoned?" I would say, "Yes, there is forgiveness for thee." Another might say, "Why, I cursed God to his face; I have dared him to damn my soul; can I be forgiven?" I will answer, in the words of the text, "There is forgiveness." And I might meet another who would say, "But I used to persecute my wife; I have ill-treated my children because they would serve God. Can I, a hardened wretch such as I am,—can I be pardoned?" "There is forgiveness." And I might meet another who would say, "Years ago, I was a high professor, but I became entangled in the world, and I have gone back. Am I not cast out?" I would say, "There is forgiveness." But there would be another who would say, "I cannot tell you what my crime is, unless you would stoop down, and let me whisper in your ear;" and when I heard the awful words, which I must not tell again, I would still say, before you all, "There is forgiveness." And though it were murder or adultery, whatever it might have been, and however frequently it might have been committed, though the woman were a harlot, and the man a practised thief, yet still we have the same gospel for every creature, "There is forgiveness." And though you are eighty or ninety years of age, "there is forgiveness;" though you have sinned against light

and knowledge, against mercy, against God and Christ his dear Son, yet still "there is forgiveness." You have come to the brink of the precipice;—O God, I see it! you are just going over,—one foot already rests upon nothing, and you totter to your fall. O man, let me catch thee in my arms, and tell thee that "there is forgiveness" yet! One more step, and you may be where there is no forgiveness, but where the black and terrible pall of despair shall hang over your soul for ever, and it shall be said of you, "There are no acts of pardon passed in that cold grave to which he has gone; he is lost! lost! lost for ever!"

II. And now, secondly, I SHALL RECOMMEND THIS GRACIOUS FORGIVENESS TO YOUR NOTICE.

I commend it *for its nature*. It is a perfect pardon,—every sin is blotted out at once,—not a few sins, but every sin; though they be innumerable, they are all gone, they are all gone at once. And it is eternal pardon; they are all gone for ever; once forgiven, they will never be laid to your charge again; they are like the Egyptians in the Red Sea, the depths have covered them, there is not one of them left,—the pardon is complete in every respect. I heard one man say of his fellow, the other day, when the two had disagreed, and I had tried to make it right, "Yes, I forgive him, but—" That is not how God puts it. He has no "buts" in his forgiveness. You sometimes say, "Yes, I forgive him, but I will never trust him again." Not so the Lord; you make a clean breast in confession, and he will give you a clean breast by absolution. He will put all the sins you have committed so wholly away that they shall not be remembered against you any more for ever. And this pardon is instantaneous. You know that it takes but a moment to receipt a bill when the debt is paid; and Jesus Christ has paid the debt of every believer, and all that is to be done is for God to give you the receipt, to write in your heart the word "justified", and this he does in a moment. When I think of the nature of this pardon, putting away all sin in a moment, and all the consequences of sin, I feel as if I would that we had a choir of angels here, that they might sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Consider too, dear friends, not only the pardon itself, but *the person to whom it is sent*. Remember that it is sent to *you*. Not to the fallen angels; they were greater than you, but, when they fell, they fell without a hope of being restored to the favour of God. It is not sent to the damned in hell. Oh, what would they not give for it? How would they stretch forward,—how would they catch every word! Though they have been there but one moment, they know more of God's wrath than you and I do; and oh, how they would prize the presentation of eternal life in Christ Jesus! It is not sent to them; but it is sent to you. You know what you have been; you know something about the hardness of your heart, and the sinfulness of your past life; yet God sends this message to you, "There is forgiveness."

And I want you to remember *who it is that sends the forgiveness*. It is the God whom you have offended, that very God whom you may

have cursed, whose Sabbath you have broken, whose Book you have despised, at whose ministers you have laughed, and whose servants you have persecuted; yet he says, even he, "There is forgiveness." And lest you should doubt it, he takes a solemn oath before you all; and God never swears without there is need for it, and thus he swears, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." What more can we ask than this? Admire and be attracted by the pardon when you think of who it is that sends it.

Consider, too, *how it comes to you, and by what channel.* It comes through the wounds of your best Friend, through the sufferings of him who gave his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. "He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." O sinner! wilt thou not be only too glad to lay hold of that which comes to thee through so divine a channel which is marked with the heart's blood of One who is the Friend of sinners even unto death?

And, then, I pray you to remember that, if you do not receive this forgiveness which is preached unto you, *there is no other way under heaven by which you can be saved.* Enter by this door, or stand shivering without for ever; bow the knees, and kiss the Son, or else he will break you in pieces with his rod, as men break potters vessels. "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" But if ye reject this pardon of God, ye write your own death-warrants, and prepare the noose that is to be your souls' destruction.

I would to God that I had such powers of persuasion that I might induce you to lay hold of this precious pardon that God presents to you. I know that my pleadings are useless unless the Spirit of God shall be pleading too; but many, many times in this house, while I have been talking about the full, rich grace of God, some poor soul has felt that there was a message from God to it; and I trust, I hope it may be so to-night. Remember that, in the message of mercy, I am authorized to leave out none; I am told to preach it to every creature under heaven, and I do. There are no terms but just these,—that you will take what God freely gives you. Just as, when men enlist for soldiers, the soldier does not give the sergeant anything, he takes the shilling. And the way in which your souls are saved is by taking what Christ freely offers to you, freely presents to you, the finished righteousness which he wrought out in his life and death. You are to take, not to give. If there be terms, they are very simple; they are put so as to suit the dead in trespasses and sins. Christ comes to you just where you are. You have no power, no spiritual life, no goodness, no tenderness of heart; but Jesus, like the good Samaritan, comes just where you are, and he cries in your ear, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." He bids me say to thee, though thine hand be withered, "Stretch out thine hand; power shall go with the command, and thou shalt be made whole."

I remember the time when, if anyone had tried to preach to me full and free forgiveness, to be had for nothing, and to be had on the spot, I do believe I should have leaped almost out of my body to have heard it. I have heard, sometimes, of Methodists and Welsh<sup>2</sup> men standing up to dance, and I do not wonder at it, if they really do but get the full sense of this, that the big, black, foul villain of a sinner, the moment he trusts Jesus Christ, is forgiven, is a child of God, and is accepted. Why, it sounds too good to be true; and it could not be true if it came only from me, for I am but a man, and can only think and act as a man; but because it comes from the true God, and it is just like him, because it accords with his attributes of lovingkindness and truth, therefore we know it is true. "I am God, and not man," says he, and he gives that as a reason for his mercy. Why, if his love were not as much superior to ours as the heavens are above the earth, there never would be mercy presented in any shape, much less in a shape like this. There is nothing asked of you, only that you will just be nothing, and let Christ be everything, and take from Christ's hand that which he freely presents to you,—pardon through his precious blood.

III. Now, dear friends, I cannot put this truth more plainly than I have done, but I have the last part of the text just to comment a little upon: "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared."<sup>3</sup>

You see, the only men that ever do fear God are those that are forgiven. Other men may pretend to do it, but they fail to do it. Why, I believe that the religion of nine out of ten professing Christians is just this, "I go to church, or I go to chapel, regularly, and I think then I have done very well." That is what the most think, and the outside world believes that religion is this, "If a man is honest, and sober, and walks righteously, and so on, he goes to heaven." But how startling must the sermon of this morning<sup>4</sup> have been to some of these stuck-up Pharisees, when we told them it was not the righteous who would go there, but the sinner; and that the apostle John did not say, "If any man has done good works, he has an Advocate;" but, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father." As Martin Luther gloried to put it, "Jesus Christ never died for our good works, they were not worth his dying for; but he gave himself for our sins, according to the Scriptures." What did our Saviour himself say? "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

The Lord never does have any who really and acceptably fear him but those who once were sinners, and who are led as sinners to accept his pardon; and these are the people that do fear him. Do you want to find a warm-hearted woman who really loves Jesus Christ, and who would break the alabaster box for his sake? You will find her in one who may be called "a woman who was a sinner." Do you want to find a man who would preach Christ's Word with the tears running down his cheeks? You must go and find him among those who once were foul, of whom the apostle said, "Such

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\* See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 515, "The Sinner's Advocate."

were some of you, but ye are washed." When the Lord wanted a man to write the next best book in the world to the Bible,—*"The Pilgrim's Progress,"*—he did not go to Lambeth Palace for him, and he did not go to any of the fine streets of this city to pick up some moral person. There was a swearing tinker playing at "cat" on Sunday on Elstow-green, and the Lord said, "That is the man." He laid hold of him, washed his heart, made him a new man in Christ Jesus; and John Bunyan, the master-dreamer, has given us that remarkable book. And when the Lord wanted a man who would stir up London from end to end by preaching in St. Mary Woolnoth, where should he find him? Why, among the ragamuffins who were conducting the slave trade on the coast of Africa, among the sweepings and dregs of the universe. Almighty grace picked up John Newton, changed his heart, and made him one of the mightiest of teachers.

And when the Lord will bring out any that shall really fear him, and do anything great for his sake, it will be either from among those that have been outwardly great sinners, or else those who have been made in their conscience to feel the greatness of their guilt, and thus have been fitted to deal with others. Oh, how many times I have blessed God for the five years of despair that I had to endure! No poor soul was ever more racked than I was, nor more hunted of the devil. For five years I was a victim to that black thought that God would never forgive me, and I bless his name for it. I never could have preached to the chief of sinners if it had not been for that experience. If I had come fresh from my mother's apron-strings, without any deep sense of sin, and had found Christ as many and many a young man does, readily and at once, I should never have liked to go down, and run my hands in the mire to get at the foul and the vile. But, now, I look back upon those times of anguish,—why, there were days when I thought I was worse than the devils in hell; there were days when, if anybody had asked me my character, though no one ever knew anything amiss of it, still I would have said, and felt it too, that there did not breathe God's air a greater miscreant that more deserved to be in hell than I did. I wrote bitter things against myself, and if any had said, "Why, your life is moral," I should have said, "Yes, but my heart is a reeking dunghill, full of everything that is foul," and I felt it too, for though my lips never cursed God, yet my heart did, with blasphemy so foul that I shudder when I think of it. When I was given up a prey to the devil, and it seemed as if there was a pandemonium within my heart, then indeed I knew what it was to be sore broken in the place of darkness, and to be like a ship driven out to sea with the mast gone over the side, and every timber strained, and the hold filling with water, and nothing but Omnipotence keeping it from going down into the lowest depths. Ah! then I knew that I wanted a great Christ for great sinners, and I dare not preach a little Christ now, and I dare not preach him to little sinners either. Oh, how great your sin has been, my hearers; but Jesus Christ is greater still! Ye have gone deeply into sin, but the arm of mercy can reach you. Ye have wandered

far, but the eye of love can see you; and the voice of love calls to you now, "Come, come, come and welcome, come and welcome." Come just as you are, and you will not be cast away, but be accepted in the Beloved. "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared," and none fear, and love, and bless, and praise God so much as those who know that there is forgiveness with him.

## Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

### PSALM CXLV.

When you get to the 145th Psalm, you enter the Beulah Land of the Psalms. Henceforth, the time of the singing of birds is come; and you go from one Hallelujah to another. In the Hebrew, this is one of the alphabetical Psalms; but one letter (*nun*) is omitted, perhaps, as Dr. Bonar suggests, that "we must be kept from putting stress on the mere form of the composition." Those ancient singers sang their way through the alphabet from A to Z; and it is well for us also to begin to praise the Lord while we are yet children, and to keep on praising him till we get to the "Z" in the very hour of death, gasping his praises till we get into eternity.

"My God, I'll praise thee while I live,  
And praise thee when I die,  
And praise thee when I rise again,  
And to eternity."

Verses. 1—3. *I will extol thee, my God, O king; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever. Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever. Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.*

Such as the Lord is, such should his worship be. If he were a little God, he would deserve little praise; but the great God is "greatly to be praised." There is no fear of going to any excess in our praises; we can never laud him too highly, however lofty our expressions may be.

"Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable." David knew what it was to be himself searched by God, and he prayed, "Search me, O God;" but he could not search the greatness of his God. There, he was utterly lost; the utmost range of his faculties could not compass the greatness of Jehovah: "his greatness is unsearchable."

4. *One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.*

There is a hallowed tradition of praise; each generation should hand on the praise of God as a precious legacy to the next one. Train up your sons and daughters to praise your God, so that, when your voice is silent in death, another voice, like your own, may continue the strain.

5. *I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.*

"I will speak." What a powerful speaker David was! Note how he piles up his golden words. He is not content merely to talk of God's majesty, but he speaks of its "glorious honour." When he talks of God's works, he calls them "wondrous works."

6. *And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts:*

If they will not speak of anything else, they shall be obliged to speak

with awe, when the terrors of the Lord are abroad in the earth. If they were as dumb as fishes before, they shall begin to say to one another, with hated breath, when earthquakes, and famines, and war, and pestilence are rife, "What a terrible God he is!"

6. *And I will declare thy greatness.*

While other men were talking, David did not say, "Now I can be quiet." When they did not speak, he did; and when they began to speak, he still added his quota of praise to Jehovah.

7. *They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.*

What a beautiful expression! "They shall abundantly utter." The original has in it the idea of bubbling up, boiling over, bursting out like a fountain; men's hearts shall get to be so full of gratitude to God that they shall overflow with the memory of his great goodness. Then they shall sing. Singing is the language of jubilant nature: "the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing." Singing is the language of men when they wish to express their highest joys. The saints sing the high praises of their God. Singing is the language of the holy angels; did they not, when they came to Bethlehem, sing concerning the newborn King? Singing is the language of heaven; and most marvellous of all, singing is the highest language that ever God uses: "He will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing." Oh, for more holy singing!

8. *The LORD is gracious,—*

That alone is enough to make us sinners sing, for we need grace, and "the Lord is gracious,"—

8. *And full of compassion;—*

There is no "passion" in him, but there is "compassion" in him; what a mercy that is for us! He is "full of compassion;"—

8. *Slow to anger, and of great mercy.*

Hear that, ye great sinners, and ye saints who need great forbearance.

9. *The LORD is good to all:*

Even to his enemies. Does not the dewdrop hang upon the thistle as well as upon the rose?

9. *And his tender mercies are over all his works.*

He cares for the worm in the sod and for the fish in the sea as well as for men upon the face of the earth.

10. *All thy works shall praise thee, O LORD; and thy saints shall bless thee.*

\*Their voices can reach a higher note and a loftier strain than God's works can ever reach: "thy saints shall bless thee."

11. *They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,*

For the saints love God as their King, and they rejoice to remember that the King's Son said to his disciples, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;" so well may they sing of it.

11—13. *And talk of thy power; to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom. Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.*

What is the use of preaching if it does not glorify God? What is the use of a tongue that does not speak or sing of the glory of God's kingdom? But let one of God's bards have this as the theme of his song, and he feels like a hind let loose, rejoicing in glorious liberty.



14. *The LORD upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed*

Does not this seem to be a singular change in the strain? The Lord is King, and his kingdom is an everlasting kingdom; yet what is he doing? Why, he is upholding, propping up those that are ready to fall, and lifting up those that are crushed and oppressed. Earthly kings often glory in the terror of their power; and the splendour of their majesty; what a condescending God is ours, whose glory is a moral glory, and whose chief delight consists in blessing the poor and needy! Let us bless his name for this. Are any of you ready to fall? Then praise him for this glorious truth, "The Lord upholdeth all that fall." Are any of you bowed down? Daughter of Abraham, have you been bowed down these many years? Oh, that you might be made straight this very hour! And you may be, for God can lift you up, for he "raiseth up all those that be bowed down."

15, 16. *The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.*

What a glorious God we have! How easily can he supply the needs of his people! He has but to open his hand, and it is done! We need not be afraid to come to him, as though our needs would be too great for him to supply. The commissariat of the universe is superintended by this truly Universal Provider, who hath but to open his hand to satisfy "the desire of every living thing."

17. *The LORD is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.*

This is a thing for which many modern divines do not praise God. The attribute of righteousness in the character of God is expelled from a good deal of modern theology. But he, who loves God aright, loves the righteousness of God. I would not care to have even salvation if it were unrighteous salvation. The righteousness of God gleams like a sharp two-edged sword, and it is terrible to those who are at enmity against him; but the true children of the Most High delight to see this sword of state carried in the front of the great King of kings. The seraphim cried, one to another, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts." The redeemed in glory sing, "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints;" but the captious critics of the present day care nothing for these attributes of Jehovah.

18. *The LORD is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.*

If you read this Psalm through carefully, you will notice the great number of "alls" with which the latter part of the Psalm is studded; and this is appropriate, for God is All-in-all, he is the One, the All, so let him have all praise from all.

19. *He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.*

When you have respect to God's will, God will have respect to your will. When you fear him, you will have no one else to fear; and when you make his service your delight, he will make your wants his care.

20. *The LORD preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.*

As in a state of sanitary perfection, everything that breeds miasma disease is vanishing, so must it be in God's great universe, when he completed his work; "all the wicked will he destroy."

21. *My mouth shall speak the praise of the LORD: and let all flesh bless his name for ever and ever.*

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

THOUGHT CONDEMNED, YET COMMANDED.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

On Lord's-day Evening, September 5th, 1875.

"Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek :) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matthew vi. 31-33.

THESE are soothing words to read, but difficult words to put into practice. Had anyone except the Lord Jesus Christ uttered them, we might have quoted to him that ancient saying, "Physician, heal thyself," for we shall never find any other teacher who is himself absolutely free from care. But Jesus Christ not only gives us the purest possible precepts, but his own life is the best exposition of them. If ever you want to know what Christ means by his teaching, look at his life. You may rest assured that he never gave us a command which he was not himself prepared to obey. Those of us who have put our trust in Christ are his servants, and he himself condescended to be a servant for our sakes, indeed, he is the great model Servant, and the service which he requires of us he himself shows us how to perform. I do not intend, therefore, so much to expound the text by any words of my own, as to illustrate it by the life of Jesus Christ himself. I think that it may be more profitable, and certainly it will be more unusual, if I take these words of Christ, and say to you, "If you would know their meaning, look at the life of him whom you call Master and Lord. You can best understand his words by his works."

I see in the text, first, a precept forbidding thought; secondly, a precept commanding thought; and then, in the two precepts, if they are rightly kept, I see a frame of mind admirably fitted for all believers in coming to the table of communion.

I. First, then, we have here a PRECEPT FORBIDDING THOUGHT,—a precept which says, "Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" How are we to understand this precept?

No. 2,973.

Certainly, *we are not to understand it in the sense of the idler*, who says, "God will provide; and, therefore, there is no need for me to labour. God's providence is my inheritance; and, therefore, I may fold my arms and sit still." The man who talks and acts in that fashion will have thistles on his land, emptiness in his cupboard, rags on his back, and ruin to his character; and all that will serve him right. Paul wrote to the Thessalonians, "This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat;" and it would, perhaps, be the best way of treating some men if they were never allowed to eat anything except what they had themselves earned. Of course, this rule would not apply in the case of those who are disabled by old age, or laid aside by sickness; but, in every other case, work is the lot of us all, and it is a benefit to us all; and we ought never, under the pretence of piety, to endeavour to shirk it. You have heard, perhaps, of the very pious man, who entered a monastery in order that he might spend all his time in devotion; so, when the time came for the brethren to go into the fields to work, he did not leave his cell; he was too spiritual to handle a hoe or a spade, so he continued in communion with angels. He was very much surprised, however, when the time came for the brotherhood to assemble in the refectory, that he was not called; and after waiting till the demands of hunger overcame the claims of his spiritual being, he went to the prior, and asked why he had not been called to the meal, and he was informed that, as he was so spiritual that he could not work, it was thought that he was probably so spiritual that he could not eat; and, at any rate, the laws of the monastery did not permit him to eat until he had earned what he needed. There was much common-sense in that reply; and our Lord Jesus Christ was not one of your lackadaisical, goody-goody sort of people, who have nothing at all to do. Point me to a single wasted hour in our Saviour's whole life; show me one instance in which he was a sluggard, if you can. There is his life record before you, written by four truthful men; put your finger, if you can, upon a single spot where he might be rightly accused of being sluggish. If he had been so, we might have had a warrant for interpreting this text according to the lazy man's version of it; but it is not so. His motto ever was, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

*Neither did our Lord Jesus Christ intend to inculcate prodigality* when he said, "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat?" and so on. This is what the young spendthrift does when he comes into possession of his estate. He scatters all he has with both hands. Take thought? Not he; as long as the gold will last, he will spend it without reckoning. All the proverbs of prudence he despises; he is too free-hearted and generous to think of them; and so, by his sinful extravagance, he speedily brings himself to poverty. Our Lord Jesus Christ never meant that, and he never acted like that. With what singular economy did the Saviour always behave! Generous to the last degree, he fed five thousand men, beside women and children; but, equally economical, he said to his disciples, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." Jesus

Christ would have us take care of what we have; for we are only stewards, and a steward must not waste his lord's goods. Extravagance, waste,—the suffering of anything to perish which ought to be used,—is a wrong thing which cannot be too sternly condemned, and the Saviour never intended, for a single moment, to justify any such action as that.

*Neither did our Lord forbid a certain amount of forethought.* One kind of forethought he certainly did condemn when he said, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." But he himself—and, as I have reminded you, he is his own Expositor, and the key to his own teaching,—often looked forward. For instance, with regard to Lazarus, when he might have gone to him at once, he stayed away a while, looking forward to the time when Lazarus should have been dead and buried four days as the proper period for displaying his resurrection power. And as for his own death, he looked forward to that from the very opening of his earthly ministry, and long before. He had a baptism to be baptized with, and he was straitened until it was accomplished. He steadfastly set his face to go unto Jerusalem, not merely once, but virtually all his life long. He did think of his latter end, and his whole life was a preparation for that great offering up of himself as a sacrifice for the sins of men. He did not, therefore, forbid us to look to the end of life, and to the necessary preparation for that end. He did not forbid us to look towards ends and objects which may require futurity to ripen them; for, if we did not do so, our life would be altogether a confusion, and certainly could not be a well-directed life.

What, then, did the Saviour mean when he said, "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" I think that he meant, first, *"Do not let provision for your temporal wants be the chief end of your life,* for this is what the heathen do. The heathen Gentiles live to eat, to drink, and to clothe themselves." This is what the savage still does; give him "happy hunting grounds" where he can get sufficient food, and where the skins of beasts may cover him from the inclemency of the weather, and you have given him all that he wants. Jesus says, "After all these things do the Gentiles seek;" but you are not to make this search the sole end and aim of your life, you were created for something nobler and better than that. For such an object as this, an ox or an ass may live, but not a Christian. It is utterly beneath the dignity of your immortal spirit, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, to be living alone, or chiefly, for this object. This is a matter which will require your careful thought: God has formed you of the dust of the ground, and the appetites of anima's are shared in by you, and they crave and demand your attention, but not such attention as would lead you to make these minor matters the main business of your life. But, alas! how many men there are who are simply great consumers of bread, and meat, and wine, and such like things.

*"Like brutes they live; like brutes they die."*

May God convert them by his grace, and so lift them up to something higher! As for all of you who are followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, scorn such baseness as satisfies the heathen savage.

But the Saviour must have meant more than that. When he said, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink," he meant, *as compared with the service of God, and the honour and glory of his name, which should be the great object of your life, do not give any consideration to these other things.* Christ elsewhere puts the matter thus: "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." He means that his disciple is to hate, or to love less, even his own life,—to be prepared to consider that even that is a mere trifle, if it should ever be a hindrance to the glory of Christ. You remember how the apostle Paul said to the Ephesian elders, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." Brethren, if it ever comes to this, that you must lose your business, your situation, your livelihood, or else do wrong, lose everything sooner than commit the smallest sin. And if it came to this, that you must lose your liberty, and lie immured in a dungeon, or else deny the faith, accept the prison, but reject the opportunity of traitorously forsaking your Lord and Master. And if it came even to death itself, remember how bravely the martyrs behaved when they refused to accept pardon at the price of recantation. They could die, but they could not deny their Lord; they could burn, but they could not turn; and, therefore, they took no thought as to what they should eat or what they should drink, or whether they should live or die. They counted all such things as insignificant trifles to those who were seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and who will dare to say that they were unwise? If any should even hint that they were not wise, think of them as they are now within yonder pearly portals, amid the white-robed hosts bearing the victor's palm.

"Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne."

These are they who, for Christ's sake and the gospel's, took no thought of minor matters, but followed the Lamb whithersoever he led the way.

Still further to open up the meaning of this injunction, let me remind you that *this is just what our Lord Jesus Christ himself did.* You cannot say that Jesus Christ ever troubled his head about what he should eat, or what he should drink; his meat and his drink consisted in doing his Father's will. Even life itself was as nothing to him, for he cheerfully laid it down for our sakes. When the devil offered him all the kingdoms of the world, you know how he answered him; and when, afterwards, Peter began to rebuke him for talking about dying, he seemed to think that he was in the same position as when he was with the devil in the wilderness, and he said to Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou savourest not the

things that be of God, but those that be of men." He counted nothing that he had as being worth preserving; and, in this sense, taking no thought of anything, he surrendered all to God to be used for the good of his people.

And, dear friends, we shall further see the meaning of the text if we note that *we are not to take such thought about eating, and drinking, and so on, as to make ourselves slaves to work and worry.* I know some professing Christians, who seem as if they wanted to grasp the whole world. They have plenty of business already, yet they are craving for more. The days are not long enough for them; they would like to be up before the larks, or not to go to bed at all if they could do without sleep. They stretch out their arms, like huge encompassing seas seeking to swallow all the shore. They have what ought to be enough; they have long had enough, and a great deal more than enough for their needs; yet they have not enough, nor is it probable that they ever will have enough to satisfy their cravings, unless the grace of God should exert its gracious influence over their hearts. And see how worried they always are. I have seen a poor man, with only a crust of dry bread to eat, yet he was perfectly happy; and I have seen a rich man, with an abundance of wealth, and he was utterly miserable. The one could rejoice in God, though he had little of this world's goods; but the other could not rejoice notwithstanding all that he possessed. A Christian should not be one of those who are full of worry, those who rise up early, and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness, and devote all their time to secular and secondary things, so that they have no leisure for private devotion, or for the service of God. God ought not to have the clippings, and the odds and ends of life. He ought not to come in for the cheese-parings and the candle-ends, as he seems to do in some men's houses; but the chief part of our time, yea, all our time should, in some respects, be consecrated to him. While it is right for you to be diligent in business, yet you should always let everything be done for God's glory; and that cannot be the case if you become the slave of Mammon, and if the signs of fretting and worrying are plainly visible upon your very faces. Think for a moment, when did your Lord ever fret and worry about gold and silver? Did anyone ever see upon that blessed brow of his any cloud because of his lack of these things? Enough was given to him for his daily maintenance, and that he entrusted to Judas, the treasurer of his little band of disciples; but he made no request for it, nor did he levy any tithe or tax for the support of himself and his followers; nor was he ever anxious about ways and means; he took all things calmly and quietly, and he would have you do the same.

And he meant too, dear friends, that *no Christian man ought to be very anxious about anything.* He never was. I know some Christians, and some of them are here now, who will not enjoy the service, or the communion, because they are so anxious about what is possibly going to happen. They say that they believe in providence, but they really disbelieve in it. They say that they are trusting in God, but they do not truly trust him. They know that

they ought to cast all their care upon him who careth for them, but they do not do anything of the kind. They continue to care for themselves, and they are almost worn out with anxiety. Look even at the mother of our Lord when the supply of wine at the wedding-feast ran short; she was, apparently, all in a fret, so she went to Jesus, and said, "They have no wine;" but Jesus said to her, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come." His time would come in due course, and then he would give them what they needed for that wedding-feast; and until the right moment came, he remained calm and quiet; and that is how we should be, leaving everything in God's hand. Having done all that we can do, by honest labour and earnest prayer, let us leave the rest with God, for he would not have his children cumbered with much serving, nor have them vexed with earthly cares.

And, more than that, dear friends, *we ought never to take such thought as to get murmuring, and repining, and complaining of our lot*, as though it had not been fixed by infinite love and wisdom. Some people wish that they were almost anything rather than what they are, albeit there are others who would be glad enough to be just what these very people are. You think, my brother, that your cross is heavier to bear than mine. I would not, however, recommend you to change with me, as I certainly would not change with you. If we could all lay our crosses down in this Tabernacle, and each man could take another one's cross, which he liked better than his own, within four-and-twenty hours we should all be back here, crying for our own crosses to be given to us again, for each man's cross fits his shoulders better than anybody else's cross would fit them. Besides, we can have grace given to us to endure the trial which God has sent to us; but if we had a trial of our own choosing, we could not expect that grace would come to support us under that, so what should we do then? Never murmur; my brethren, until you find Christ murmuring. Read all the records of his life, and see when he ever complained. Foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but he had not where to lay his head; yet he did not mention that fact in any spirit of complaining. He was a poor man; his garment was the common robe of the country; his food did not consist of delicacies and dainties, neither was his drink selected from the choicest liquids in the world; yet he was a joyous man,— "a man of sorrows" for our sakes; but, as far as he himself was personally concerned, the noblest, the calmest, and the happiest of mankind.

And, brethren, *we must never let thought about temporal things drive us to despair*. Possibly, in this large audience, there is a man who says, "I have struggled very hard, but everything seems to go against me, and I am inclined to throw it all up." But, my brother, when did your Lord throw up all his work, or throw up any of his work? He never did; and if you will take to God that portion of your care which you ought not to attempt to carry, you will find that the part of the load which you ought to carry is not too heavy for your shoulders when the Lord strengthens you with his grace. The wear and tear of life come not out of the provi-

dential trials which we have to endure, but out of the unbelieving cares and burdens which we make for ourselves. You can carry easily enough the load that God appoints for you, my brother; but if you let the devil sit on the top of it, in the form of your own anxieties, and doubts, and fears, then the burden will crush you to the earth. Imitate your blessed Lord and Master, and never despair; but hope on, hope ever; and even if God himself should seem to forsake you, yet cry, "My God, my God," even as Jesus did when God had forsaken him.

I will only say one other thing upon this point, which is, that *we are not to think about temporal things so as to get into the habit of hoarding, as some do*. They scarcely spend enough to provide for their own necessities. The poor get nothing from them; and God's Church, I was about to say, gets less than nothing, and I might truly say that, though it appears to be impossible, for there are some, who give a good deal less than nothing to the Lord's cause, for they occupy a place in the building where services are held, which has been erected, and is still kept up, by others at an expense which these misers never attempt to share; so that, as far as God's house is concerned, they absolutely take from that house, instead of giving to it, albeit that they have superabundant substance of their own, from which they ought to contribute to the work of the Lord. Saving is well; but the first thing that a man has to do is to see to the saving of his soul: and there are some, who always look so much to the saving of their wealth that their soul stands very little chance of being saved. To get and to hold, seems to be the great end-all and be-all of some men's being; but it can never be so with a true Christian. He, by divine grace, is like his Master, who, "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor." His riches consisted in giving; and, therefore, he was the richest man who ever lived, for he gave more than anyone else when he gave himself that he might redeem his people.

I have thus explained to you the thought that is forbidden. May God's grace enable us to obey our Lord's injunction; and the secret—the only secret—by which we can learn how to obey it is this. Somebody must think and care for us; and as we are not to think and care for ourselves, we must cease all sinful caring by believing that our Heavenly Father cares for us. If Jesus cares for me, I may get rid of care about myself; and I urge all my dear brothers and sisters in Christ, by the wounds that were given him for our sake, and by all the many tokens of his love that he has given to us, never to doubt that he cares for us in everything,—in the little things as much as in the great ones, counting even the hairs of our head, and bearing all our afflictions, according to that gracious word, "In all their affliction he was afflicted." Cast your care, then, on him, for so you may cease to care for yourselves.

II. But now, secondly, we have in the text A PRECEPT COMMANDING THOUGHT: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness."

Call back your thoughts from the pursuit of the things of this life; and when you have recalled them, send them forth in pursuit



of the blessings of the life that is to come. What ought a Christian to care for? What did Christ care for? *Christ's great care was for his Father's glory.* For this he lived, and for this he died. There is no single action of his life that had not God's glory as its end. O beloved brethren and sisters, who are bought with the blood of Christ, we cannot any of us say this about our own lives; yet we ought to be able to say it, and we ought now to pray God's blessed Spirit to enable us to concentrate all our thoughts, and powers, and energies upon this one object,—that we might, in all things, glorify God. This is, as the catechism says, "man's chief end"—especially the chief end of redeemed man,—to do everything, whether he eats, or drinks, or whatever he does, to do all to the glory of God,—to make the commonest acts of daily life, as well as the higher acts of service and devotion, subservient to God's glory. God help you to attain to this ideal Christian life!

Next to that, *Christ's great care was to do the particular work which God had given him to do.* When he had been sitting by the well-side, talking to that poor woman of Samaria, his disciples wondered why he did not ask for meat; but he said to them, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." He was completely absorbed in that one thing,—the finishing of the work which God had given him to do. And how early he began that work! What a bright example he has set before you young ladies and lasses! When he was twelve years of age, after he had been "in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions," and Joseph and Mary had sorrowed because they could not find him, he said to them, in answer to his mother's question of reproof, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and he might have finished his life with the same enquiry. When wicked men led him away to crucify him, and he willingly went as a sheep to the slaughter, he might have said, "I am still about my Father's business." He never sought to serve himself; he always served his Father who had sent him. There were no by-ends with Christ; you never find him seeking personal honour. On the contrary, he hid himself away from men when they sought to thrust honour upon him. You never find him seeking personal pleasure; his life was a life of self-denial. You never find him seeking riches; amongst all the poor, there were none poorer than he was. But he always delighted to do what God had given him to do. O brothers and sisters, if we were to live as he did, we should make our lives to be grand lives, and happy lives too, albeit that we should probably multiply our sorrows, even as Christ himself did. Yet, as I have already reminded you, there was a deep happiness underneath the surface, in Christ's inmost soul, which abundantly recompensed him for all the trials he had to endure. Let us labour to do as he did, so that we shall be able to say, "This one thing I do,—the one thing which God has given me to do." Short of this, let us never be content. I long to be able to say, with the apostle Paul, "For to me to live is Christ." I should like to be a thunderbolt, hurled from the right hand of God, and to go crashing through every obstacle till I had

reached the mark at which God had aimed me. I pray that the love of Christ may thus constrain me, and drive me on towards the great object of my being,—the glory of my God. So may it be with you too, dear friends; and, to that end, “gird up the loins of your mind,” “lay aside every weight,” and the clinging garments which would entangle you, and impede you in running to the goal which lies before you,—the finishing of the work which God has given you to do.

What else did Christ care for? Well, I might truly say that he cared for nothing else; for those two things—to glorify God and to finish his work—comprehend his whole life. Yet, as a matter of detail, I may remind you that *Christ lived to care for his people*. He was free from care about himself, yet full of care for his people. From the very first day when he had disciples around him, till the hour in which he was taken up from them, he was always thinking about them. Read any one of the Gospels through, with this thought in your mind, and you will be struck with the tender care of Jesus Christ towards those who followed him. There is Peter, for instance. Christ knows that Satan desires to have him, that he may sift him as wheat; but he means to be before the devil, so he says to Peter, “I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.” He did not say, “I will pray for you when you get into Satan’s sieve,” but, “I have prayed for you already; I have anticipated the temptation by my supplication for you. When Judas and the band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees came to arrest our Lord in Gethsemane, what did he say? “If therefore ye seek me, let those go their way.” His only thought was about his disciples, not about himself; just as, after instituting the last supper, and he was going out to be betrayed, and needed all the comfort, humanly speaking, that his disciples could give him, he never asked them for comfort, but he began comforting them by saying to them, “Let not *your* heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions: if *we* were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.” You see that all his care was for them, not for himself; and, brothers and sisters, let us have something like this care for the Church of God. Let us be mindful of the Lord’s people; and let us watch for opportunities of doing good to others. If we hear of any who are seeking the Lord, let us try to guide them to him. If we know any, among our brethren or sisters, who have backslidden, let us seek to be the means of restoring them. If any are sad at heart, let us endeavour to comfort them. Having given up all sinful cares, let the welfare of the people of God be our one and only care.

And then, again, *Christ had a care for those who had no care for him*. That is a beautiful simile which he used concerning guilty Jerusalem, “How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!” That is a beautiful emblem of what Christianity

should be. The mother-bird seems utterly oblivious of herself altogether. If she can but spread her wings over those little chicks that nestle down close to her bosom she will give away her own warmth for them and sacrifice her own life in their defence. Christ looked upon that city which he knew would perish with an overwhelming destruction, but his big heart was palpitating in his bosom, and he was longing to cover even those great sinners with his wings of love. He manifested his care for the sons of men very practically. When a crowd gathers to hear anyone preach, surely it is not the preacher's business to feed his congregation as well as to teach them; yet Jesus thought it was his duty to do so. They were hungry, and weary, and ready to faint, and the gracious Saviour was concerned about them though he had no care about himself, and he specially cried for those poor pale-faced women and children, who had come so far and looked so weak, and he said to his disciples, 'I have compassion on the multitude, because they continue with me now three days and have nothing to eat, and I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint in the way.' And then, like a prince who makes a great feast, he fed them all with loaves and fishes. And Christian men and women if God enables you to get rid of care on your own account, you will begin to care for the poor and needy, and to care for sinners. Ye and you will learn to love your neighbour as yourself and when you meet with a case that needs your help you will be careful in attending to it and if you cannot tell whether it is a good case or not you will be like Job who said, 'The cause which I knew not I searched out.' That man is like Christ who lives not for himself but for others. It has been all too truly said that there are some people, whose first care is for themselves and whose second care is for themselves, and whose third care is for themselves and whose fourth care is for themselves and so on as many times as you like to repeat it. Possibly, somewhere down in the millions there is a little care for somebody else but it is too low down ever to come to anything practical. I am afraid it is so often with some professing Christians, but let it not be so among you. The heathen care for themselves, the brute beasts care for themselves but the Christian should care for others, with a view to the glory of God. For this object he should live, even as Jesus lived.

III. Now, thirdly, IN THE FIRST OF THESE TWO PRECEPTS, IT WILL BE WELL FOR ALL CHRISTIANS TO COME TO THIS LORD'S TABLE.

Come first my brethren and sisters in Christ, *without care about temporal things*. Did you come in here heavily burdened, my sister? Then you had forgotten that the Lord loved you, and that he knew all about your needs. Now that I remind you of these facts, leave your burden in the pew where you are sitting,—it will not incommode anybody else and come to the table without it. "O sir!" you say, 'I have worked very hard all the week.' Then, my dear sister, do not go on working or worrying to-day. "I have had a crushing burden to carry these last six months," says a brother. Then, my dear friend, do not carry it any longer, there is no need that you should. The Jews, when they ate the passover,

stood with their loins girded, and each man had his staff in his hand. They might carry a burden, for they were going on a long journey, and they were thrust out in haste; so we read that "the people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders." But the Christian, at the Lord's table, does not stand. What ought to be our posture at the communion table? In Matthew xxvi. 20, we read, "When the even was come, he sat down with the twelve." No doubt, according to the Oriental custom, they reclined in such a position that John even leaned his head upon the bosom of Christ. They sat, or reclined, perfectly at their ease, as if to remind us that, when we believe in Jesus Christ, we enter into rest. What is the teaching of the emblems upon the table,—the bread and the wine? What do they mean? They are to remind us of the broken body of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of his shed blood, of which we are, symbolically, to eat and to drink. Paul says, "He that spared not his Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" What, will he deny you bread for your body after he has given you Christ, the Bread of heaven, for your soul? Will he deny you raiment for your body after he has clothed your soul with the robe of Christ's perfect righteousness? Will he deny you a sufficient store of earthly goods that you may get through this world when he has already given you a mansion in the skies, and a crown of life that fadeth not away? If we should forget our cares anywhere, surely we should do so at the communion table.

Now, dear friends, let me ask, —*why do you still carry your cares?* Have they ever done you any good? Which one of you, who has been the most full of care, has ever put a sixpence into his purse thereby? With all your fretting and worrying, have you ever obtained any comfort? It is sorry music that you make with your moaning over your anxieties; I am sure that you have never enjoyed the tune yourself, nor has anyone else. And as for you, who have been the greatest money-grubbers, I can tell you that you will die poorer than you were when you were born. "Nay," say you, "that cannot be, for naked came we into this world." But you will die poorer than that; for, when you came into this world, you had both soul and body; but when you go out of this world, you will have to leave your body behind, so that you will die poorer than you were born. You may save as much as you like, and you may struggle, and wrestle, and fret, and fume, and worry, but it will come to that in the end. The man, who will carry fifty staves, or a hundred, or who will not be satisfied till he gets many hundred staves, and tries to travel along with all that bundle of sticks;—well, he may do it if he likes; but if you will give me one good stout stick to walk with, I will be satisfied, and I think that is the wise thing to do. He who has what he really needs, and who is content therewith, is the truly rich man.

So, brethren and sisters, put aside all cares about temporal things, as you come to the table of your Lord; but come to his table with your heart full of care about your God. Come with this care,—

that you may not come as a mere form; or with this care,—that you may truly discern the Lord's body; or with this care,—that, through the outward signs, you may behold your Lord and Master crucified for you. Come with this care,—that you may really feed upon Christ after a spiritual fashion; and with this care,—that, when you go away from the table, you may not lose what you have gained here, but may show by your life that you have really been strengthened by feeding upon Jesus Christ. Concentrate all your thoughts into this one desire,—

“Nearer, my God, to thee;  
Nearer to thee;”—

and partake of the emblems of his body, and his shed blood, with this sole object, that you may get nearer and yet nearer to him, and that you may afterwards live like him. Come to the communion in this spirit, and God's blessing will surely rest upon you.

Before I close my discourse, I have a few words to say to those of you who have no part nor lot in the matter of which I have been speaking. I am addressing many persons who are not Christians; they are full of care about the things of the world, and very likely some of them say to me, “You might let us care about the things of the world, for we have nothing else to care for.” Some persons say, “It is a dreadful thing that these unconverted people should have such-and-such amusements.” So it is, but there is another aspect of the case. Whenever I see a pig in a sty, and the farmer is going to give him some wash from the house, I say, “Let the creature have it. He likes it; and it is the proper food for him.” I do not envy him; and if I were to see a man of my acquaintance go and drink the hog's food, I should be shocked indeed. So, when I see a man, who professes to be a Christian, taking delight in the pleasures of the world, I am shocked; but such things are suited to the poor creatures that like them. Only recollect, my friend, if you are going to be content with this world, you are thereby giving up heaven, and giving up the joys of eternity; and in taking the good things, as you call them, of sin, and the pleasures of the flesh, you take the devil and all his works, and that involves your being cast away from the presence of God for ever. Oh, if you only knew your true condition, you who are without God, and without Christ, you would want to get away to your houses, and to fall upon your knees, and cry unto the Lord to have mercy upon you; and if you were wise, you would not even wait till you reached your homes, but in this very place you would cry, “What must we do to be saved?” If your heart really does utter that cry, let me give you the Scriptural answer, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Trust that Saviour whose teaching I have tried to explain. Trust him who did more than teach, for he lived; trust him who did more than live, for he died; trust him who did more than die, for he rose again, and ever liveth at his Father's right hand on high. Trust him, and you shall be saved for ever. The Lord bless you, for his dear Son's sake! Amen.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

A WAFER OF HONEY.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

In the year 1863

My space is sufficient for thee"—2 Corinthians xii 9.

Let no Christian imagine that he will ever have immunity from trouble while he continues in the body. Should you be favoured with visions and revelations of the Lord, caught up to the third heaven, admitted into Paradise, and privileged to hear things which it were not lawful for a man to utter, conclude not that you have escaped the rod, rather expect that such high privilege will need heavy affliction to balance it. If God has given you the great sail and the prosperous wind, he will also give you the heavy ballast to keep your keel deep in the stream. Do not expect, dear brethren, that because you have been strengthened in the faith, you will therefore be loosed from the burden of the flesh, neither because you may have been the means of strengthening others, that, therefore, trouble will be light to you. Even into your ship the deep waters may come. Think not that it is so water-tight that the billows will only dash against it. You may be called to feel heaviness, your faith may be all but staggered, and your soul may have to cry out from the depths, because of the slender strength you possess.

The Lord has such ways of chastising his children as make them feel. We think, some of us, after we have suffered a certain amount of trouble, that we have been so injured to it we shall no longer be moved as we used to be. The apostle Paul had been beaten with rods, tossed about in shipwrecks, yea, he had suffered hunger and thirst and nakedness, till he felt that, if any man had a right to glory after the flesh, he had. Still, even he found that the Lord had a way of getting at his heart, and making it smart. He had thorns in the flesh, messengers of Satan that did most effectually buffet him. We, too, must have trials,—trials of a kind that shall come right home to us, and touch us in our bones and in our flesh.

Neither let us think, dear friends, that even the privilege of the mercy-seat will shield us from the rod. When chastened we shall

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run to prayer; but we shall not, therefore, escape the chastisement. Paul, an apostle, prays; he, who certainly must have understood "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man", beseeches the Lord thrice, yet the thorn in the flesh was not blunted, much less removed; he still had to suffer as he had done aforetime. Oh, how often we think we can use the mercy-seat for our own lusts! Is not prayer too sacred a thing for us to make a selfish use of it? When God gives us the key of his storehouse, and bids us take what we will, shall we use even a single promise of his Word merely to pander to our own desires, and to enable us to escape from enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ? If we thus misuse prayer, we may be excused *for* it, but we shall not be accepted *in* it. Even Paul is nonsuited when he asks ease for the flesh. He gets no release from trouble. He gets something better, however; for the Lord says to him, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for *my* strength is made perfect in weakness." Thus, beloved, we must reckon upon the adversities that are sure to befall us. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." This is one of the divine shalls and wills. The Lord *will* chasten those whom he loves, and his children *shall* suffer it, of a surety. It is as sure as any other thing in the world, "Ye *shall* have tribulation."

I. To those who have proved the truth of this declaration, the text will be peculiarly sweet. THERE ARE CERTAIN SORE VEXATIONS OF SPIRIT, FOR WHICH GRACE IS THE ONLY BALM. The Lord does not say, "My providence shall protect thee." Nothing of the kind;—grace is the remedy in this case, and, I take it, this was because the apostle was suffering in the very core and centre of his being. There are many trials, the grief of which may be fully assuaged by ordinary providences; but these, that come and wound a man to the quick, require grace as their only effectual balm.

*Past experience of grace is of no avail* in such a case: it is present grace that is promised in the text, and it is present grace that is required. When we have sometimes been bowed down, and walked in darkness, and seen no light, we have called to remembrance our song in the night, and our spirit has made diligent search; but that very song has been turned into howling in the remembrance, and all that we thought we felt, and thought we knew, has vanished from before our eyes. I do not know how it has been with you, but there have been times with me when I could set no value upon my past experience. The devil has said it was all a delusion, my faith mere presumption, my hope mere excitement, and all my joys but the effusion of animal spirits. There will be a time when he will bid you look back, and all the way will look like the valley of the shadow of death. You cannot see one hopeful sign in it; and you turn over the books of experience, and read them, and you think, "Well, my spot is not the spot of God's children, and my footprints do not seem to be at all like the footprints of the flock." I tell you, if you have ever done business in deep waters, you have found that anchors at home are of no use in a storm, and that the anchor which stood so well a year ago, if it is left at home on shore, is of no use to you now in the storm. It is present grace,

nothing but present grace, that will do now. You have eaten all the cold meats, and you have brought out from the cupboard every mouldy crust you can find, and now your soul is reduced to the very last, and faintest within you, and now you must cry to your God in your trouble, and get present grace in this your time of need.

And if past experience is of no avail, *much less is past success.* Somebody might have touched the apostle on the shoulder, and have said, "Paul, Paul, Paul! What! must you feel the buffetings of Satan? Did you not establish the church at Corinth, and plant churches throughout all Asia Minor? Who has served his God so faithfully as you have done? Have you not been in journeyings often, in perils by waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the sword, in watchings and fastings? Have you not had the care of all the churches? Has not your Master highly distinguished you, and made you not a whit behind the very chief of the apostles? What multitudes of spirits are now before the throne that were born, under God, through your ministry! And what thousands are still on the road who call you their spiritual father, and to whom you have been as a nursing-mother in the faith!" If you had said this to the apostle, he would have replied, "Yes, sometimes this might have comforted me; if it had been a question of my apostleship, this would have been satisfactory; if the point in hand had been a question as to whether my ministry has been owned of God, this would have been decisive; but I am touched in another place now, and the wound is so deep, my sore is so grievous, and my heart is so exceedingly heavy, that no kindly thought of others, and no pleasant musings of my own, bring me the slightest relief. O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!" The Lord knew how to succour him, and therefore he gave him that gracious assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

I think it is well, dear friends, to remember the Lord's past goodness; but we must not live on that, we must go and get fresh supplies from heaven. Old manna, to this day, though it comes from heaven, will always breed worms, and stink, if it is kept. There is no alteration in it from the days of Moses; it is the same at this moment. You must eat the manna as you get it, and go constantly for more; but the old manna will be of very little use to you. It is only on Sabbath days, when your soul is perfectly at rest and quiet,—it is only at those sweet resting seasons, which the soul sometimes enjoys, that the remembrance of the past becomes very sweet. *Why must we have daily present dispensations of manna from the throne of God.*

In such a case as this, to which the apostle was brought, we feel sure that *the fact of his high office, and his eminent attainments of grace*, would not have been a sufficient consolation. Paul, who shall match thee? So deep in knowledge, and so ardent in zeal, thou seemest to have a seraph's spirit. So mighty in word, and yet, withal, so humble in thine own esteem, thou art surely a prince in Israel. Paul was not one of the young men, much less one of the babes in grace. He says, "There are not many fathers," though certainly he himself was worthy to be called a patriarch. Yet that



fact would not comfort him. And, brethren, you may come to such hard pinches that your growth in grace, and the flourishing of your virtues, will not afford so much as a drop of comfort to you; you will have to go to the eternal fountain to drink, for even these marble cisterns will have been broken, and will hold no water.

Observe, further, brethren, that the Lord does not say, "*The consolation of your brethren shall be sufficient for you.*" Oh, how sweet it is to be comforted by our fellow-Christians! Let those who will, walk in isolation; give me sweet communion, for, to tell one's trial to a true brother in Christ is often to lighten the weight, as if half of it were removed. Sometimes, it is to be wholly relieved, for the words of some wise men in our Israel are indeed as balm that bringeth speedy healing to the wound. But there are wounds which the stranger intermeddleth not with, nay, that even the dearest friend cannot touch; there are certain vexations of spirit, and disquietudes of soul, that mock human agency. I have had, sometimes, to converse with some members of the church, and I have never felt so much the littleness of my own power as when I have tried to comfort them, and failed. I thought it was because I was but as a little child in experience, and could not talk with them as a father in Israel might have done, whose years might have given him more wisdom; but I have found that even, the fathers have failed, and that years have not always sufficed to give sufficient knowledge to comfort the troubled conscience, or to remove the burden from the galled shoulders. No, there are cases that mock the ordinary practitioner, and must be taken straight away to the great Physician, for the only thing that will subserve the purpose is the grace, the present grace of an all-sufficient God.

I might prolong this catalogue; but you, who experimentally know the truth, will know, from your own experience, that there are trials and there are points in affliction where nothing can possibly console but the immediate outpouring and receiving of the grace of God.

II. And now, beloved, in the second place, let me say that SUFFICIENT GRACE IS A SURE BALM, that even for the most acute disorder, the most chronic disease, "grace" is "sufficient."

Why, do you not perceive that it just meets the fear which trial excites? What is the Christian's fear when he is buffeted, tried, and afflicted? If I know him in his sober senses, he has a fear of sin. Listen to him. "I am afraid of being poor," says he, "not because I dislike poverty, but I am afraid of my faith, lest I should murmur against God. I am not afraid of suffering," says he: "if God send it to me, I am willing to receive it; but I am afraid of my faith, lest the pangs should be too severe, and I should doubt my God. I am not," says he, "afraid of slander or of persecution. I have learnt to rejoice in this, for so am I made a member of the goodly fellowship of the martyrs; but I am afraid lest I should deny my Lord, or be ashamed of him, or prove an apostate after all. As I look forward to the temptations of the world, and the suggestions of Satan, and the corruptions of the flesh which shall yet assail me, I am not afraid of their coming if I can but be guaranteed that

they shall not cause me to sin;" for the only real wound the Christian gets is when he has sinned. Sufferings are only scars, flesh wounds; sins are the real woundings. We are never trampled on by Satan, however low our spirits may sink; it is only when we give way, and would fain capitulate in very terror, and begin to be afraid, that Satan is really victorious. The battle of sin is the battle in which Satan gains the victory; but suffering, and shame, and distress, and peril, and nakedness, and sword, are no triumphs to Satan, for "in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

You see then, brethren, that *grace just meets the danger because it deals with sin*. You are afraid that your patience will give out, so the Lord says, "My grace shall operate upon thy patience, and make thee to endure." You think your faith will fail, so the Lord says, "My grace gave thee thy faith, and my grace, like oil secretly applied to the fire by One standing behind the wall, shall keep thy faith burning while the devil pours on his floods to quench it. It was my grace that first taught thee to love my great name; so, when persecuted, my grace shall make thee love me better. I have kept thee from apostacy until now, and, let what will come, my grace, by which I guaranteed thy final perseverance, shall be sufficient for thee, and thou shalt come out of all thy trials and troubles like silver out of the furnace, not defiled, but cleansed and purified by the flames." You see then, brethren, that this assurance does actually touch the fear which the Christian ever has before his eyes; nay, it does not merely touch the fear, but it absolutely touches all the real danger. It is as though the Lord should say to one of his servants, who was standing alone, while thousands of his enemies were shooting at him with their arrows, "They shall shoot at thee, but I have covered thee with armour from head to foot." Or it is as if you or I trembled at the thought of crossing the deep sea, and the Lord had said, "The sea is deep, and thou must cross it; but I will be by thee, and thou shalt go through it dryshod." Or it is as if he said, "The fire is hot, and thou must walk through the midst of it, those glowing coals thy foot must know; but I will so cover thee by my power that the flames shall not hurt thee; thou shalt walk through the fire, and not so much as the smell of it shall pass upon thee."

What matters it how much we suffer if we have grace to endure it? Put a believer where you will, if his Master gives him grace, he is in the best place he can be for security. I have heard brethren sometimes say, "Such a minister is in great danger; his position is lofty, his head will be turned." Ah! brethren, if he had had the keeping of his own head, it would have been turned long ago. And your head will turn even if you are on the ground if you have the keeping of it; but if God set a man as high as the stars, and if he kept him there, he would be able to sing, "Thou makest my feet like hinds' feet, and makest me to stand on high places." It is the grace we have, not the position we occupy, that is the important matter. If a man had grace enough, you might put him in the worst haunts of sin, and he would be the better for being

there. Now, do not think I say what I do not know. Solomon saw hyssops grow on walls, and cedars on Lebanon; howbeit, I have seen cedars grow on walls, and hyssops on Lebanon. I have seen the smallest Christians in the best places, and the best Christians in the worst positions. I have seen, in the midst of the haunts of the harlot, grace shining in all the purity and chastity of lovely womanhood; and in the haunt of the thief and of the burglar, God has been pleased to have some choice saint, that, for honesty, integrity, and holy living, might have been worthy to have walked in a bishop's palace, or to have adorned the best Evangelical drawing-room in England. Brethren, it is not the position that is the main thing; the best of men may grow in the worst places, and some of the meekest of believers may be found where there ought to have been the bravest. I will leave this point, then, by repeating that, whatever may be the trial of heart which a man may have to endure, this assurance just meets the case, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

III. And, lastly, SHOULD NOT THE ASSURANCE THAT WE SHALL RECEIVE SUFFICIENT GRACE MAKE US EXCEEDINGLY GLAD?

"My grace is sufficient for thee,"—what then? "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities,"—not only gladly, but "*most gladly.*" *Nothing else will make you happy.* The grace of God comes to meet your case, and now how happy you should be! Think about the *sureness* of this fact, that sufficient grace will be ours. My dear brethren, I am not careful about *preaching* to-night, I merely talk right on about some things that you know, and can testify. It has been so, has it not, in your experience? If there be one saint here who has an accusation to make against his Lord, let him speak. He might well say to you, "Have I been a wilderness unto Israel? Which of you have I failed to succour? When have I violated my promise? You have been in the waters,—were you drowned? You have passed through the fire,—were you burned? What loss have you ever sustained by your troubles? Did I ever refuse to hear your cry when you called upon me? When was it that, in the day of battle, I did not cover your head, and that I left you as a prey to the destroyer?" My answer is,—O Lord, thou knowest all things, and thou knowest that thy servant's witness is,—

"When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His lovingkindness, oh, how good!"

And is not that your case, my brother, my sister in the Lord? I am sure it is. Well, then, this ought to make you glad. "My grace is sufficient for you," says the Lord! Your past experience proves it. Gladly, therefore, rejoice that you have an opportunity yet again of testing and trying the good Word of the Lord.

Again, is not God's grace sufficient for you in your present emergency? Have you had some trouble to-day? I suppose you have had quite sufficient, too, for I never did find a day yet that had not enough trouble in it, and sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;—well, but, have you not had sufficient grace to-day? Do

you feel dull, and heavy, and gloomy in God's house of prayer? Well, but there is grace to be had; and, therefore, looking to him ere you go to your bed, you may still have another day to sing of the sufficient grace which was given in the needful hour. "Oh, but," you say, "it is not now; I can trust God for to-day; but there are clouds looming before me, and I fear to enter the cloud." Well but, my dear friend, if he is faithful to thee to-day, add that to the fact that he was faithful yesterday; is he not the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and oughtest thou not at once to rejoice in him? Furthermore, ask thy father, and he shall tell thee; turn thou to the records of inspiration, and they shall teach thee; were the righteous ever forsaken, and when did the Lord cast off his chosen? They have been certainly in quite as deep waters as you have ever known; you have not yet been brought to lose all that you have, to lose every child; not yet do you sit among the ashes, and scrape yourself with a potsherd, as Job did; not yet to the fullest extent can you say, "They that walked in the streets did condemn me;" not yet have ye drunk of that cup, and been baptized with the baptism of him who said, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

"His way was much rougher and darker than thine,"--

and yet your Lord triumphed; and all his people, in all ages, and under every circumstance, have triumphed in him. If you could find one child of God who has been left, and if you could find one instance in which God has been untrue to you, then it would be fair for you to be depressed in spirit; but until then, most joyful should you be.

Recollect also, brethren, that *we should never know how sufficient grace was if it were not for these troubles*: therefore, we ought to be glad of all the lessons that assure us how ample and sufficient this grace is. I know not whether all soldiers love the thought of war, but there are many who pant for a campaign. How many an officer of low rank has said, "There is no promotion, no hope of rising, no honours, as if we had to fight. If we could rush to the cannon's mouth, there would be some hope that we might gain promotion." Men get few medals to hang upon their breasts who never know the smell of gunpowder. The brave days, as men call them, of Nelson and Trafalgar, have gone by, and we thank God for it; but still we do not expect to see such brave old veterans, the offspring of this age, as those who are still to be found lingering in our hospitals, the relics of our old campaigns. Ne, brethren, we must have trials if we are to get on. Young men do not become midshipmen altogether through going to the school at Greenwich, and climbing the mast on dry land; they must go out to sea, and be on deck in the storm; and if we are to be amongst the worthies, we must have stood side by side with King David, we must have gone down into the pit to slay the lion, or have lifted up the spear against the eight hundred, as Adino did. Conflicts bring experience, and experience brings that growth in grace which is not to be attained by any other means.

Besides, brethren, *how is God's grace to be seen by other men in the world except by our trials?* Grace is given to keep us from sin, which is a great blessing; but what is the good of grace except it is in the time when the trial comes? Certainly, the grace that will not stand in the hour of temptation or affliction, is a very spurious sort of grace; and we had better get rid of it, if we have it. When a godly woman's child dies, the infidel husband sees the mother's faith. When the ship goes down, and is lost in the sea, the ungodly merchant understands the resignation of his fellow-man. When pangs shoot through our body, and ghastly death appears in view, people see the patience of the dying Christian. Our infirmities become the black velvet on which the diamond of God's love glitters all the more brightly. Thank God I can suffer, thank God I can be made the object of shame and contempt; for, in this way God shall be glorified. This shall be the wonder of many, and to the praise of his own grace, that so mean and so contemptible a thing was made the instrument of effecting his purpose.

I will say no more, except to commend this assurance to you, and ask you to take it home, and lay it on your tongue; it will be like a wafer made with honey. Mind you have it for your breakfast to-morrow morning, and let it be your constant daily meal; live on it: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Let the word "thee" come home to your heart as though God spoke it to you, and as if he had never spoken it to anyone before.

There are some of you to whom the text does not apply, except in this light. You have many sins; but if you trust Christ, his grace is sufficient for you. You have been head over heels in the kennel of sin; but the power of his blood is sufficient to make you white; and even if you have become a very prince and peer in the dominions of evil, the grace of Christ is sufficient to wash you whiter than the driven snow. May the Lord add his blessing on these feeble rambling remarks, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

### Expositions by C. H. Spurgeon.

ROMANS III. 9-27; V. 6-11; A. C. VIII. 1-32.

Chapter iii. Verse 9. *What then? are we better than they?*

The first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans contains so horrible an account of the manners of the Gentiles, the heathen of Paul's day, that it is one of the most painful chapters in Scripture to read. Not long ago, one of our missionaries, out in China, was attacked concerning the Bible on this very ground. One of the learned men said to him, "This Bible of yours cannot be as ancient as you say that it is, for it is quite clear that the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans must have been written by somebody who had been in China, and who had seen the habits and ways of the people here,"—so accurate is the Holy Spirit, who knew right well what the ways and manners and secret vices of the heathen were, and still are. But the Jews said, "Ah, but this is a description of the Gentiles." So Paul replies, "What then? are we better than they?"

9, 10. *No, in no wise: for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles,*

that they are all under sin; as it is written, *There is none righteous, no, not*

Then he selects passages out of different parts of Scripture to show what man is by nature.

11—18. *There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways: and the way of peace have they not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes.*

These are all quotations from Old Testament Scriptures, from their own psalmists and prophets, from whom Paul quotes to the Jews so that they might see what their own character was by nature.

19. *Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.*

The law was given to the Jews, and the descriptions which it gives must be descriptions of the Jews. "Therefore," says Paul, "as Gentile mouths have been already stopped by the descriptions of their vices, you also, the favoured people of God, have your mouths stopped by the descriptions of yourselves taken from your own prophets."

20. *Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh—*

Whether Jew or Gentile,—

20, 21. *Be justified in his sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin. But now—*

Since man is lost, since man is guilty,—

21—27. *The righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets: even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. Where is boasting then?*

If salvation is given to the guilty, and if all are guilty,—if no one can claim exemption, and yet salvation is freely given,—what then? Why, salvation must be purely by the grace of God; so let grace have all the honour. "Where is boasting then?"

27. *It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay: but by the law of faith.*

The law of works sometimes aids boasting, for a man rejoices and glories in what he has done; yet the law of works ought to stop our boasting because we are guilty in God's sight. The law of faith does stop our mouth, because we are under obligation to God, and do not dare to boast, seeing that we have nothing of good but what we have received from God.

Chapter v. Verse 6. *For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.*

What a wonderful sentence that is! Not, "Christ died for the saints;" not, "Christ died for righteous men;" but, "when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

7—9. *For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.*

What an argument this is for the final safety of believers! If Christ died for us when we were enemies, surely he will save us now that he has died for us, and made us his friends, his reconciled subjects: "Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him."

10. *For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.*

There is a threefold argument there. We were enemies, yet God blessed us even then, so will he not bless us even more now that we are reconciled to him? When we were enemies, he reconciled us unto himself. Having done that, will he not certainly save us? We were reconciled to God by the death of his Son; so much more shall we be saved by the life of the risen and glorified Jesus, which has almighty, irresistible power.

11. *And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.*

Chapter viii. Verse 1. *There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus,—*

Observe that Paul writes "There is therefore," for he is stating a truth which is founded upon solid argument. "There is therefore now"—at this very day, at this very moment,—"no condemnation"—none of any sort,—none that will lie in the Court of Conscience or in the Court of King's Bench above? "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Our forefathers used to read this verse, "There is therefore now no damnation." One of the martyrs, being brought before a Popish bishop, the bishop said to him, "Dying in thy heresy, thou wilt be damned." "That I never shall be," answered the good man, "for 'there is therefore now no damnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.'" He had caught the very spirit of the text, for there is nothing that can condemn the man who is in Christ Jesus.

1. *Who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.*

This is the distinctive mark of a man in Christ Jesus. He does not let the flesh govern him, but the Spirit. The spiritual nature has come to the front, and the flesh must go to the back. The Spirit of the living God has entered into him, and become the master-power of his life. He walks "not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

2. *For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.*

And nothing else can do that. Every man is, by nature, under bondage to that which Paul describes as "the law of sin and death." There is a law in our nature, which is so powerful that, even when we would do good, evil is present with us, and we cannot get away from that law, except by introducing another, which is "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." Dr. Chalmers has a remarkable sermon upon "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection;" and it is this new affection for Christ, which is the accompaniment of the new life in Christ, which expels the old forces that used to hold us under bondage to sin and death.

3, 4. *For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, (God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.*

The law never made anybody holy, and it never will do so. The law says to a man, "This is what you ought to do, and you will be condemned if you do not do it." That is quite true, but the law supplies no power to enable us to do this. It says to the lame man, "You must walk;" and to the blind man, "You must see;" but it does not enable them either to walk or to see. On the contrary, our nature is such that, when the law issues its commands, there is a tendency in us at once to disobey them. There are some sins, which we never should have thought of committing if we had not been commanded not to do them; so that the law—not because of its own nature, but because of the wickedness of our nature, is weak and ineffectual for the producing of righteousness. But the Lord Jesus Christ has come, has lived, and has died,—died for us who are his people, and has put away our sin. Now we love him; now, being delivered from all condemnation, we love him who has delivered us, and this becomes the force by which we are inclined to holiness, and led on further and further in a course, not merely of morality, but of holiness before God. What a blessed system this is, which saves the sinner from the love of sin, delivers a man from sinning, gives him a new nature, and puts a right spirit within him!

5. *For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh;*

Flesh cares for flesh. The man who is all body cares only for the body. The man, whose mind is under subjection to his body, minds "the things of the flesh."

5. *But they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit.*

Where the Holy Ghost is supreme, where the spiritual world has become predominant over the heart and life. There, men live for something nobler than the worldly man's trinity, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" The carnal life is only becoming to a beast, or a bird, or an insect. But when a man cares for his immortal spirit, and lives for divine and spiritual things, he has attained to the life that is life indeed.

6, 7. *For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.*

As long as a man lives only for this present evil world, lives for self, lives under the domination of the flesh, he cannot really know God, or truly serve him. Such a mind as his "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

8. *So then they that are in the flesh—*

That is, those who are under its condemnation and power—

8—10. *Cannot please God. But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his. And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness.*

So that, although Christ dwells in a man, he must not reckon that he will be free from suffering, and pain, and sickness, for the body has not yet risen from the dead, and does not yet feel the full effect of regeneration. The soul is risen from the dead by regeneration, and it therefore "is life because of righteousness;" and the body will, in due time, also share in the power of Christ's Spirit. The day draweth near when we "shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

11, 12. *But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you. Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh.*



We have got nothing good out of the flesh at present, for it is not yet "delivered from the bondage of corruption," though it is to be delivered.

13. *For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die :*

For the flesh is to die.

13. *But ye through the Spirit do mortify—*

C.; kill—

13. *The deeds of the body, ye shall live.*

Shall a dying body, then, be my master? Shall the appetite for eating and drinking, or anything else that comes of the flesh, dominate my spirit? God forbid! Let death go to death, and the flesh is such; but the newly-given Spirit of God, the Spirit who has quickened us with immortal life, shall rule and reign in us evermore.

14—21. *For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God. And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope. Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.*

We are part and parcel of creation, and we shall draw it along with us. There shall be new heavens and a new earth. The curse shall be taken from the garden; thorns and thistles shall no longer grow there; and there shall be no killing or devouring in all God's holy mountain. The galling yoke, whicli we have laid on the whole of creation by our sin, shall be taken off from it by our Redeemer.

22, 23. *For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit the redemption of our body.*

We groan in unison with a groaning creation, and we shall not at present get rid of our aches, and pains, and sicknesses altogether.

24—32. *For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it. Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren. Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified. What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?*

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

FORGETTING GOD.

## A Sermon

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C. H. SPURGEON,

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"Therefore have they forgotten me."—Hosea xlii. 6.

OUR text reminds us that God does take notice of what men do, or of what they do not do. Here he complains,—and there is a kind of mournful plaintiveness about his words,—“Therefore have they forgotten me.” It is not a matter of indifference to God whether men remember him or not. It seemed to be a subject of surprise to David that God should think of man, for he wrote, “When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him?” Yet God is mindful of man, and it grieves him that man is not mindful of him. It would not disturb our minds if some tiny emmet should forget or ignore us; yet we did not create it, and we have not the claims upon it that God has upon us. Yet, little though we are,—and so insignificant that the emmet itself is a great thing in comparison with us if we reckon what we are in comparison with God,—it seems that he does want us to remember him, to think of him, and to trust, and love, and serve him; and when we do not, he is vexed and grieved. At least, speaking after the manner of men, we are taught to believe that it pains him at his heart, so that he cries out by the mouth of his servant the prophet, “They have forgotten me,—their Maker, their best Friend, and their greatest Helper.”

I am afraid, dear friends, that the accusation in our text may be brought against a very large number of us. Certainly, it can be laid to the charge of all those who have lived without thinking of God, and who have never turned to him with repentance and faith, and who, consequently, are still strangers to him. How many such people there are, God alone can accurately compute; the great mass of our fellow-creatures would come under that category. But, worst of all, among the Lord's own people there

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are, alas! some against whom this accusation can be brought. They have forgotten their God;—not absolutely, so as to be utterly and altogether like the thoughtless sinner, yet very sadly and grievously, so that God himself complains of them, “They have forgotten me.” For, mark you, if God observes what ordinary men do, much more does he take notice of what his own people do. An unkind word from a stranger may have a very slight effect upon us; but if such a word should come from the lips of one whom we love, it would cut us to the quick. We could put up with a thousand things from those who are mere acquaintances; but from a beloved child, or from the wife of our bosom, such a thing would be very hard to bear. Remember, O Christian, that ancient declaration, “The Lord thy God is a jealous God.” Because he loves us so much, he is in that very proportion jealous; for the greatest jealousy grows out of limitless love; and the Lord our God, who bought us with the heart’s blood of his dear Son, counts us so dear to him that a wandering thought in our mind becomes a crime against him, and the giving up of any part of our heart to love of the world, or of self, or sin, or Satan, or any other of his rivals, becomes to him a cause of grief and sadness. If there are any children of God here,—and I fear there may be many,—who have grown cold in heart, and who have wandered from the Lord, I hope the text will come like a lament from him who hung upon the cross of Calvary, “Therefore have they forgotten me. Therefore have they forgotten me.”

I. I am going to call your attention, first, to THE TIME WHEN THIS SIN WAS COMMITTED. “Therefore,” says the Lord, “have they forgotten me.” When was that? If we ascertain that, we shall also find out when we ought to be most upon our guard against falling into a similar sin.

It appears, dear friends, to have been when the Israelites had come out of the wilderness into Canaan,—when they had escaped from troubles, and had come into an easy condition, for so the context reads; “I did know thee in the wilderness, in the land of great drought. According to their pasture, so were they filled; they were filled, and their heart was exalted; therefore have they forgotten me.” It is a very sorrowful fact that, in this case, the greater God’s goodness was to his people, the less was their gratitude to him; just in proportion as he was kind to them, they were cold to him. These people had been delivered from excessive toil. In Egypt, they had been a nation of slaves; and in the wilderness, they had been for forty years pilgrims with weary feet. They seldom tarried long in any place, but backwards and forwards across that “waste howling wilderness” they marched almost continuously; and concerning all that time God says, “I did know thee in the wilderness.” He knew them, morning by morning, as the manna fell. He knew them when the quails came on swift wings to bring them flesh to eat. He knew them when the morning and evening lambs were offered in sacrifice for them, sinners as they were, all the while they were in the wilderness, and he says, “I did know thee then.” So, brethren, it has happened to some men

that, when they have had hard times, long hours, and stern labour, they have managed to be up in the morning early to get a quiet season of communion with God; and, though they scarcely could have been thought capable of doing it, for they worked so hard, yet they could find leisure to teach a few children in the Sunday-school, or to distribute tracts, or to speak a word for Christ at an open-air service. They had very hard bondage in their daily occupation; yet, whenever there was a week-night service, they always managed to get there. They were very apt to fall asleep when they sat down in the pew, out of sheer weariness because they had been toiling so hard during the day; still, they said that half a loaf was better than no bread, and they were glad to get a message from any of the Lord's servants in those trying days.

But, dear friends, you remember that, in due time, the children of Israel came to Canaan. Then there was no more marching to and fro in the wilderness for them. They found houses built ready for them to occupy, and they could sit every man under his own vine, and under his own fig tree; and then it was that the Lord said, "They were filled, and their heart was exalted; therefore have they forgotten me." It is just the same with the man who used to come to the house of God, Sabbath-days and week-nights, though he was sorely weary with his heavy work. He has what men call "an easy berth" now, and has very little to do; so, being no longer a poor galley-slave, tugging at the oar, you might have thought that he would have given the more time to God's service, and have become one of the most industrious Christians living; instead of which, he does not do as much now as he used to do with the rag-ends of time which his hard toil allowed him. Ah, brethren! when you get into smooth and easy places, then is the time when you should be most anxious lest of you, as of the Israelites, the Lord should have to say, "Therefore have they forgotten me." I would fain wish for every one of you that you may be able to earn your daily bread without any excessive labour. I would that every man, who has to toil beyond due and reasonable hours, were delivered from such semi-slavery; yet do I know that there are many who make an ill use of any leisure that they get, and some who are not nearly as fervent in the cause of God, now that they have leisure, as they used to be before they were so privileged.

These Israelites, also, were now delivered from the pressure of urgent want. At the very beginning of their wilderness journey, they had to go for three days without water. "And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter." They cried to Moses, "What shall we drink?" and he cried to the Lord, and soon the bitter waters were made sweet. Before long, they had eaten up all that they had brought with them out of the land of Egypt, and they murmured again, and then the Lord gave them a daily supply of manna; their bread dropped from the sky morning by morning. But now that they have got into Canaan, they have broad fields that are very fruitful, they reap abundant harvests, their barns are full, to bursting, and

the hillsides are clad with vines, and olive trees, and fig trees, and all manner of dainties. Instead of having to gather one day's food at a time, they have many months' supplies laid up in store. Some of them became very rich; but, alas! it was of them that the Lord had to say, "According to their pasture, so were they filled; . . . therefore have they forgotten me." You must have known or heard of men and women, who have loved the Lord when in poverty,—or, at least, who have seemed to do so,—and who were very fervent and active while they had to look up to the Lord from day to day, and pray, "Give us this day our daily bread;" but, in the order of God's providential dealings, they have been lifted up into another station in life. You would naturally have supposed that they would have loved the Lord more, and have done more for his cause, and laid themselves out with greater alacrity for his service; but, instead of that, it has been the very reverse with them. When they were financially poor, they were spiritually rich; but now that they are financially rich, they are spiritually poor. As they have gone up temporally, they have gone down spiritually. Their barn has become full, but their heart has become empty. Their wine-press has overflowed, but the joy of the Lord has departed from them. It is a sad, sad thing whenever this happens; some of us know that it often happens. Let it not be so with any of you, beloved.

Then, again, *these Israelites had become very self-indulgent.* They enjoyed themselves, and lived only for pleasure; and they despised everybody who would not or could not do the same. Being "rich, and increased with goods," they looked down upon those who were not rich; and, worse than that, they began to forget their God. O my brothers and sisters, I have often looked upon those who have been in sore trouble, and I have wished that, by some magic touch, I could lift the daughters of sorrow out of their sad state; but I have lived long enough to feel that, if I could do it, I would deliberately stay my hand until I had consulted with infinite wisdom to know whether it would be for their good or not. If it were in my power to lift the cross from every brother and every sister's shoulders here, and to give all of you your heart's desire, I would not do so, however much I might feel prompted to do it. As I see how often the plant, that bloomed in the shade, is burnt up in the sunshine,—and how some natures have never yielded the sweetest perfume except in grief's sad dripping-well,—when I perceive that some of God's saints never seem to honour him when they are lifted up into high places,—I feel that you and I had better be satisfied to let the Lord put his people wherever he pleases, and keep them on "short commons" sometimes, and even chasten them every morning, as the psalmist says was done to him. Perhaps, some of them, if the Lord did not make them cry every morning, would make themselves cry twice as much before night; and if he did not afflict them, they would very soon bring far worse afflictions upon themselves by falling into some great sin. I think I know the reason why God does not trust some of us with the bright eye and the elastic step which he bestows upon

others. I think I can see why he does not give some of us more prominent positions in his Church, and greater influence amongst the workers for him. I think I can tell why that sister is lame, and that brother is blind; why that one hangs her harp upon the willows, and that other toils amid continual poverty. It is because God will not risk all his ships on the roughest seas. He has constructed some of his vessels so that they can stand the storm, and these he sends away into the thick of the tempest; but his little ships he keeps nearer the shore. Some of his seamen see less of his wonders in the deep because they are not able to bear the sight as others can. I think it is so; and, certainly, this is true,—that seasons of prosperity, of any sort, are seasons of great trial to Christians. According to our text, it was at the time of their prosperity that the Israelites forgot their God.

II. Now, secondly, let me indicate THE PROGRESS OF THIS EVIL WHENEVER IT HAPPENS TO A MAN.

It has happened that *some men have lived all their lives forgetting God*. It may be that some of you, who are here at this service, have never really thought of God, you have forgotten all about him. A gentleman was walking down a country road, one Sabbath morning, and he met a man with a cartload of hay; he was asked by the man who was driving the cart whether he had seen two lads on in front. "Yes," said the gentleman, "I have, and I think they are the boys of a father with a short memory, are they not?" He said he did not know whether it was so or not, but they were his lads. "Well," said the gentleman, "I thought that you were their father, and that you had a short memory, for you do not seem to have recollected that there is a text of Scripture which says, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'" That short memory concerning the Sabbath day affects a great many people concerning everything else that is good. Some of you, I fear, have such short memories that you have never even recollected the God who made you. • You have eaten just as the cattle eat, and you have drunk as they drink; but you have never blessed the Giver of the unnumbered mercies that you have received, any more than the cattle have done. Some of you go on from morning to night without any recognition of God. There are hundreds of men who might be compared—as Rowland Hill did once compare them,—to hogs under an oak. "They eat the acorns," said he, "but they never look up, and thank the oak." They live in this world, and feed upon the bounties which God has provided for them, yet they have no thought of him. It is his air that they breathe, and it is by his power that they breathe that air; they could not exist for a single moment if it were not for him; yet he is not in all their thoughts. If God were blotted out of the universe,—if such a thing could be, that he should no longer exist, but that they could still exist, they certainly would not be grieved; possibly, they would feel all the easier in their mind because there would be no judgment to come, and no punishment for all their ill-doing. Ah, my friend! you must be in a very bad plight if you think you can get on better without God than with him. If your boy were to say concerning you, "I

wish I might never see my father again;"—if that little child, who sits at your table every day, whom you clothed but the other day with new garments,—if he were to say, "I never want to speak to my father again; I wish he were dead;"—there must be something radically wrong in that child, his morals must be thoroughly bad. Even if nobody has ever found him out in thieving or lying, I am sure, from that one fact, that he is a bad boy: Now, my friend, even if I cannot point to any sinful act of yours, I am sure that there must be something very wrong with you if you have lived in this world all these years without thinking of God.

If I am invited to go and stay with a friend in the country, and I simply see his beautiful park and his fine gardens, and indoors I receive all that I want in the way of refreshment during the day, and a comfortable bed at night, but my host never puts in an appearance, and I do not know whether he is anywhere about the premises,—I do not enjoy my visit. I came down to see *him*, so I cannot be content with seeing his park, and his gardens, and so on. I say to the servants, "Where is your master? I came down here to pay a visit to him, and I cannot find any pleasure here without I see him." And, dear friends, I feel just like that with regard to my God. When I look at this beautiful world which he has made,—and it is a beautiful world, after all, let who will speak against it,—I always feel that I want to see him who made it. Even our lovely gardens, which seem to me to be a thousand times more beautiful than all the vineyards of the Continent, would give me no pleasure in looking at them unless I could always realize that God is there. The sea itself,—the wide and open sea,—what is it if there is no God to rule its waves, and to speak in its storms? I must see traces of God in everything that happens; but some of you have lived all this while, and God's cry concerning you,—over hill and dale, up and down the street, in the house where you live, across the table at which you eat, and over the pillow on which you sleep,—is, "They have forgotten me. I have made them, and kept them alive, and blessed them in a thousand ways, yet they have forgotten me;—me, of whom they ought first to have thought, for it was essential with them that they should first have thought of me; and through not thinking of me they have bred within themselves all manner of evils." O unconverted people, I wish you could put yourselves into God's place for a few minutes, and just think how you would feel if others had treated you as you have treated him! Let the sharp arrows of conviction stick fast in your conscience as you realize that you have acted in a mean, dastardly, ungenerous, ungrateful way towards your God,—the tender, loving, gracious Creator, Preserver, and Friend of men.

But, now, turning to you Christian people, I want to speak of the progress of this evil in you. I will show you how it often works. When God prospers you in business, and takes away sickness, and removes causes of sorrow, it sometimes happens that *the evil of forgetting God begins with an almost imperceptible gliding of heart from him*. You do not notice it; you would be very grieved if you did; but your heart begins to grow cold, and the love to your Lord, that

once burned in your soul, is not as fervent as it used to be, and this condition of spirit very speedily shows itself in increasing fondness for worldly things. To have riches, may be a blessing to you; but for the riches to have you, must be a great curse to you. There are some, who have abundance of temporal things given to them, and they make a good use of them, so they may be thankful for them; but there are others, who are carried away by these temporal things, which thus become the source of all sorts of calamities. A man may have a fine house and a beautiful garden, and he may be thankful for them; so far, so good: but he may fall into the sin of making a heaven of that house and garden, and so they will be the cause of sin. He may be wealthy, and that will be a good thing if he uses his money aright; but, by-and-by, he may begin to feel that the one thing worth living for is to have money, and that will be an evil. If you have acquired a certain amount of money, and you feel that you are a person of importance simply because you have so much wealth, you are putting earthly things into the place which God alone should occupy. As old Master Brooks says, it is as when a husband, whose wife used to dote upon him, has given her rings, and chains, and other ornaments, and now that she has them, she dotes upon them, and forgets him. It is very sad when this is the case; and it is often so with some who profess to be the Lord's. If we accept his gifts as tokens of love from him, and see him in them, then they are helpful, and not hurtful; but when we get thinking of them, and not of him, then they become mischievous to us.

This is an evil which continually grows; for this man, who is beginning to mind earthly things, keeps on indulging himself. He takes more of what he calls pleasure than he used to do; and, indulging himself thus, he gets into a wrong state for prayer, for searching the Bible, for attending the means of grace; and the more he enjoys this world, the less does he think of the next world. As the things that are seen eat like a canker into him, the things that are unseen seem to lose their power over him. If he still attends the place where he went aforetime to hear the gospel, he says that the minister does not preach as he used to do, and the singing is not as lively as it used to be. Other Christian people say that they cannot see any difference at all, but he can. You know, dear friends, what is very often the difference between one dinner and another. It is not the fault of the cook; it is the want of an appetite. There are some brethren who have lost their spiritual appetite. They cannot eat this, and they cannot eat that, and they cannot eat the other. They have lost their appetite; that is the reason. "To the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet," says Solomon; but this man, who has prospered in the world, and has had much enjoyment in it, is now beginning to lose all relish even for those very spiritual things that were once the delight of his soul. So he begins to drop off coming to the house of God, and gradually declines, first a little in this way, and then in that. He has more money now than he used to have, so it takes him a longer time to count it. He has more business than he used to have, so it takes



more time to look after it. He cannot come to week-night services; and if, on the Lord's-day, for appearance sake, he does not cease going to the place of prayer, he carries his ledger with him in his carriage,—metaphorically, if not literally. There is many a man who comes into his pew with acres of land hanging to his boots; and there is many a woman who sits there in a fine new dress,—not only the one she has on, but the other one that is to be made up on Monday.

It is sad when worldly things thus get into the soul, and come right into God's house. Why, the preacher himself knows what it is to find a thousand distracting thoughts come to his mind while he is addressing you; and, therefore, he knows that they must come to your minds while you are listening to the Word of the Lord. Thus it happens that, in one thing after another, the love of God and his Word withers, and the love of the world grows. By-and-by, family prayer gets pushed into a corner,—very short, and not very sweet; and private prayer hardly knows where to find a place for the sole of its foot. Private prayer, as there are none but yourselves to note its observance, is a very convenient place for retrenchment. You want to save time, as you have so much to do, and therefore you snip off a piece here, and another piece there, and who but God is the wiser? You do not yourselves perceive any very great difference; for your conscience is getting seared. So, by degrees, a Christian, who is declining in spiritual things, gives up private prayer:—not altogether, perhaps, but the sweetness and the enjoyment of it depart as he trifles with it, instead of entering into the holy exercise with all his heart and soul.

In some professing Christians this declension goes further still. *At last, they give up all religious profession.* I wonder whether there is any man here, who once declared, and probably believed, that he was a Christian, but who has now given up even the name of Christian. If so, my friend, one of two things is true concerning you,—either you never were converted at all, and so have been a mere professor; or else, if you ever were truly converted, you will have to come back again. As surely as ever the Lord looked upon you with an eye of love, you must come back to him; for, after he has once set his seal upon you, he cannot and will not let you go. Oh, that you would come back to him now! You will have to come back, poor wandering sheep, for you belong to the good Shepherd who will not lose one of his flock. Wayward as you are, he will have you with him; and if you will not come back to him when he calls you, he keeps some rough dogs that will worry you back; but back from the paths of sin you must come, and I pray God that you may come back right speedily, and so once more enjoy the blessings of peace with him. I sometimes pass persons, who used to sit in these pews, and who were, I thought, ardent Christians. Even now, some of them have respect for me; but I fear that they have none for my Master. If I get anywhere near them, they slink away, for fear I should speak to them. I wish they had as much anxiety about the grief they have caused my Lord as they have about any grief they may have caused me. May God

grant, through his sovereign grace, that all of us, who have professed to be his, may be preserved, lest,—

“When any turn from Zion’s way,  
 “(Alas, what numbers do!)”—

we also should turn away, as we shall certainly do unless his grace shall hold us fast!

III. Now, thirdly, and very briefly, a few words about THE PECULIAR EVIL OF THIS SAD CONDITION: “They have forgotten me.”

It is *so grossly ungrateful* that every Christian, who realizes that he is apt to slide into such a condition, should at once bestir himself, and watch against it. What! shall I love the Lord less because he gives me more? Shall I set the gifts, which his goodness bestows upon me, upon his throne, and let them be idols to deprive him of my heart’s love and worship? If I do this, surely I shall be worse than the brute beasts. God grant, dear brethren, that we may be ashamed of such a condition as this, and fly from it!

Remember that, if any of us do begin to set our hearts upon the things of this world, *whatever we gain, we must be losers*. The man who has scarcely a rag to cover him, but who delights in God, may be the *beau idéal* of a happy man; but the man who is robed in purple, and who calls an empire his own, but who has forgotten his God, is to me the model of misery mocked by majesty. God save you from being able to delight yourselves in anything but your God! May he put so much bitterness into every other cup that you will be compelled to take the cup of salvation, and calling upon the name of the Lord, to drink only of that! You will be dreadful and eternal losers, *whatever else you gain, if you lose the Lord*.

If you forget God, you who are indeed his children,—and I am speaking only to such people just now,—it must be a terrible thing for you to be led into a condition in which you forget your Heavenly Father. If there were a wife, who was very poor, but who, as long as she was poor, clung to her husband, and found all her delight in his love, but who, when they became rich, no longer cared for him, it would be wretched riches that could turn away her heart from him who ought to possess it all. If I love my brother, and find great comfort in fellowship with him, and I should suddenly get to be so great that I should not know my brother, what a miserable being I should be! Many a man does not know his own relations when he begins to get rich. He thinks he is somebody of importance, but really he is a big nobody,—a very great and dreadful nobody; and when a man, just because God prospers him, does not know Jesus Christ, his great elder Brother, and gets to be ashamed of mixing with God’s poor people who go to the little Ebenezer Chapel, or of being seen with those poor commonplace sort of Christians who try to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth,—he is a poor, poor specimen of a man, much less of a Christian man. God give us minds and hearts quickened by his grace, that will enable us to live above all such meanness as that!

A sad part of the wretchedness of this condition is that it involves so much trifling with God. If we have forgotten God, dear

brethren, we have forgotten the many deliverances we have had in the days that are past. We have forgotten the wiping away of our tears of sorrow. Worse still, we have forgotten the precious blood of Jesus, that spoke peace to our soul; and we have forgotten the Holy Ghost, who came into our hearts, and gave us joy and rest in Jesus Christ. And if we have forgotten God, we have forgotten his gracious promises which are yet to be fulfilled, and the glorious covenant of his grace, ordered in all things and sure, on which our hopes of heaven are based. We have also forgotten his claims upon us,—forgotten that we are his children, his beloved, his elect, his redeemed. We have forgotten all that, and we are living in such a condition that we are trifling even with his threatenings. He has threatened that he will chasten us, and we seem to make light of his threatenings, and to defy his chastisements. We must have got into a state that is pitious and lamentable to the last degree if we can live from day to day in forgetfulness of God.

IV. I will say no more about this sad decline, but finish my discourse by telling you HOW THIS EVIL CAN BE CURED.

If any of us, brethren and sisters in Christ, are suffering from this dreadful decline, *it is a good help towards its being cured when we see the mischief of it.* When a man has this sad condition pointed out to him, and the Spirit of God enables him to see it, that is a great help towards lifting him out of it. But I think that the best thing for us all to do is, just for the moment, to sink all differences, and not ask any questions about whether we are saints or sinners,—whether we ever did love the Lord, or whether we did not; and *let us all go straight away to the cross, just as if we had never gone there before.* By nature, and by practice too, we are all guilty, and we all deserve to be cast into hell,—the best of us as well as the worst. So, let us all go where the Saviour carried the great load of sin upon himself, and bore its consequences, that he might set us free from it for ever. Let us look up to him, and, by faith, view the flowing of the blood from those many wounds that he received on our behalf. Let us look into that dear face of his,—the image of matchless misery and majesty combined; let us note the thorn-crown, and all the marks of ignominy and shame that cruel men put upon him. Let us hear him cry, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” and, as we see him die, let us believe in him again, or believe in him for the first time. My Saviour, my Redeemer, wherever I may have wandered, I come back to thee. My soul believes in thee, trusts thee, hangs all her hopes for time and eternity upon thee; wilt thou not speak peace and pardon to my guilty spirit? Ah, if you come to him with such a confession and cry as this, you will get your love back again. The best place to get it back again is the place where it was born. It was born at the cross, and you will get it back again if you go to the cross, just as you went at the first, and stand there, with this as your soul’s confession of faith,—

“I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.”

I cannot say more except just this,—*If God is prospering you, keep very close to the cross.* Do you not see that if, the richer you get, the oftener you go to the cross, it will be safe for you to be trusted with wealth? Take care to sanctify everything that God gives you by giving him his proper portion, and do not use your own portion till you have given him his. Then, if you look at every blessing as coming to you by the way of the cross, and say, "Jesus Christ has sent me this, for—

"There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows  
But cost his heart a groan,"—

if you receive everything as through him, and then desire to use everything for him, you may be as rich as the Rothschilds and yet you may be as gracious as the apostle Paul. You might have all the world given you, and yet, for all that, it would not hurt you. If you had as much of God as you had of gold, God would see that the gold was safe in your hands. He could trust us with prosperity if he saw that all our prosperity only bound us more closely and more completely to the cross of his dear Son. So, if any of you have forgotten him, conclude this evening's service by coming to the cross; and, thus, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit shall get glory from you. May it be so, for Christ's sake! Amen.

## Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

### HOSEA XIII 1-9.

HOSEA was full of complaints against the people of God; for, in his day, they had very sadly wandered from the Lord. They had even forgotten him. In Hosea's prophecy, we have the plaintive voice of a loving God chiding his backsliding children.

Chapter xiii. Verse 1. *When Ephraim spake trembling, he exalted himself in Israel; but when he offended in Baal, he died.*

A modest, humble, trembling heart is often by far the sounder heart; but when we begin to sin, and to sin boastfully, and to wrap ourselves about with the robe of self-complacency, then is death very near to us: "When Ephraim spake trembling, he exalted himself in Israel; but when he offended in Baal, he died."

2. *And now they sin more and more, and have made them molten images of their silver, and idols according to their own understanding, all of it the work of the craftsmen: they say of them, Let the men that sacrifice kiss the calves.*

When Jeroboam became king of the new kingdom of Israel,—in order to prevent his subjects from going to Jerusalem to worship God in Solomon's temple,—he started two shrines at Dan and Bethel, and there he set up what Holy Scripture calls in derision "calves." I suppose that his idea was to make images of a bull, the emblem of power, intending them to be the symbol of the Divine Being, and that the people intended still to worship God, but to worship him under the image of a bull. It is the same in Roman Catholicism to this day,—the worship of God, the worship of Christ, by means of crucifixes, and emblems and symbols of various kinds. But when men once begin that kind of idolatry, there is no knowing where they will stop; for the worship of God, through the medium of symbols, soon

grows into the worship of other gods. Saints and saintesses, "blessed virgins" and I know not what besides, are pretty sure to be set up when once people begin to make use of outward and visible emblems of the Deity. So it was with these ancient Israelites. From worshipping the bull, which was meant to be a type of the omnipotent God, they went on to the worshipping of "molten images of their silver, and idols according to their own understanding." Brethren, let us take warning from these idolaters, and always keep to the simplicity of worship ordained by God in his Word. However comely and beautiful, or grand and imposing, and, consequently, fascinating, any form of idolatry may be to some minds, let us utterly despise it if it is not according to the mind of God, and the teaching of his Spirit, as revealed in his Word.

3. *Therefore they shall be as the morning cloud, and as the early dew that passeth away, as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney.*

Those who will have gods of their own making shall have but a brief enjoyment of them. He who truly worships the everlasting God shall have an everlasting blessing; but he who worships gods that he has himself made,—mere objects of this mortal day, shall have but a short day of it. He shall be as the early dew, which glistens brightly, but is soon gone; or as the morning cloud, which is banished by the rising of the sun.

4, 5. *Yet I am the LORD thy God from the land of Egypt, and thou shalt know no god but me: for there is no saviour beside me. I did know thee in the wilderness, in the land of great drought.*

The Israelites drew near to God when they wanted bread and water in the wilderness. God says, "I did know thee in the wilderness, in the land of great drought;" and the Lord might say to his people nowadays, "I did know you when you were very sick, when you were very poor, when you were in great trouble. You sought me then; how is it that you are trying to do without me now?"

6—8. *According to their pasture, so were they filled; they were filled, and their heart was exalted; therefore have they forgotten me. Therefore I will be unto them as a lion: as a leopard by the way will I observe them: I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart, and there will I devour them like a lion: the wild beasts shall tear them.*

When men forget God, they may expect that they will meet with some terrible judgments; and God's own people especially will find this to be the case with them if they forget the Lord. Our God is a very jealous God; and when his children will set their hearts on other objects instead of upon himself, he will take care to embitter those objects of their affection to them, he will make their idols to be loathed by them. If God did not love us very much, he would think little of our faults; but just because he loves us so much, he cannot bear that any part of our heart's affection should go away from himself. So, if he sees that we deal unfaithfully with him, he will make us realize that sin is an exceedingly evil and bitter thing. His anger against us will be like that of a bear that is robbed of her whelps, or of a lion or leopard leaping upon his prey.

9. *O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself: but in me is thine help.*

"You have gone away from me, but I will bring you back again. You have destroyed yourself by your sin, but I will restore you to my favour by my grace. You may look within yourself for causes of repentance, but you must not look to yourself for the means of restoration; you must look to me, your Saviour and your God." So this verse teaches us: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thine help."

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

ORDER IS HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW.

## A Sermon

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"Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path."—Joel ii. 8

THOSE who have been able to observe the marching of an army of locusts have been amazed beyond measure with the marvellous regularity of their advance. Agur, who must surely have seen them, says, "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth, all of them by bands." The wonder is, that creatures comparatively so insignificant in size, and so low down in the scale of intelligence, should maintain such more than partial order, both in their long flights and in their devouring marches. The ablest commanding officers would be at their wits' end if ordered to marshal a multitude numbering even a thousandth, or perhaps a millionth part of the countless hordes of these destructive marauders; and yet, by instinct, the locust soldiery can and do, keep rank better than the most veteran regiments of the line, as I can personally testify, from having seen miles of them in one of the Italian valleys. "They shall march every one on his ways," says the prophet, "and they shall not break their ranks: neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path."

I. As I considered this remarkable fact in insect life, my meditations led me to note THE ORDER WHICH REIGNS, not amongst locusts only, but THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE OF GOD'S WORLD; and then I said within myself,—After this fashion should there be order and arrangement in the Christian Church, God has trained his great insect army, and among them order reigns; but this is no exception to the general rule, for all the hosts of God are marshalled in rank and file, and are never left to be a disorganized mob of forces. From the most minute to the most magnificent, all creatures feel the sway of order, and they well observe the laws imposed by their Creator.

*Look up to the heavens, and observe the innumerable stars that gladden there so plentifully, that numeration fails. Looked at through the telescope, stars are so abundant that the heavens appear*

to be covered with dust of gold; and yet we have no record that one of these bodies has ever interfered with the orbit of its fellow sphere, or if such a catastrophe has ever been permitted, it has been part of the all-comprehending scheme. The majestic orbs move, each one in its own orbit, and all in perfect harmony. Even the aberrations, as we call them, are nothing but the result of regular law, and the astronomer finds that he can calculate them with the greatest possible accuracy. There are no irregularities, discords, or failures among the constellations; and if to the student of the heavens such should appear to be the case, he has but more fully to master the universal law, and he discovers, with astonishment, that every eccentricity is a necessary incident in a system grander than he had thought. Mere tyros in astronomy talked of irregularities, but Newton and Kepler found a mathematical precision manifest in all. At no point need we be afraid that the universe will be thrown out of gear. If a man had placed innumerable wheels in a machine, there would be, in due time, a breakdown somewhere. Oil would be wanted here, a cog would be broken there, a band would be snapped in this place, or a piston would be immovable there; but God's great machine of the universe, whose wheels are so high that the sublime Ezekiel, when he saw them, felt that they were terrible, has continued to revolve these many thousands, perhaps millions, of years, and has never yet been stopped for cleaning or repair, because God has impressed upon every atom of it the most docile spirit of submission, and his powerful hand is at work every instant amidst the machinery giving force to his laws.

Nor is it so in the coarser inanimate forms of matter only, but the same law holds good with the whole animal creation. Not locusts alone, but the fish of the sea, and the birds of the air, all observe their Maker's bidding, and both live and move according to rule and order, all forming portions of the perfect circle struck out by the divine compasses. What a wonderful thing it is that mighty streams of fish should come, during certain seasons, from the North, and swarm near enough to our coasts to afford our fellow-citizens so large a portion of their daily food! If there be complaining in our streets, there need not be, for extended fisheries would supply all the inhabitants of Britain, even if they were multiplied a hundred times; and yet there would be no perceptible diminution in the teeming population of all the sea, for God has so arranged it that there shall be most of those kinds which are most required for food. But what a marvel that, at the fixed period, the unguided fish should migrate in such countless shoals, and should return again, in due season, to their old abodes among the Arctic waves!

• Mark, too, how every tribe of animals is useful to all the rest. So beautiful is the order of nature, that we cannot wantonly destroy a race of little birds without suffering from their removal. When the small birds were killed in France by the peasantry, who supposed that they ate the corn, the caterpillars came and devoured the crops. Man made a defect in an otherwise perfect circle; he took away one of the wheels which God had made, and the machine did not work perfectly; but let it alone, and no jars or grindings

will occur, for all animals know their time and place, and fulfil the end of their being. You spoil the harmony of nature's concert if even the sparrow's chirrup is unheard. The stork and the crane fly at God's bidding, the swallow and the martin know their pathway; the prowling beasts and rapacious birds, as well as the domestic cattle, all hold their own in nature's arrangements. Like the jewelled breastplate of the high priest, nature is full of gems, each one in its setting, and the glory is marred if one be wanting. Be assured that the wild ass and coney, leviathan and behemoth, eagle and dove, gnat and lizard, are all arranged for the highest good, and are beautiful in their season. "Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path."

Rising a little higher, *there is also order in the providence of God.* When you view the great world of human history, it looks like a skein of thread much twisted and tangled. When you study it, you see nations rise and fall, like boiling waves of a foaming sea. You read of horrible wars, wantonly commenced and wickedly continued. The human race seems to have destroyed its sons without a motive. Men rush upon each other with all the fury of fiends, and tear each other like wolves, and yet they eat not that which they have killed. The history of mankind appears at first sight to argue the absence of God. We ask, "How is this? We expected to find, if God were in providence, something more orderly and regular than we see here. Instead of a grand volume from a master-pen, we see words flung together without apparent connection. We expected to find a sublime poem, such as angels might love to read; but all this is confusion, void and unintelligible,—strokes and dashes without meaning to us." Ay, my brethren, and so it is; but we are little children, and do not yet understand God's hieroglyphics; we write in large text, and have not the transcript of the celestial shorthand. Our limited field of vision only lets us see a brick or two of the great house, and straightway we begin to criticize the infinite Architect and his work. After all, supposing this world to have existed six thousand years, what is that? In God's sight, it is but as a day, or as yesterday when it has passed. We see but one thread of history, a ravelling of life, and then we vainly fancy that we can form a fair judgment of the tapestry curiously fashioned by the finger of the Lord.

Coming down from these great things to our own selves, *depend upon it that all the events in our own little lives are marching straight on to a gracious consummation.* You, child of God, sometimes say, "What can be the design of this cross? What can be meant by that bereavement? Why am I perplexed by this dilemma? Why is this difficulty piled like a barricade across my path?" Well, you know not now, but you shall know hereafter; meanwhile, settle it firmly in your faith that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Your affliction does not jostle your prosperity, but promotes it. Your losses do not cause your loss, they really increase your true riches. Onward still, laden with untold blessings, every event is marching for the righteous and for



the humble spirit. God has his way in the whirlwind, and the clouds are the dust of his feet; only be you patient, and wait upon him with childlike confidence, and the day shall come when you shall wonder, and be astonished, that there should have been such order in your life when you thought it was all confusion, such love when you thought it unkindness, such gentleness when you thought it severity, such wisdom when you were wicked enough to impugn the rightness of your God. Brethren, the events of our history march on as rightly as a victorious legion under a skilful leader. Do not let us arraign the wisdom of that which happens to us, or fancy that we could order our affairs in better style. Our good and ill, our joy and grief, all keep their places. "Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path."

II. But we must rise still higher. We have come from the world of matter to the world of living creatures, and up to the world of intellectual beings, and now LET US THINK OF GOD HIMSELF.

*We may say of all his attributes* that "neither doth one thrust another, but each one walketh in his path." Let us be careful at any time, in thinking of God, that we indulge not in reflections upon one attribute to the forgetting of the rest. Many Christians are much soured in their disposition by considering God only in the light of sovereignty. Now, that he is a Sovereign, is a great, deep, mysterious, but also most blessed truth, and we would defend divine sovereignty with all our might against all comers; but, at the same time, absolute sovereignty is not the only attribute of God, and those who keep their eye fixed upon that, to the exclusion of all other qualities and prerogatives, get an ill-balanced idea of God, and very likely they fall into errors of doctrine, and, more likely still, they become hard-hearted towards their fellow-men, and forget that the Lord hath no pleasure in the death of sinners, but desires rather that they should turn unto him, and live.

On the other hand, many injure their minds very greatly by reflecting solely upon the one thought of God, that he is good. It is a blessed truth, that he is good and benevolent, and full of compassion, and Holy Scripture tells us that "the Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works." God forbid that we should seek to diminish the kindness of God, or think lightly of it, "for his mercy endureth for ever." Yet some look at that one emerald ray as though it were the whole of the spectrum; they gaze upon one star, and regard it as the Pleiades, Orion, and Arcturus, all in one; and, alas! worse results follow, for they are tempted to think sin to be a mere trifle, since they ignore the justice and sovereignty of God. They so exclude God's righteousness and vengeance from their minds that, when they hear of hell, and of the wrath that will come upon the impenitent, they shudder with inward unbelief, and try to doubt it; and, perhaps, manage to find texts of Scripture which look as if they helped them in their perverted and jaundiced view of the Most High. They think they are glorifying God, but they are really dishonouring him, for God is no more altogether mercy than he is altogether sovereignty, and he is no more altogether sovereignty than he is altogether mercy.

The fact is, that every glory meets in God. All that is good, and excellent, and great, may be found in him in complete perfection. God would have thee so to think of him, for, in the atonement, which is his grandest revelation of himself, he has been pleased to show thee—

“How grace and justice strangely join;  
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,  
To make the choicest blessings thine.”

This leads me on a step further, to observe that *the same order is perceptible in the doctrines of the Word of God*. Doctrines, which look as if they contradicted each other, are nevertheless fully agreed. It is the defect in our mental vision which makes separate truths appear to cross each other's orbit, for it is certain that the truths of Scripture do not thrust each other, but each one goeth on in its own path. Perhaps the fiercest of fights has been waged over the great fact that salvation is of grace, and the equally certain fact that man is responsible to God under the gospel, and that, if he perishes, his ruin lies at his own door, and is not to be charged upon God in any sense whatever. This has been the arena in which intellectual gladiators have fought with each other age after age. If they had stood side by side, and fought the common enemy, they would have done good service; for I believe, in my soul, that they both hold some truth, and that either of them will hold error unless he will yield something to his rival. There are some who read the Bible, and try to systematize it according to rigid logical creeds; but I dare not follow their method, and I feel content to let people say, “How inconsistent he is with himself!” The only thing that would grieve me would be inconsistency with the Word of God. As far as I know this Book, I have endeavoured, in my ministry, to preach to you, not a part of the truth, but the whole counsel of God; but I cannot harmonize it, nor am I anxious to do so. I am sure all truth is harmonious, and *to my ear* the harmony is clear enough; but I cannot give you a complete score of the music, or mark the harmonies on the gamut; I must leave the Chief Musician to do that.

You have heard of the two travellers who met opposite the statue of Minerva, and one of them remarked, “What a glorious golden shield Minerva has!” The other said, “Nay, but it is bronze.” They argued with one another, they drew their swords, they slew each other; and, as they fell, dying, they each looked up, and the one who said the shield was made of bronze discovered that it had a golden side to it, and the other, who was so bold in affirming that it was gold, found that it had a bronze side too. The shield was made of two different metals, and the combatants had not either of them seen both sides. It is just so with the truth of God, it is many-sided and full of variety. Grand three-fold lines run through it; it is one yet three, like the Godhead. Perhaps you and I have only seen two of the lines,—many persons refuse to see more than one,—and there may be a third yet to be discovered, which shall reconcile the apparently antagonistic two, when our eye shall be

clarified by the baptism in the last river, and we shall ascend the hill of the Lord to read the truth of God in the light of the celestial city.

However, it is clear that salvation is altogether of grace, and equally clear that, if any man perishes, it is not for want of invitations on God's side,—honest invitations to come to Christ. We hear our Master saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Some friends are so afraid of that text that they generally quote it "weary and heavy laden," which is not the true reading; but the labouring ones are invited to Jesus. Many such invitations did Christ give, yet did he not also say, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him"? Amid the soft rain of tenderness we hear thundering overhead that solemn truth, "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth." As we listen to that thunder, we bow to the sovereignty of God; yet, amid the pauses, we hear the Master say, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," and we also hear him say, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." Let us believe both sets of truths, and not oppose ourselves to friends who hold either the one or the other, but seek to bring them to believe both; for as the Bible is true, they are both of them the truth of the living God. Observation leads me to think that those persons, who are willing to hold the whole of revealed truth, are generally Christians of a more active spirit, and more desirous for the conversion of souls than those who contract their minds, and only hold some one or two great theological dogmas. If we will but lay aside our Chinese shoes, and allow our feet to grow as they should, we shall find it far better walking on the road to heaven, and we shall be more ready for any work which our Master may call us to do.

### III. NOW WE TURN TO THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Dear friends, you and I who have entered into the kingdom of grace, and have received a life which the worldling cannot understand, (for the carnal mind knoweth nothing of the spiritual life,) *must remember that our thoughts, graces, and actions, ought all to keep their proper position, so that it may be said of them, "Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path."*

*As to our thoughts*, we ought to endeavour, as God shall teach us by his Spirit, to keep our thoughts of God's Word in their due harmony. Some brethren, for instance, are altogether doctrinal in their inclinings. Doctrinal study is admirable; may God send us much of it! Yet doctrine is not all that we are taught in the Sacred Word; there are duties and promises also; why despise these? Then, again, other professors of religion are altogether of a practical turn; and, while they value James, they depreciate Paul. They do not like an expository sermon, they cannot endure it; but if you give them a precept, they rejoice greatly. They are

quite right as far as they go. The Lord send us much more practical Christianity! But this is not all: There are others who are altogether experimental, and some of these will hear no sermon unless it treats upon the corruption of the human heart, or upon the dark frames of the child of God: others will have no experience but the bright side, you must always preach to them out of the Canticles, inditing the good matter concerning the sweet love of Christ towards his spouse. Now, each of these forms of preaching is good in its season; but he who would keep close to the Scriptures, and preserve completeness in his thoughts, must weigh well the doctrines, and seek to get a clear view of the covenant of grace, and the economy of salvation; he must study the precepts, and ask the Holy Spirit to give the fleshy heart, upon which those precepts may be written as upon living tablets; and then he must watch his experience, mourning over inbred sin, but rejoicing also in fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ, through whose blood we have the victory.

We must endeavour, as much as possible, to exercise our thoughts upon all the subjects which God has given us to think upon in his Word, and applied to our hearts by the workings of the Holy Spirit. Where this is done, we shall avoid one thought thrusting another, and each will go in its own path. I have heard of doctrinal preachers who hated the very sound of the word "duty"; I have also heard the practical brother declare that "election" he detested; while the experimental brother has affirmed that the doctrinal preacher was merely "a dead letter man." Oh, what naughty words for God's children to use to one another.—bitter sentences which they only use because they know so little! Shame upon us that we say, "I am of Paul," and "I am of Apollos," and "I am of Cephas," for all these are ours to profit by if we are Christ's. Learn from the doctrinal, learn from the practical, learn from the experimental. Blend the whole together, and let not one thrust another, but allow each to go straight on in its own path.

*The same should hold good in the graces which we cultivate.* The Lord Jesus Christ is pleased to put, by his Holy Spirit, into the hearts of those whom he has saved, certain lovely and precious things, but it is not always easy to get these in due harmony. For instance, I know a brother who is very faithful: he does not mind telling you of your faults, but then, he is not affectionate in spirit, and so he never warns you of your infirmities in a way that does you good. Now, if that brother could get affection to balance his fidelity, what an admirable man he would make! I remember well another brother who was all affection, and nothing else. He was so affectionate as to be offensive: and I, poor rough creature as I am, could never bear the sight of him. He always reminded me of a pot of treacle, and his office appeared to be the anointing of everybody he met. If he could but have mixed a little fidelity with his sweetness, he would have been a much better and stronger man. Secker says that Christianity ought, first, "to make a man more of a man; and, then, more than a man;" and so it would if we sought, by the power of the Spirit, to cultivate all the graces.

The beauty of the human countenance does not consist exclusively in having a bright eye; no, the fine eye helps, but all the other features of the face must balance it. A man may have the finest possible forehead, and yet he may be extremely ugly because his other features are out of proportion; so it is with character. Character must have all the graces, and all the graces in harmony. Take, for instance, the virtue of meekness; it is a lovely thing to be of a meek and quiet spirit, but then, my brethren, how could reforms ever be wrought if all were so meek that they could not speak out against error? Where would you find your Luthers and your Calvins? Meekness must be balanced by the virtue which is its compensating quality, namely, courage. Affection must be strengthened by fidelity. A man must be patient under affliction, but he is not to be so patient as to be idle; he must couple energy with his patience, in order to manifest a practical faith. When we have each of these, we shall be what Paul and James call "perfect." Then shall we have come to be "entire, wanting nothing," having reached the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Christian men should be men-Christians. If your child should have a rapid growth in its arms, but not in its legs, or if its legs should lengthen, but not its arms, what a strange being it would be! What a monster! It is the growth of each limb in proportion that brings a man to perfection. So, my brethren, when our heads grow faster than our hearts, it is an ill sign; yet how many know a great deal more than they feel, and criticize much more than they believe! It is also an evil thing when a man's tongue grows bigger than his head, when he has more to say than he knows or does; when, like Mr. Talkative, he can talk about the road to heaven, but makes no progress in it.

*The same proportions and balancings should be found in our Christian duties.* This is too large and difficult a subject to go fully into now, but we will have a word or two about it. A man is not in his outward action a complete Christian because he is attentive to one duty, for God would have his people attend to all. It will sometimes be a question with you as to how much time should be given to private devotion, how much to family worship, and how much to church-worship; and you may easily make great mistakes here. I recollect a brother, a very excellent man, too, who was always at prayer-meetings and public services; but, unfortunately, being always away from home, his family was so neglected that the sons grew up one after another to be the most precocious specimens of depravity that the parish could exhibit. We thought, and we hinted as much to our brother, that, if he could be at home sometimes to teach the children, whose mother was as neglectful of them as the father was,—and so the mischief became doubled,—he would be far more in the path of duty than in attending public services to the neglect of family piety; I only wish he had been able to see the propriety of our advice, for he has had to smart for his folly. It is not often that a man's private devotions obtrude in this way; but I know one professor, who used to spend so long a period in private prayer, that he neglected his

business, and also the assembling of himself with God's people; it was, indeed, an unusual vice, but it came to be quite a sin in his case. This last is a very unusual fault, and one that I could almost excuse, because it is so unusual; but I recommend far more strongly the careful thinking of how much time is due to God in the closet, how much at the family altar, how much at the prayer-meeting, and how much to the week-night services, for we must give to each according to its due proportion.

Again, the difficulty will often occur to you, my brethren, as to how much is due to diligence in business and how much to fervency in spirit. No one can draw the line for another. Each one must judge for himself, but this must be the law: "Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path." There may be a season in which you may lawfully give all the hours of the day to business. Your business may require it, and there are junctures with commercial men when, to go to week-day services, would be almost insanity; they must keep to their work, or else there will come a failure; and then the name of Christ will be evil spoken of. There will be times, too, with the working-men, when, if he were to insist upon coming to the Monday evening prayer-meeting, or to the Thursday night lecture, he would be altogether out of the path of duty; there is a demand for labour just at some particular time, and he must obey the call, and he is in the path of duty in so doing. I am afraid that there are not many who fail in that way, but crowds who err in the opposite direction. Some will keep the shop open so late that there is no time for family prayer; and others will confine their servants so strictly that they can never get out on week-nights to hear a sermon. It does not strike the employer's mind that some of the young people would perhaps like to be at the prayer-meeting on Monday night, nor will the employer be there himself. Now, I cannot say to you, you must give so much time to God, and so much to business; you yourself must ask God the Holy Spirit to guide you; but recollect, you must not let one thrust another. It is a good saying of an old divine, "Never bring to God one duty stained with the blood of another." As much as lieth in you, give to each distinct duty its due proportion.

There is a greater difficulty still with regard to the arrangement of distinct duties, *when they are likely to run counter to one another.* Here is a servant. His master expects him, after he has entered into an engagement with him, to do such-and-such unnecessary work on the Sabbath. The young man says, "No, I cannot do that; it is clearly unscriptural, and I must obey God rather than man." But there are certain things which come somewhere between the necessary and the unnecessary, and the servant may properly enquire, "What is my duty?" You must settle it carefully within your own mind. Have you any sordid or selfish motive for deciding in any particular way? If so, be very cautious how you so decide: but seek the Lord's glory, and the Lord's glory alone, and say, "While I am, as a servant, to serve man, yet I am the Lord's free man, and I must walk both as a servant and the Lord's free man, and not forget either."

Sometimes, the matter of the conduct of children towards parents has come under our notice. A harsh parent has said, "My children shall not carry out their religious convictions." In such cases, we have had occasionally to recommend the child to wait until he has grown a little older; at other times, we have bidden the child break through the parent's evil command, since we cannot hold that the parent can have any right to make his child disobey God. In the matter of the child's religion, when it is able to judge for itself, it is as free as its parent, and has a right to choose for itself; and while the parent should seek intelligently to guide it, coercion must never be tried. If the parent be ungodly, the child is free from all obedience to wicked commands; and must act then in obedience to a higher Parent, and to a greater law, namely, the law of God. The like happens, at times, with regard to the husband and the wife. Of course, a good wife continually wishes to do that which will please her husband, and she is happy to be subservient to him as far as may be; but when it comes to a point of conscience, and the two relations clash, the relations of the Heavenly Bridegroom and the earthly husband, it is not always easy to decide upon a fitting course of action; but we may at least be certain that we must not be actuated by selfishness, nor by a desire to avoid persecution, nor to please men; but we must stand on the side of honesty to God, fealty to the King of kings, and a regard for the truth as it is in Jesus. Do try if it be possible, and I believe it is possible, in every case to harmonize all your relationships, so that neither one of them shall thrust another, but each shall walk in its own path.

IV. So, brethren, my concluding remark shall be that, as this is to be true in the little commonwealth of the heart and the home, IT OUGHT ALSO TO BE TRUE OF THE CHURCH AT LARGE.

It is a great blessing when the members of the church do not thrust one another, but every one goeth in his own path. *There are different orders of worker, and these must co-operate.* Alas! workers in a Sabbath-school do not always agree with one another. Then, workers in Sabbath-schools are not always so fond of workers in Ragged-schools as they might be, and perhaps the workers in Ragged-schools may sometimes look down with coldness upon the distributors of tracts. It should never be so. We are like the different members of the body, and the eye must not say to the foot, "I have no need of thee," neither must the hand say to the ear, "I have no need of thee." Every man must work according to the gift of the Holy Spirit. When a man steps out of his proper office into another, he makes a great mistake, both for himself and for the Church at large; and when one brother envies another, and picks holes in his coat, and finds fault with his service, he needs to hear that inspired question, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth." I pray all the bands of workers to maintain a holy unanimity, being of one accord, minding the same thing, provoking one another to nothing but love and good works, striving for nothing except that they together may promote the glory of the Lord Jesus.

And as it is true in any one church with regard to the labourers, *so it should be also with regard to the different ranks and classes of Christians.* The rich should never say, "We do not want so many poor in the church," neither should the poor man say, "Our minister favours the wealthy; there is more thought of the rich than there is of the poor." There is just as much fault on one side as there is on the other, in these things. While we sometimes find the purse-proud man looking down on the poor, it quite as often happens that the poor man takes umbrage where there is no need for it, and is much more wicked in his jealousies than the other in his purse-pride. Let it never be so among Christians, but let the brother of high degree rejoice that he is exalted, and the poor that he is brought low. We want both, and cannot do without either; and having both in the church, neither should one thrust another, but each should go in his own path.

So with the educated and the uneducated. I have been saddened, oftentimes, when I have heard a sneer against a brother who cannot speak grammatically. The brother who *can* speak grammatically, perhaps, does not try to speak at all; and yet he sneers at the other, and says, "Well, really, I wonder that such fellows should preach; what is the good of them?" Now, until you have done better than he does, do not find fault with him. God uses him; so surely you ought not to despise him! The fact is, brethren, that the learned and educated minister is necessary and useful; we have no right to sneer at those who have gone through a College course, and earned a high degree of learning, for they are useful; but, on the other hand, who among us hears of such men as Pychard Weaver, and Mr. Carter, and others who are labouring amongst the poor, and dares to despise them? If I might have my choice, I should prefer to work with them rather than with the fine-spun gentlemen; but, still, every man in his own order, each man after his own fashion; let the one take his position and the other take his position, and never say a jealous or an angry word of each other, neither let one thrust another, but each one go straight on in his own path.

*So it ought to be with all our churches.* In this great city of London, there is no excuse for anything like jealousy amongst the various Christian churches. If we were to build as many places of worship as would reach, set side by side, from here to London Bridge, on both sides of the road, and without a single house or shop in all the distance, and if we were to put gospel preachers into them all, I believe they could all be filled without any of them being a hindrance to another, for the millions in this city are so enormous that there is no chance of our being jostled by one another. We are like fishermen in the deep sea; because there are a hundred boats, they need not any of them come off the worse. If there were fifty thousand boats, they could all be full where the fish are so abundant. Perhaps you say, "I hear Mr. So-and-so, and what a dear man he is!" Very likely he is, but so is somebody else. It would be a great pity if everybody could hear only one man. It would be a very sad thing if everybody wanted to come to the Tabernacle, for we cannot make it any bigger than it is;



and it would be a very wretched thing if everybody wanted to go somewhere else, for then we should have an empty house; but now each one listening according as his own spiritual taste may guide him, or as his spiritual appetite may dictate to him, we are formed into different communities, which prosper individually, but which would glorify God much more if all disunion were cast aside, and if we sought each other's good, and profit, and edification.

*And so, to conclude, it ought to be with the different denominations.* I sometimes think that these will continue for ever. They are of no hurt to the Church of God, but a great blessing; for some of them take up one point of truth which is neglected, and others take up another; and so, between them all, the whole of truth is brought out: and it seems to me that the Church of Christ is even more one than if all the various sections were brought together into one grand ecclesiastical corporation; for this would, probably, feed some ambitious person's vanity, and raise up another dynasty of priestcraft, like the old Babylon of Rome. Perhaps it is quite as well as it is; but let each body of Christians keep to its own work, and not sneer at the work of others. Let all feel, "We have this to do, and we will do it in the name of God." Let each body of Christians try to correct its neighbour in its errors and mistakes, but let each work hand in hand, and stand foot to foot in the common battle and the common service; for, O my brethren, the time will come when our little narrow jealousies will all melt away like the hoar frost when the sun arises! When the King shall come in his glory, or we are carried to the other side of the stream of death, and see beyond the curtain which parts us from the invisible world, we shall look with very different eyes upon some things which seem so important now. We shall then see that God has forbidden us to glory in anything but the cross of Christ, and that the one thing needful, after all, to contend for was, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

Now, may the Lord help us to go straight on in our own paths, not one thrusting another, but all working together for God. And if there be any among us who are not converted, let me remind them that they are out of order, and let me tell them what comes of that. When a man sets himself in opposition to God's laws, they crush him as surely as he is there. Throw yourself from the Monument, and the law of gravitation will not be suspended to save you. Even so, if you are out of order with God, there is no help for it; but your destruction is certain, if you remain opposed to him. Oh, that you may be led, by divine grace, to get into order with God,—to be reconciled unto God by the death of his Son! He tells you the way to get into order. It is this,—simply trust Jesus. That is the way to rectify all errors. He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved. May God bless us all with that salvation, for his name's sake! Amen.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit

PLOUGHING A ROCK.

## A Sermon

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DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

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On Lord's-day Evening, September 12th, 1875.

"Shall horses run upon the rock? will one plow there with oxen?"—Amos vi. 12.

THESE two questions are evidently Oriental proverbial expressions. Proverbs have always been used by the wisest of men. Solomon not only spoke and wrote a great many, but he also made a considerable collection of those uttered by others. We find, in the writings of such notable thinkers as Socrates, and Pliny, and Aristotle, an abundance of short, pithy sentences, many of which can be used as proverbs. Proverbs have great force in them, because they are condensed wisdom. They are generally most convincing; it is hardly ever possible to answer or controvert them. They carry truth home as an arrow has often been known to carry death to the person aimed at, for they strike, they stick, they penetrate, they wound. Our Lord Jesus very frequently made use of proverbs; nor was he singular in so doing. The prophets of old constantly employed them; and here, in our text, we see Amos,—who, from his occupation as a herdsman and gatherer of sycamore fruit, was probably more familiar with their use than some others of the prophets were,—puts together two proverbs which were commonly used to signify that men do not, as a rule, continue to labour in vain, and spend their strength for nought. Wise men do not send their horses to run upon the rocks; and they do not send their oxen to plough where all their toil would be wasted: "Shall horses run upon the rock? Will one plough there with oxen?" The answer implied is, "Certainly not," and it means that, if a thing cannot be done, or is not worth doing if it can, it will be well for us not to attempt to do it. Our text may have two bearings; first, upon men, and, secondly, upon God.

I. First, WITH REGARD TO MEN; they are not usually so foolish as to try to plough a rock, yet many are as foolish as that in moral and spiritual matters.

I want to give you three or four illustrations of this fact. The No. 2,977.

first is, that *many persons have tried to find the way of safety and pleasure in the way of sin.* Many a man has sought to get rich by injustice; possibly, he has succeeded to a certain extent; but, as a general rule, it is notorious that ill-gotten riches are generally ill-spent, and bring a curse upon their possessors. Some have thought that, if they indulged their passions, they would have great enjoyment. Although their fathers warned them that such a sin would be like self-destruction, and would make their whole life sad, they have not believed it would be so, and they have tried to plough this hard rock of sin, and to find lasting pleasure therein. There are hundreds and thousands of men, who are pursuing the way which is not good,—and they know it is not good, yet they foolishly continue in it because they conceive it to be the path of pleasure, nor can you beat that false notion out of their heads, do what you may. On the contrary, they turn round upon you, and call you a “Puritan,” because you object to their style of living. Possibly, they revile you as a hypocrite because you point out the evils of the way in which they are walking. Yet, if they would but think at all seriously, they must perceive that the way of sin cannot lead to happiness. It is absolutely inconceivable that God, who made the whole universe, should have arranged that the terminus of sin should be heaven, or should have made the path of evil lead to joy and peace. The Judge of all the earth cannot have put a premium upon wickedness; in the long run, it must be proved that sin brings forth sorrow, and that the path of right is the path of peace. Yet many will not see that it must be so; and they continue, even to the bitter end of life, to plough that rock, breaking the ploughshare, wearing out the ox, and themselves dying a death of miserable disappointment, which, if they had not been arrant fools, they would never have had to endure, for they would never have attempted so hopeless a task as that of trying to find any real pleasure in the ways of sin. As well might you sow the sea with salt, and expect to reap from it a harvest of golden sheaves;—as well might you scatter firebrands, and expect to gather from them the cooling streams that flow from the mountain spring, as live in sin, and expect to receive happiness as the result of doing so. Cease, O sons of men, such an act of madness as the ploughing of this rock must ever be!

Others are attempting another equally absurd task. They are *hoping to find real joy in pursuits which are laudable in themselves, but which are entirely of this world.* Did you ever read the book called “The Mirage of Life”? It is a book which is well worth everyone’s reading. The author gives, in sets of pictures, the life of the man of pleasure, the life of the courtier, the life of the philosopher; the life of the statesman, the life of the warrior, and so on; with a very fair selection of facts from the lives of such men, with the object of showing that, although each one of them was eminent in his own line of things, and apparently successful in that line, yet they all failed to find the precious jewel of solid satisfaction. Most of them lived in a sort of perpetual weariness, and when, at last, they died, and their eyes were opened,

they found that their pretty dreams had all vanished, and that the reality, when they beheld it, was dreary indeed. There have been men,—perhaps some of you have known them,—who have had more wealth than you and I would care to count; yet they have thought themselves poor, and so they really were, for they were incapable of enjoying the riches which they had amassed. There have been men who have been crowned with laurel, who have had all sorts of honours heaped upon them; yet, when a friend has wished them a happy new year, they have said, "Then it had need be a very different year from any that we have ever yet experienced." The high places of the world, like the mountain tops, are glassy with icy dangers, and they are cold with discontent. Many try to clamber up to them, and a few reach the summit, but others perish in the crevasses. Yet those who reach the summit often envy those who are in the vale below, and those in the valley envy those on the heights; for, beneath yon moon, there is no contentment to be found in earthly things either in the peasant's hut or the monarch's palace. The man, whose arm is not long enough to grasp that which lies in the land beyond the stars, will have to live and die without attaining to perfect satisfaction. Man, it is not here below that God has placed that which you want. The bread for your souls must come from heaven. That which can satisfy your immortal spirit must be divine, like the Creator who made you. God alone can satisfy the cravings of your soul. Cease, then, to toil, and tug, and fret, and fume, and waste your time and strength in seeking happiness in these bubbles of earth. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," in so far as you need them; but as for seeking them first, plough that rock no longer, for it will yield you no return for all your toil.

Men of another sort are satisfied that the things of this world are not sufficient to render a man perfectly happy, so *they have religious thoughts of a certain form*. They believe that they are very good, and excellent, and they mean to make themselves still better, and so to get perfect peace by feeling that they are what they ought to be, and have done what they ought to have done. I remember when I ploughed that hard rock, and entertained the hope of getting a very fine crop off it; but I woke, one morning, to discover that the rock would not yield even the moss or lichen of comfort to me; there was nothing on its surface that could bring me any contentment. Self-righteousness is a great cheat. The man who gets most comfort out of it simply gets that comfort because he is ignorant; if he knew himself, and knew God's law, and knew the demands of inflexible justice, he would fling upon the nearest dung-hill that self-righteousness of his, which looks like fair white linen, but which really is, in God's sight, nothing but filthy rags. O sir, ye cannot find your way to heaven by your own works, for the only way to heaven by works is perfectly to keep the law of God, and you have broken that law already. You must present this matchless vase, flawless and entire, at the gates of glory if you would be saved by works, but you have already shattered it in a thou-

sand pieces; how can you hope to mend it? That is impossible; the hope of salvation by a perfect life is over, and you must each one feel that your life has been imperfect already.

*Some hope that they will get perfect peace by the way of ceremonies.* Many people tell us that we are living in a very enlightened age, but I am inclined to think that Carlyle was uncommonly near the mark when he said that "the United Kingdom contains about thirty millions of people,—mostly fools," for it does seem as if people, nowadays, were fools to a very large extent. For instance, a man says that, if we will come and confess our sins to him, he can forgive us in the name of God; and that he can, by sprinkling a few drops of water upon a child, and uttering certain words, transform an heir of wrath into an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven; and that, if we come to what he calls an altar, he will give us the very body and blood of Christ to eat and drink. Well, when I was young, I thought, that anybody, who talked like that, ought to be served like the gipsies who were put in prison for taking sixpences from silly servants, and pretending to tell their fortunes; and, in later years, I have been sometimes surprised that the law has not been put in motion against these gentlemen; for, certainly, the imposture which they seek to foist upon us is a far more terrible one than that of the fortune-telling gipsies. The so-called "priest" has no power to forgive sins, or to change the nature of the child he sprinkles, or to offer the sacrifice of the mass. There is nothing more in him than there is in anybody else; and let him talk as loudly as he may, his pretensions are utterly vain and worthless. If you trust to him, the result to you will be the same as it has been to tens of thousands before you; for you will find that all the ceremonies which men have invented, yea, and all the rites that God himself has given, cannot bring healing to a soul diseased, or hush the tumult of an awakened conscience, or bring the soul into a state of conscious reconciliation with the Most High. O sirs, you may be sprinkled, and confirmed, and immersed, and go to the communion table, and do I know not what beside; yea, you may travel along seven thousand leagues of ceremonialism, but you will be just as uneasy at the end as you were at the beginning. That is not the way of peace, neither will God make it to be so. It is ploughing a rock, and no harvest can possibly come of it.

Some are trying the equally impossible task of *being saved by Jesus Christ when they shall have prepared themselves for him.* In other words, they talk about being saved by Christ; but, in their heart of hearts, they do not think that Christ can save them till they have reached a certain standard of excellence. Now we know, from the Scriptures, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save this people from their sins, and he will do it from first to last, or not at all. He will be the Alpha and the Omega—the A and the Z of salvation's alphabet, or else he will have nothing to do with it; yet thousands of hearers of the gospel are constantly saying, "We will believe in Jesus when we feel our sins more,—when we feel more repentance,—when we have done this, and felt that, and

experienced the other." Ah, sirs, this plan of bringing Christ in at the fag end of the work, after you have accomplished the first part of it yourselves, is a most foolish mistake, and a fatal one, too. It is like setting oxen to plough a rock. Let me ask you,—Are you any better than you used to be? You have been trying, for a long while, to make yourselves ready for Christ; are you any more ready than you were at the first? Has it never struck you that Hart's lines are true?

"If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all."

Thus I have shown you how the text can be applied with regard to men.

II. Now, secondly, I want to show you how these proverbs can be applied WITH REGARD TO GOD: "Shall horses run upon the rock? Will one plough there with oxen?"

God does not always continue to do that which, after a certain period, turns out to be unprofitable. Dear friends, there are some of you—I pray God to grant that there may not be any of you of whom this will remain true, but it is at present true that *there are some of you to whom the gospel has come in vain*. Up till now, so far as you are concerned, the gospel plough has only gone across a rock; the truth preached in your hearing has not gained an entrance into your heart. Oh, how many come and hear us preach merely that they may compare us with other preachers! They pass certain criticisms upon our mode, and manner, and matter. We do not know, and we do not care, what they say; but the point that really concerns us is that we cannot get the gospel plough into them, we cannot make them feel, and repent, and believe. A great master of the art of preaching once said, when his congregation complimented him on having delivered a fine discourse, "There is another sermon lost." He did not want his hearers to praise his discourse, he wanted them to feel the power of the truth which he had preached to them; and so do we. But there are some hearers into whom we do not know how to get the truth. We may put it, first in one way, and then in another way; sometimes, pathetically; and, at other times, we may make use of a little humour; we may denounce or allure; but we are equally foiled in whatever way we attempt to reach them. We cannot get the plough in where we want it to go; and if ever the share does seem to make a little impression, it only produces a slight surface scratch. Some of you have had a good many of those scratches. You have thought, "When I get out of this place, I will go home and pray," but you have not done so; or, if you have prayed, your seriousness has soon vanished, and the impression made upon you in the service has expended itself in that prayer.

What is worst of all, in some of you, *God's dealing with you, in the preaching of the gospel, has developed the hardness of your hearts*. It has made others realize how hard they are, and, truth to tell, it has really hardened them. Ploughing does not harden rocks, but preaching does harden sinners if the gospel does not reach their

hearts; and, of all hard-hearted men, the hardest are those who have been hardened in the fire of the gospel. If you want to find a heart that is as hard as steel, you must look for one that has passed through the furnace of divine love, and has been made aware of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, but has rejected the truth that has been made known to it.

This hardening of heart is not the fault of the ploughshares which have been used; and, *with some of you, God has used a great many.* There is a man here, who used to be ploughed by God when he was a child, and the ploughshares employed then were his mother's tears. He cannot forget them; even now, as I bring them to his memory, he feels as if he must weep as he did when he was a child. Ah, my friend, that mother of yours is in heaven now; but, if she could look down upon her son, and tears could be shed in heaven, what cause she would have to weep over you! She prayed for you when you were nestling in her bosom, and she took you to the house of God from your very early days. You can remember her very look when she used to speak to you about Jesus when you were quite a little child, and perhaps you remember her dying request that you would follow her to heaven; but that ploughshare—one of God's best,—has never cut into your rocky heart yet, and you still remain as hard as ever you were.

Since that time, God has tried you with the ploughshare of personal sickness. You have not always been such a strong man as you are to-day. Time was when you lay very near the gates of death, and you trembled at the prospect before you! Do you remember when the fever seized you, or when you thought the cholera had claimed you as its victim? You did tremble then, and you made many vows, which all proved to be lies; and you made a profession of repentance, but it was mere profession; and though you appeared, just for a little while, to be touched, and those who were around you, who had prayed for you, hoped that at last the ploughshare had entered into you, they found that you rose up from that bed of sickness worse than you were before.

Since then, God has used another sharp ploughshare upon you,—the conversion of some of those who are very near and dear to you. You were not at all pleased when your wife came home a converted woman, but you could not help feeling it; and when your sister wrote and told you that she was rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour, you could not pour ridicule upon the letter, and, as you read it, it brought tears to your eyes. You quickly wiped them away, and said that you were not such a fool as to trouble about so absurd a matter, yet it was not easy for you to forget the emotion which the news had caused. Possibly, your own dear child, whom you love very much, has made a profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, yet you do not know anything, experimentally, about such faith as that. This is a very sharp ploughshare, and none can think lightly of it but those who are unaware of its operation. To have your relatives and friends converted, and to be yourself left out of the happy circle of blessing, ought to make you think seriously about this matter.

Another ploughshare has gone across your rocky heart from the fact that some of your old companions are dead. One was buried this week, was he not? You used to drink and smoke with him, but there will be no more pipes and beer on a Sunday night for you two. You know right well that he died without the fear of God in his heart, and you also know that you are living in the same sad and perilous condition. It gave you quite a shock when someone said to you, "Old Tom is dead." You have also seen several of your business friends die. There was that clerk who was in the office with you a little while ago; he is gone; and you have been called to occupy his place. Death has come awfully near you again and again. You have been like a soldier on the field of battle, who saw the ranks on every side of him mown down, yet he still lived on. God's plough has been at work with you; he has been trying, by these striking providential dealings, to touch your hard heart; but it has not yielded yet. Do you think that God means to keep on ploughing you to no effect? If you do, you are wonderfully mistaken, for the oxen will not always plough upon this rock; and when it comes to this pass, that neither can love melt you, nor terrors subdue you, God will say, "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone," and when God says that, your doom will be sealed. May God grant that he may never have to say that concerning any whom I am now addressing!

I have thus shown you that you have been like a piece of granite rock, untouched by all the different ploughshares which have been tried upon you. There is another thought that I must not forget, and that is, *you have wearied the workers*. I pity the poor oxen that have to plough a rock; they plod on and on, and all their toil is wasted. The hardest form of labour is that which produces no result. I remember being in a military prison, where they punish the men by making them carry cannon balls from one end of the yard to another, and bring them back again,—a very senseless practice. The sergeant who accompanied me said, "When we let the men carry the balls from this end of the yard, to make them into a pyramid at the other end, there was some kind of amusement in the task, so the rule was made that the man must carry the ball from this end of the yard, and bring it back again, and his toil seems to be so altogether fruitless that it becomes a double punishment to him." It is certainly a very great trial for a man to have to work for nothing, and to feel that all he is doing will result in nothing. There are some of us, who have had to do with you unconverted folk, and we have sometimes felt that we have been very hardly used,—we oxen that have to plough such hard rocks as you are. The first part of my text says, "Shall horses run upon the rock?" I remember going over a smooth, rocky place in the Alps, which is called Hell-place, because it is so very slippery. Well, horses could not be expected to run over rocks like those, and it is not surprising that they sometimes trip; and if the preacher occasionally trips, it is little wonder when he has such rocks as those to go over. George Herbert says that the sins of hearers sometimes make the preacher trip, and so it is. There



is often, in the hearer, that which makes the preacher speak amiss. I remember pleading one night here with all my soul, and I said, "If some of you, who are listening to me, never mean to accept Christ as your Saviour, do not continue to sit in this place, and hear the gospel, but go away, and let somebody, who will accept him, occupy your seat." I did not think that one of my hearers would take me at my word; but there was one, over whom I have never ceased to lament, and for whom I still pray, who says that he will never come here again, because he is one of those who will never receive Christ; and, though he would still like to hear me preach, he will never occupy another person's place. It was a mistake on my part to say just what I did, but I do not think I should have tripped like that if the rock had not been so hard and smooth.

It is hard for a horse to have to run upon such a rock as that, and it is hard for the oxen to keep on ploughing there. I have had over twenty years of this kind of ploughing upon some of you, and I have made nothing of you yet. Thank God, there are not many of your sort, but there is still a remnant left of the old Park-streeters, who were "almost persuaded" then, and they are "almost persuaded" still; and I am "almost persuaded" that I shall never be able to do them any good. It seems to me that there is nothing which I can say that will ever reach their hearts, or else, surely, it would have reached them before now. I am always glad when I hear that some other preacher attracts them, and that they are listening to him with interest; for, as long as they get saved, I shall not mind how it is done. Still, it is hard lines for us to have to preach for twenty years to some of you, and to have all that labour for nothing. If anybody would teach me how to preach better, I would gladly go to school again, and learn how to get at some of your hearts. If they would teach me how to speak in such a vulgar style that I should lose my reputation, but be blessed to the saving of your souls, I would willingly fling my reputation to the winds; or if I could learn the art of oratory, I would go and sit at the feet of Cicero or Demosthenes, if I could but get at your superfine hearts, that want such fine words before they will be touched. But I fear that it is the oxen's fate to go on ploughing, and ploughing, and ploughing, and to get weary with the labour, and yet to see no result of it all.

One other thing that I want you to recollect,—you who remain unconverted after all this effort,—and that is, *if the same labour, which has been lost upon you, had been used elsewhere, it might have been profitable.* Christ said, concerning Bethsaida and Chorazin, a very wonderful thing, which I do not fully understand, but which I absolutely believe: "If the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes." It is a very extraordinary thing that God should send the gospel to men who do not get any good out of it, and not send it to people who would have got good out of it. There are people, possibly, even in London, certainly, in other parts of the earth, who would have been con-

verted if they had heard the gospel as much as you have done; yet you have heard it, and have not been converted. That same digging about and dunging, that would have made other trees bring forth much fruit, has been used in vain upon you, for you have brought forth no fruit; and you have stood there, and occupied a plot of ground, which a better tree might have occupied. You have cumbered the ground; do you think that God will always allow you to do that? Have you,—who live in the country, and have a large orchard,—have you a tree that has borne no fruit for many years? I am sure that, if so, you mean to have it cut down before long; and God means to have some of you cut down, and that ere long, it may be. I tremble even as I speak to you thus, for I may be a prophet foretelling the destruction of your soul. May God, in his infinite mercy, grant that you may repent ere his axe of judgment falls upon you!

Any man in his senses, when he finds that the rock will not break, gives up ploughing it. The ancient proverb says, "Will one plough *there* with oxen?" and God, though infinitely merciful, is equally wise; and if, after the use of means which are blessed elsewhere, any heart still remains hard, he may fairly say, "I have done with it; I give it up to its natural rockiness, and so let it continue for ever." That is the end of the matter, and a terrible end it is; and I do not know anything more that I can say about it. I have preached the gospel thousands of times, and I have nothing to preach but the gospel; but these people will not have that, so what more can I say to them? A man came to me, the other day, and asked me to pray for him. He was one to whom I had many times explained the gospel, and after I had again done so, he said to me, "Will you pray for me, sir?" I said, "No, I will not." He asked, "Why not?" and I replied, "Do you want me to ask God to save you apart from the gospel? I have told you the gospel again and again; will you accept it? If you will not, I shall not ask God to save you; how can I do so? I cannot expect him to save you if you will not have the gospel. If you will have it, that will save you. If you will not have it, you will be lost, and it is no use for me to pray for you."

There I had to leave the matter so far as that man was concerned, but let me say this much to God's people,—You see that we cannot do anything with this rock. The oxen are quite tired out with their useless labour, so let us pray to God to turn that rock into good soil. It needs a miracle to be wrought, and only God can work it. Let us unite our prayers, and cry to God, "O Lord, thou didst change our rocky hearts into good soil, where the good seed could enter, and germinate, and grow; change these rocks, we beseech thee!" Here is the reason for our prayer-meetings, and for our private intercession. We can do nothing with these rocky hearts; so let us turn to God, who can do everything. Then I may add that, if you will pray God to change these rocky hearts, I will go on preaching to them. The weary ox will go on ploughing again, hard as it has found the work for these twenty years and more. If you will pray, I will preach. If you pray God to make

the rock friable, and break it up, I will plough it again, and I should not wonder if the ploughshare gets into some of them at last, so that there may yet be a golden harvest to God's honour and glory.

Let me put the plough in one minute more. The greatest rock-breaking plough that I know of is the one that broke me up. If that will not do it, I do not know of any other that will. When Christ died upon the cross, among other wonderful things that happened, we read that "the rocks rent, and the graves were opened." Ah, it was a dying Christ that rent the rocks! Sinner, listen once more to—

"The old, old story  
Of Jesus and his love."

Thou hast offended and grieved thy God, and thy God is just, and must punish thee for thy wrongdoing; but, in order that he may not punish thee, he has taken upon himself thy nature, and come into this world to suffer in the sinner's stead, and borne what was due to human sin in his own body on the tree. Out of pure love to those who were his enemies, out of love to those hearts that are so hard that they will not love him, out of love to those who have, perhaps, for fifty years rejected and despised him,—for love, for the sake of love alone, he died upon the tree, "the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." And now, if thou wilt trust him, thou shalt at once have the pardon of all thy sins. If thou wilt trust him, ~~thou~~ shalt be—

"To the great Father's bosom pressed,  
Once for all a child confessed."

Thou shalt be cleansed in a moment, and accepted and saved for ever, if thou dost trust the incarnate, dying, risen, glorified Redeemer. God grant that this ploughshare of the cross may touch thee! Law and terrors, I know full well, do not affect some men; but almighty love—will not that affect them? "God grant that it may, and unto him shall be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

AMOS VI. 1-8; AND VII. 1-6.

Amos was a herdsman, and a gatherer of sycomore fruit. His words are rugged, but sometimes he rises to sublimity. His expressions are somewhat dark, and not readily to be understood; but when we learn the meaning of them, we perceive that they are full of deep, earnest, solemn warning and instruction.

Chapter vi. Verse 1. *Woe to them that are at ease in Zion, and trust in the mountain of Samaria, which are named chief of the nations, to whom the house of Israel came!*

It was a time of great sin, and also of great judgment, yet there were some in Zion who were quite at ease under all that was happening. No sense of sin grieved them, no thought of coming judgment alarmed them. What did they care if the nation went to rack and ruin? What did it signify to them that God was angry with his people? They were atheists;

or, at least, they acted as if they were. Whatever might happen, they would run the risk of it. "Woe," says God, to all such people as these; and when the Lord says "Woe" to anyone, it is indeed woe, for he never speaks thus without cause.

2. *Pass ye unto Calneh, and see; and from thence go ye to Hamath the great: then go down to Gath of the Philistines: be they better than these kingdoms? or their border greater than your border?*

The Lord points to other cities which had been destroyed,—to Calneh, and Hamath, and Gath, which he had smitten because of the sin of the people who had lived there; and he says, "Ye that dwell at Jerusalem, and ye that live at Samaria, do not imagine that ye will escape the consequences of your sin. I was able to reach the inhabitants of these proud cities, despite their strong fortifications and their powerful armies; and I can reach you also." So, when we look back upon the judgments of God upon guilty men, we may conclude that no sinner has any right to think that he shall escape. The proudest and mightiest have been brought down by God; and so will men, who dare to resist the Most High, continue to be humbled, even to the world's end.

3. *Ye that put far away the evil day,—*

Ye who say, "There is time enough yet. Let us see a little more of life; why need we be in a hurry to seek salvation?" "Ye that put far away the evil day,"—

3. *And cause the seat of violence to come near;*

For, when men try to postpone thoughts about "the judgment," which is to follow "after death," they are generally the more eager to indulge in sin. They say, "There is time enough yet," because they want a longer period for yet greater indulgence in sinful ways. The Lord cries "Woe" to all such people as these.

4. *That lie upon beds of ivory,*

They were men of wealth, who spent their money upon all manner of luxuries while the poor of the land were perishing through want.

4. *And stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall;*

It was, as I have said, a time of danger, when war was at the gates; but the people were so careless that they lived as if peace were established for ever, and the enemy could never touch them; their expenditure was at a high rate for self-indulgence, and for that only.

5. *That chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of musick, like David;*

But not for the same purpose as David played and sang; his instruments of music were used for spiritual solace and the worship of God; but these people set their wits to work to find out how their music might inflame their lusts, and be a vehicle for the expression of their lascivious desires.

6. *That drink wine in bowls,*

For seldom can a careless man crown the edifice of his sin without indulging in drunkenness; he must have the sensual delight that he finds in "the flowing bowl."

6. *And anoint themselves with the chief ointments: but they are not grieved, for the affliction of Joseph.*

It is not wrong for a person, to whom God has given much of the good things of this life, to enjoy them fitly and reasonably. The sin of these people consisted in the fact that, when others were afflicted, they took that opportunity to indulge themselves in all the delights of the flesh; and

when God's rod was being used for chastisement, they went on with their sinful mirth to show how little they cared about it.

Probably I am addressing some who have, at this very moment, a sore sickness in the house; or it may be that a beloved wife is scarcely cold in her grave, or a dear child has only just sobbed itself into its death-sleep; yet the survivors are running after amusements, and pleasures, and follies, more wildly than ever, as if to hush the voice of conscience, and to forget the strokes of God's rod. Oh, that this very solemn chapter might convey a warning message to them!

7. *Therefore now shall they go captive with the first that go captive, and the banquet of them that stretched themselves shall be removed.*

Whenever God does come forth to execute judgment upon the ungodly, he will first pick out those who have defied him the most. Those who have the proudest spirit and the hardest heart shall be the first to feel the strokes of his rod.

8. *The LORD GOD hath sworn by himself, saith the LORD the God of hosts, I abhor the excellency of Jacob, and hate his palaces: therefore will I deliver up the city with all that is therein.*

The next chapter shows that, even when God was very angry with the wicked, there was still wonderful power in prayer.

Chapter vii. Verses 1—3. *Thus hath the Lord GOD shewed unto me; and, behold, he formed grasshoppers in the beginning of the shooting up of the latter growth; and, lo, it was the latter growth after the king's mowings. And it came to pass, that when they had made an end of eating the grass of the land, then I said, O Lord GOD, forgive, I beseech thee: by whom shall Jacob arise? for he is small. The LORD repented for this: It shall not be, saith the LORD.*

In a vision, the prophet saw the locusts or grasshoppers come to devour all the green things of the land,—a very terrible visitation. If you have never seen it, you cannot realize how utterly bare everything is made after the visit of the locusts.

The prophet put up a vehement and earnest prayer; he cried, "O Lord God, forgive;" and, no sooner was the intercession offered than the Lord said, "It shall not be." Thus the impending judgment was turned away.

4--6. *Thus hath the Lord GOD shewed unto me: and, behold, the Lord GOD called to contend by fire, and it devoured the great deep, and did eat up a part. Then said I, O Lord GOD, cease, I beseech thee: by whom shall Jacob arise? for he is small. The LORD repented for this: This also shall not be, saith the Lord GOD.*

This time, the prophet saw the fire devouring the land,—perhaps the fire of war, which casts its blazing brand upon peaceful dwellings. This fire, however, was something worse than that, for the very deep itself seemed to be licked up by tongues of flame; and the prophet, in hearty sympathy with the afflicted people, cried again as he had done before, and the answer came, "This also shall not be, saith the Lord God." This ought to encourage you who are the King's remembrancers to make use of the position in which his grace has placed you, and to cry earnestly to him to turn away his wrathful hand, and have pity upon sinners. God grant that many of us may have such an intercessory spirit as that of Amos the hard-man-prophet!

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—551, 527;

AND FROM "SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS"—20

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

POWER WITH GOD.

## A Sermon

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DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON.

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Thursday Evening, September 16th, 1876.*

"As a prince hast thou power with God."—Genesis xxxii. 28.

MEN think a great deal of anyone who has power with royalty. If it was said, concerning somebody in this place, "That individual has very great power with the Queen," there are a great many of you who would turn at once to look at that person. He who has great power with an earthly prince is sure to have many followers round about him, who will pay him homage for the sake of the advantage which they hope to gain through his mediation. But, dear friends, what a far greater honour it is to have power with the King of kings! Power with men may be an evil thing, but what blessing must come from power with God! How it ennobles the soul of the man who possesses it! This man Jacob, who has power with God, is called Israel, a prince, for so he is; only princes have no such dignity as his, unless they, too, have power with God, for he is "a prince of God."

What a comprehensive blessing it must be to have power with God; for he who has power with God must have power with men. Creatures must submit where the Creator himself has yielded. If you can have your way with the Master, you may depend upon it that you can have your way with his servants. The man who has power with God must be safe. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" No weapon that is formed against such a man can prosper, and every tongue that rises against him in judgment he can condemn; for, having power with God, he shall be able to plant his foot upon the neck of his adversaries, and to reign over those who rebel against him. Such a man as that cannot be in want. If he has power with God, he will tell him about his needs, and they shall all be supplied. He will confess his sins, and they will be forgiven. God will deal well with the man who has power with him. There is such a wide range of blessing here that I must not stop to  
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enlarge upon it. If you have power with God, you will see that this is a weapon which, like the flaming sword at the gate of the garden of Eden, turneth every way. Or I may say of it what David said of the sword of Goliath, "There is none like that; give it me." Human language can never tell a thousandth part of the value of power with God.

I. I want you to note, first, WHAT THIS POWER CANNOT BE: "power with God."

You scarcely need to be told that *it cannot be anything like physical force in opposition to God*. It is power with God, not power against God, that is mentioned in our text. No creature, however mighty, can have any power to stand in opposition to Omnipotence. Who are we that we should ever stand up to oppose the Most High? Let the tow contend with the fierce flame, or the wax with the burning heat, but let us not contend with God. If we did so, we should be, like the moth in the candle, utterly consumed. The strongest and the proudest men must be but as stubble in the day of God's anger. In fact, to think of man having any power against God is sheer madness, for we have not any power at all apart from God. We only exist because he wills it. The breath in our nostrils is his gift moment by moment; we should go back to the nothingness from which we sprang if he withdrew, for a single instant, his sustaining hand. Man has no power against God. O you foolish sinners, who are resisting him, give up the unequal battle! I charge you, before God, to count the cost of a contest with your Maker before you begin it. As well might a potsherd strive with <sup>the</sup> ~~him~~, who moulds it as for you, a creature, to strive with your Creator. He will break you in pieces, like a potter's vessels, in the day of his anger. Therefore, be wise, and end the fight, and be at peace with him.

Neither can this "power with God" mean *mental power*. There are persons, who seem to exalt their intellect even above God himself. It is a fine thing to be gifted with powers of argument, and to have a keen reasoning faculty; but, at the same time, to some people, these are very dangerous possessions. I know certain individuals, who say that they will never believe what they cannot understand. If they adhere to that determination, they will never believe in their own existence, for they certainly cannot understand that. They seek to overthrow the Word of God and the doctrines of the gospel with their subtle wit and profound thought; but it is sheer madness for human folly to contend with divine wisdom. It is insanity carried to the very highest point for even the wisest of men to think that their intellects are a match for the omniscience of God, for "the foolishness of God is wiser than men." Even the simplicity of the gospel,—and it is very simple,—and "the foolishness of preaching,"—which, in some people's esteem, is utter foolishness, shall win the victory, while those who imagine that they are wise shall be proved to be fools. Brothers and sisters, let us never attempt to argue any case in opposition to God's will, for we cannot have any power with him in that way. Let us always surrender our judgment to the teaching of his Word, and conform our will to

his will. If we ever think that a certain course is best, but it is evident, by the working of God's providence, that he does not think so, let us not for a single moment hold a debate with him; but let us say, as David did, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it." If God does anything, that is enough for us. If God says anything, that is enough for us. Instead of arguing and reasoning, "It is written," or "God has said it," is sufficient to settle any question that concerns a Christian.

It is almost needful, in these days of superstition, to say that *neither can any man have any magical power with God*; for, albeit that people nowadays would be ashamed to confess that they believed in magical arts, yet something very akin to it seems still to exist among mankind. They suppose that there is some efficacy in the mere repetition of certain words. I am sure they must think so, for they do not put their hearts into the words; but they are quite content if they have galloped through a collect, or some set form of prayer. Another supposition is that the prayer is all the better for being offered by a certain individual who is ordained to that particular work, so those who are sick send for an official to come and "pray to them,"—I have often heard that expression, as though it was thought that this person, by reading a prayer out of a book, could, by a sort of magic, do the sick one good. O sirs, mere words strung together, whether they be in Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin, or English, are of no avail before God! It is the utterance of *the heart* that he hears, and you must never imagine that there is any excellence in a certain arrangement of letters and sounds, or that certain men, by the use of these words, can bring down blessings from above. Oh, no; Jacob had no *abracadabra*, no talisman, no magic, no charm, no enchantment; and God forbid that you and I should ever be such heathens as to believe that there is any power with God in any such things! God is not prevailed upon to grant his blessings by any such fooleries as these; he utterly abhors them.

And, again, when we speak of having power with God, *we must not suppose that any man can have any meritorious power with God*. It has been thought, by some people, that a man can attain to a certain degree of merit, and that, then, he will receive heaven's blessings;—if he offers a certain number of prayers, if he does this, or feels that, or suffers the other, then he will stand in high favour with God. Many are living under this delusion; and, in their way, are trying to get power with God by what they are, or do, or suffer. They think they would get power with God if they were to feel sin more, or if they were to weep more, or if they were to repent more. It is always something that they are to do, or something they are to produce in themselves, which they are to bring before God, so that, when he sees it, he will say, "Now I will have mercy upon you, and grant you the blessing you crave." O dear friends, all this is contrary to the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ! There is far more power with God in the humble acknowledgment of sinfulness than in a boastful claim of cleanliness,—much more power in pleading that grace will forgive than in asking that justice should reward; because, when we plead our emptiness and sin, we plead the truth;



but when we talk about our goodness and meritorious doings, we plead a lie; and lies can never have any power in the presence of the God of truth. O brethren and sisters, let us for ever shake off from us, as we would shake a viper from our hand, all idea that, by any goodness of ours, which even the Spirit of God might work in us, we should be able to deserve anything at God's hands, and to claim as a right anything from the justice of our Maker!

II. Now, secondly, let us enquire *WHENCE THIS POWER PROCEEDS*. If anyone asks, "How can a man have power with God?" the answer is, "Not because the power is in him, but he can have power with God by reason of something that is in God."

First, *God's people get power with him from the very character of God's nature*. You will soon see what I mean. Have you ever visited a family in the depths of poverty, and found them with a few rags to sleep upon, with nothing whatever in the cupboard, with a child dying for want of food, mother and father with pinched countenances, who tell you that, for the last forty-eight hours, they have had nothing whatever to eat? And have you not felt that they have had power over you, so that you could not help relieving them? I am certain that it has been so, if you have a tender heart, and are of a gracious, generous spirit. The power that they have over you does not arise from their riches, but quite the reverse, from their poverty. Their power over you does not lie in their being respectable and well-to-do,—quite the opposite; their power over you lies in their being in abject distress. Their misery has power to excite your pity. Because you see them in such a sad state, you, being a man of compassionate spirit, are straightway moved to try to relieve them. There is many a spectacle of suffering and sorrow, in this world, that even a strong man cannot bear to look at, especially if he is unable to relieve those who are in distress. Now, if we, being evil, are so stirred by the sight of human misery, how much more is our Heavenly Father, who is all goodness, and tenderness, and gentleness, and love, moved to pity by the miseries of his children. Whenever you and I come to him, it is wise for us to plead before him our weakness, that he may pity it, and make us strong,—our poverty, that he may pity it, and enrich us,—our dire necessity, that he may pity it, and supply all our need,—our low estate, our sinking heart, our trembling spirit, our utter nothingness. In that way, we shall have power with him.

If you have been accustomed to visit the poor, you know how those, who have got to be "old stagers" at receiving charity, never put their best leg foremost when they want to impress you with a due sense of their need. If they had a little of anything in the house, they would take care that you did not see it. If there has been any improvement in their circumstances since you last called upon them, you will have to fish a long while before you will find it out; but they are very apt at bringing forward the black side of their case, because their power lies there with those who have generous hearts. And so, brethren, our power with God, when we come to him as sinners, lies not in what we are, but in what God is. He is love, he is pity, he is tenderness, he is gentleness. He willeth

not the death of a sinner, but delights to display his saving mercy, to manifest the abundance of his grace. The foundation of our power with God must always lie in the love and tenderness of God. He is susceptible of pity, yea, he is tenderness itself. He is a God of compassion, and therefore it is that the poor, feeble sons of Adam have power with him.

But we get a further view of the source whence this power with God proceeds when we reach the next point, namely, *God's promise*. God has, in his Word, been pleased to say that he will do this and that, and give this and that. He was quite free, once, to do whatever he pleased; but now that God has given us his promise, he is not free to break it, and it would be inconsistent with his glorious attributes that he should do so. Neither will he ever be false to a single syllable that has gone forth out of his mouth. When God gave his promise, he did, as it were, put himself in the power of those who know how to plead the promise. Every promise is so much strength given to the man who has faith in the promise, for he may with it overcome even the omnipotent God himself. Why, brethren, if your character is what it should be, and a person comes to you, and says, "You promised to give me such-and-such a thing," has not the person, who can say that, power over you to the full extent of your promise? If you are a true man, he has beaten you at once. If you say to him, "But when did I give you that promise?" You may have misunderstood what I said," and he puts his hand in his pocket, and brings out your promise in black and white, with your name signed to it, there is no getting away from that, is there? Now, that is just the way in which God gives us power with him, for he has given us his promise in black and white, here it is in the Book which we know to be his Book, his own infallible Word. It is a blessed thing to be able to come before God on your knees, and to put your finger on a promise in the Bible, and to say, "Lord, this is what thou hast promised that thou wilt do, I beseech thee to do it, because thou art the God of truth. I know that thou canst not lie, so I remind thee of thy promise, and plead with thee to do as thou hast said." Do you not see what power you have with God when he has given you faith thus to lay hold upon him, bringing his own gracious promise in your hand? There is a conquering power in faith, because faith pleads the promise of God.

Thus, you see, there are two sources of power,—God's nature, and God's promise.

But the true child of God knows of other sources of power with God; so, next, *he pleads the relationships of grace*. God, in his infinite mercy, has been pleased to choose certain people to be his children. "Ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." There was no reason, in themselves, why they should be his sons and daughters; but his sovereign grace adopted them, and his Spirit regenerated them. But the moment that God made any one of us his child, he did again—I speak with all reverence,—give us power with him, and put himself into our hands. Who among us does not know the power of a child over his father? There are some children who have too much power. There is a

Greek story of the little boy who ruled all Athens, because he ruled his mother, and his mother ruled his father, and his father ruled the senate, and the senate ruled Athens; and so, in that way, the little boy practically ruled the whole city; and I am afraid that there are some children who have a good deal too much power in that way. But our Heavenly Father, though he is too wise to indulge us in that way, is so good that he will not deny us any privilege that, by right, belongs to the position of a child. When your child appeals to you because there is something that he really needs, but which you have withheld from him, and he says, at last, "But, my dear father, wilt thou not grant me this?" or if you have chastened him, and he says, "Father, stay thy hand; am I not thy child?" you cannot resist his appeal. He has power with you; you know that he has. And what a wonderful power we have when we can truly say, "Abba! Father!" We shall have power with God in our times of greatest weakness if we can cry, "Abba! Father!" I can never forget a certain illness, when I had been racked with pain, and brought very low with heaviness of spirit through the nature of the complaint from which I was suffering, and I felt driven almost to despair, one night, until I laid hold of God, in an agony of prayer, and pleaded with him something like this, "If my child were in such anguish as I am in, I would listen to him, and relieve him if I could. Thou art my Father, and I am thy child, then wilt thou not treat me like a child?" Almost at the very moment when I presented that plea before God, my pain ceased, and I fell into a sweet slumber, from which I woke up with "Abba! Father!" on my lip and in my heart. I believe that this is an invincible plea, because, when God calls himself our Father, he means it. There are some fathers, in this world, who do not act at all as fathers should:—shame upon them; but that will never be said of our Heavenly Father. He is a true Father, and he has bowels of compassion towards his children, and he does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men; and when we know how to appeal to his Fatherhood, we shall prevail with him.

Once more, dear friends, *the power that we have with God also springs from his past actions.* Look at what he has done for his own people. First, he chose them. Well, then, as he chose them, he cannot cast them away, because he is an immutable God; as he has made his choice, he stands to it. Paul asks, "Hath God cast away his people?" And he answers his own question, "God hath not cast away his people which he foreknew." That is what he has never done. Then, in addition to choosing us, he has also redeemed us; and after he has redeemed us from destruction by the blood of his Son, can he suffer us to be lost? Can he pay for us such a price as that, and yet neglect to keep us to the end? That cannot be. When he gave his Son as a ransom for us, he did indeed put himself into our hands; for "he that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Do but know that God gave his Son for you, dear friend,—know that Jesus Christ is yours, and the logic of your

prayer is clear enough, and forcible enough, when you say, "What canst thou deny me, O my Father? Thou hast given me thy Son; so, by his blood and wounds, by his life, and death, and resurrection glory, give my spirit the grace it needs, since thou hast given me Jesus Christ."

Do you not see, dear brethren and sisters in Christ, that every mercy which God has bestowed upon you gives you power over him? Therefore, you sing, with John Newton,—

"His love in time past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through."

If he has done so much for us, will he not do still more? Does not every blessing, which is bestowed by God, come to us with this message in its mouth, "There is more to follow;" and may we not be quite sure that he, who has blessed us now for forty years, for fifty, sixty, seventy,—and I see some who have numbered eighty years, and you have had God's blessing all the while,—then, has he not, by all these years of favour and mercy, pledged and bound himself to bless you even to the end? Assuredly it is so.

III. Now, in the third place, notice HOW THIS POWER WITH GOD CAN BE EXERCISED BY CHRISTIANS. What shape does power with God take? Of course, it takes the shape of prayer. Christians put forth the power they have with God when they draw near to him to ask for blessings upon themselves and upon others; but it is not every man who prays who has power with God, or who knows how to use the power which really exists. Who are the people who really have power with God? I will tell you.

First, *this power is exercised by those who are deeply sensible of their own weakness.* No man has power with God who thinks he is strong, except in the sense in which Paul wrote, "When I am weak, then am I strong." I have an idea, and I think that Scripture supports it, that Jacob wrestled very hard with the angel, but that he never won the victory till the angel touched the hollow of his thigh, and caused the sinew to shrink. Then, when Jacob could not any longer stand, as he fell, he clutched the angel with all his might as though he would pull him down also if he must himself go down, and the weight of Jacob was all the greater because he could not stand. His very weakness was an element of his strength, and that moment of weakness was the moment of his victory. Now, if you go to God feeling that you are partly full, he will not fill you, but will wait till you are quite empty before he will pour his blessing into you. He will not mix oil with water; and until he has emptied all the water out of the vessel, he will not begin to pour in his oil or his wine. When you feel that you have a little strength for prayer, I think it is very likely that you will not have power with God; but when it comes to this, that you cry out, "O God, I can do nothing; all my power is turned to utter weakness; I am driven to the lowest extremity;" then, in the very desperation of your weakness, you will clutch the promise-making God, and, as it

were, drag down the angel, and win the blessing, as Jacob did. It is your weakness that will do it, not your strength.

Have you ever tried to go to God as a fully-sanctified man? I did so once; I had heard some of the "perfect" brethren, who are travelling to heaven by the "high level" railway, and I thought I would try their plan of praying. I went before the Lord as a consecrated and sanctified man. I knocked at the gate; I had been accustomed to gain admittance the first time I knocked; but, this time, I did not. I knocked again, and kept on knocking, though I did not feel quite easy in my conscience about what I was doing. At last, I clainoured loudly to be let in; and when they asked me who I was, I replied that I was a perfectly-consecrated and fully-sanctified man; but they said that they did not know me! The fact was, they had never seen me in that character before. At last, when I felt that I must get in, and must have a blessing, I knocked again; and when the keeper of the gate asked, "Who is there?" I answered, "I am Charles Spurgeon, a poor sinner, who has no sanctification or perfection of his own to talk about, but who is trusting alone to Jesus Christ, the sinners' Saviour." The gate-keeper said, "Oh, it is *you*, is it? Come in; we know you well enough, we have known you these many years," and then I went in directly... I believe that is the best way of praying, and the way to win the day. It is when you have got on your fine feathers and top-knots that the Lord will not know you; when you have taken them all off, and gone to him as you went at the first, then you can say to him,

"Once a sinner near despair  
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;  
Mercy heard, and set him free,  
Lord, that mercy came to me;"—

"and I am that poor publican, who dared not lift so much as his eyes towards heaven, but smote upon his breast, and cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and he went home to his house justified rather than the brother over there, who talked so proudly about the higher life, but who went home without a blessing." Yes, my brother, you are strong when you are weak, and you are perfect when you know that you are imperfect, and you are nearest to heaven when you think you are farthest off. The less you esteem yourself, the higher is God's esteem of you.

Again, in order to have power with God, we must have simple faith. Nobody who doubts can prevail with God. The promise is not to the waverer, for James says, "Let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord." The man who gets the blessing is the one who fully believes in God's promise, and who so believes in it that he acts upon it. I shall never forget the faith of a certain member of this church, who is still living. About eighteen or nineteen years ago, I was very ill indeed. Most people thought that I should die; but, one morning, very early, this good brother came down to my house, and asked to see my wife. It was just about daybreak, and when she saw him, he said to her, "I have spent all this night wrestling with God for your husband's life. We

cannot afford to lose our Pastor, and I feel sure that he is going to live, so I thought I would just walk here, and tell you so." "Thank you, thank you," said my wife, "I am very grateful for your prayers and for your faith." It is not everybody who can pray to God like that, and we fail to obtain the blessings that we seek because we do not pray like that. But, dear brothers and sisters, if we were to believe God just as we believe our friends,—if we were to give God as much trust as we give to our husbands and our wives,—how strong in faith we should be! He deserves a thousand times more confidence than we can ever repose in the very best of our relatives or friends, and if we have faith in his promises, we shall certainly overcome him. If you trust him, he cannot fail you. It is possible for even a good man to fail one who trusts him, but it is quite impossible for God to fail the soul that has relied upon him.

I am sure that, if we ministers only believe God more, and preach more in faith, he will honour us more. I fancy that, if God were to give us Pentecostal blessings, it would be seen that many of us are by no means ready to receive them. Suppose there were five thousand persons converted in one day here, most of the churches round about would say, "There is a shocking state of excitement over at the Tabernacle; it is really dreadful!" The very "sound" brethren would feel that we had gone off into Arminianism, or some other error; and I expect that some of you would say, very dolefully, "Oh, dear! dear! dear! dear! We do hope they will all stand." The first thought that would be excited in many Christian minds would be one of suspicion. I am sure that, if we reported that, anywhere in England, three thousand were brought to know the Lord in one day, there is not one Christian in ten who would believe that such a thing was possible, and there is not one in a hundred who would think that it was true; and we ministers would be very much of the same mind. I was preaching in Bedford, and I prayed that God would bless the sermon, and give me at least some few souls that afternoon. When I had done, there was an old Wesleyan brother there who gave me a good scolding, which I richly deserved. He said to me, "I did not say 'Amen' when you were asking for a few souls to be converted, for I thought you were limiting the Holy One of Israel. Why did you not pray with all your heart for all of them to be saved? I did," he added, "and that was why I did not say 'Amen' to your narrow prayer." It is often the case that we preachers do not honour God by believing that he will give great blessings; and, therefore, he does not honour us by giving those great blessings. But if we maintained a closer adherence to the truth, and had a firmer confidence that God's Word shall never return unto him void, he would do far greater things by us than he ever yet has done.

To this sense of our own weakness, and our full belief in God, we must add *earnest attention to his Word*. Brother, you cannot expect God to listen to you if you will not listen to him; and when you ask of God, you must not imagine that he will give to you what you ask of him if you do not give to him what he asks of

you. If a man loves to sin, his prayers cannot speed with the God of holiness. When God says to a man "Such-and-such a thing is to be done," and the man says, "I will not do it," the next time he goes to God in prayer, it is very likely that the Lord will say to him, "As you did not do as I wished, I shall not do as you wish." The toleration of any known sin deprives us of power with God, and the neglect of any known duty prevents a man from succeeding when he is on his knees. If you would prevail with God, you must have "a conscience void of offence." You must go before the Lord confessing your sin, and saying, "O Lord, help me to do thy will in all things! I am perfectly willing to do so, and I wish to be thy loyal, obedient servant in all things." If you do that, you will find that whatsoever you ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive.

In addition to all that I have said, *the man who is to prevail with God must be a man who is terribly in earnest.* What an earnest man Jacob was in that night of wrestling! What a grand utterance that was, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me"! Cold prayers do, as it were, ask God not to listen to them. When you pray for anything, if you do not present your petition with earnestness and fervour, you cannot expect the Lord to hear you. Some people, when they pray, are like the little boys in the street, who give run-away knocks at the door, and off they go; but the man who prays aright gets a hold of the knocker of the door of mercy, and he knocks, and knocks, and if there is no answer, he knocks again and again, and if there is not then an answer, he knocks again, and again, and again, and again, and again, and the longer he is kept waiting, the more loudly he knocks till, at last, you would think that he was going to carry the house by storm, and make the door-posts start out of their sockets, he knocks so hard. That is the kind of man who wins the day with God,—the man who will not let the Lord go until he blesses him. The prayers of John Knox brought down upon Scotland such copious blessings because they were the prayers of a man whose heart was all on fire with sacred earnestness, and who prayed with his whole soul and spirit. Our Lord Jesus himself said, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

To all these qualifications for power with God we must add *holiness and importunity.* Wrestling is not merely laying hold of a man, and then letting him go. I wonder how Jacob did hold that man who wrestled with him until the breaking of the day. I warrant you that he had a tight grip of him, and I expect that, sometimes, it was specially leg-work, and then arm-work, and then loin-work; for, when men wrestle in real earnest, all their sinews, and muscles, and bones, and limbs are brought into play. So it must have been with Jacob that night, and he kept on holding the angel fast, and saying in his soul, if not with his lips,—

"With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day;"—

and, therefore, the blessing was given to him because he kept on

struggling for it. There are some mercies which never will be bestowed except in answer to continued, importunate prayer. O brother or sister, if you know how to keep on pleading, you are the one who has power with God! You will be called Israel if you can spend the whole night in resolute, determined, humble, believing importunity; the blessing must come if you feel that you cannot do without it, because it is for God's glory that it should be bestowed upon you.

And, dear friends, there is great power with God when, in importunate prayer, we at last come to *tearful entreaty*. In Hosea xii. 4, the prophet tells us that Jacob "had power over the angel, and prevailed; he wept, and made supplication unto him." Moses does not tell us that in the Book of Genesis, but Hosea also had the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and he gives us this interesting item concerning Jacob's wrestling, that "he wept." I think I see the patriarch covered with sweat through his great exertions in wrestling, but, in addition, his heart is breaking within him, and he is sighing and crying all the while, and the hot tears are falling on the angel's hand; and I think it was the tears that finally won the victory. You remember that, when our Lord Jesus Christ was in the garden of Gethsemane, "he offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared;" and the man who knows how to weep, if not actually, yet with real spiritual tears, the man whose soul gets stirred up to a passionate agony of desire, is the man who has power with God. If we have any such members in this church,—and I believe that we have many who really do weep over the souls of sinners,—they are the men and women who will bring down the blessing in answer to their prayers and tears. Brothers and sisters, if you are in the habit of weeping over your unconverted children, and, in your pleadings with God for their salvation, are in the habit of weeping unless the blessing comes, you are sure to get the blessing sooner or later. You are the very strength of the church, you are the life-guards of the church, and God will be sure to give innumerable blessings in answer to those prayers and tears of yours. May we have many such church-members, for these are people who have power with God!

• IV. I close by briefly noticing TO WHAT USE THIS POWER MAY BE TURNED.

Whenever this power with God is given, *it will bring down many blessings upon the person who has it, and it will also make him the means of great blessing to others.* My time has almost gone, so I will only dwell on that second point.

Abraham was a man who had power with God, but there was poor Lot living over in Sodom, just as a great many professing Christians are doing to-day. I hope they are God's people, but I cannot make them out. They like worldly amusements, and they like worldly talk; they are like Lot in Sodom. I wonder how they can endure the foul atmosphere in which they live. I have often said that the grace of God can live where I could not. There are some



people with whom I should not like to live, yet I trust the grace of God is in them; at least, I hope so, I must not judge them. But, dear brethren, if ever that part of the church which is like Lot in Sodom gets a blessing, it must be through you who are like Abraham, and have power with God. Pray for your poor inconsistent brethren; entreat the Lord to prevent them from going any further into sin. Ask the Lord that they may not be destroyed with Sodom in the day of his vengeance, and the Lord will hear you, and bring Lot safely out of Sodom, though it may be that Lot will have to lose all that he has got, and lose his wife, too, before he will be got out. You will get him out if you know how to pray for him.

Moses was another man who had power with God. You remember that, when the Israelites made the golden calf, the Lord said to Moses, "Let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them: and I will make of thee a great nation." Was not that a wonderful opportunity for Moses? He was to be made into a great nation, and all the rest of the people were to be destroyed. But you recollect how Moses pleaded with the Lord, and he did not plead in vain. The Lord said to him, "Let me alone, that I may consume them;" but it seems as though Moses stood up, and grasped God's hand, in which he held his rod of vengeance, and at last the Lord said that he would pardon the nation, and spare them in answer to the plea of Moses, the man who had power with God.

And there was Aaron, too, when the plague broke out among the people who had murmured against him and Moses, and thousands were being struck dead. At the command of Moses, he took a censor, and filled it with burning coals and incense, and ran into the midst of the congregation just where the death-wave had come; "and he stood between the dead and the living; and the plague was stayed," for Aaron, the high priest with his censor, had power with God. The Lord Jesus Christ, Aaron's great Antitype, is continually exercising this power on the behalf of his people, and he also helps some of his servants to do the same work,—Martin Luther, to wit. How he seemed to stand with the censor of the gospel between the living and the dead; and, in other dark times and perilous ages, God has raised up many eminent servants to whom he has given that same censor of the gospel, which pours forth a sweet savour of Christ as they also swing it to and fro, standing between the living and the dead. Oh, that God would give power to many of you, dear brothers and sisters in Christ, in some such way as this! Recollect the power that the early Christians had with God to get Peter out of prison. If you have power with God, it is an engine which you may turn in all manner of ways for the blessing of your fellow-Christians and of poor outcast sinners. Therefore, I charge you to seek it; and when you get it, hold it fast, and walk humbly before God that he may not take this power away from you; but may you be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> Jesus' sake! Amen.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

OUR BANNER.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, MARCH 15TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*In the year 1863.*

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—Psalm lx. 4.

Most writers upon this Psalm, after having referred the banner to the kingdom of David, say that there is here a reference to the Messiah. We believe there is. Nor is that reference an obscure allusion. In the Lord Jesus we find the clue to the history and the solution of the prophecy. He is the banner,—he is the ensign that is lifted up before the people. He is Jehovah-nissi, "the Lord my banner," whom it is our joy to follow, and around whom it is our delight to rally. We shall not stay to prove,—though we might readily do so,—that the banner here intended is no other than the Lord Jesus Christ in the majesty of his person,—in the efficacy of his merit,—in the completeness of his righteousness,—in the sureness of his triumph,—in the glory of his advent. If you read it with an eye to him, you have the meaning at once: "Thou hast given Christ as a banner to them that fear thee, to be displayed because of the truth." So let us consider *our Lord Jesus Christ, first, as he is compared to a banner; secondly, by whom he is given; thirdly, to whom he is given; and fourthly, for what purpose.*

I. Let us consider OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST AS HE IS COMPARED TO A BANNER.

The banner was far more useful, I suppose, in ancient than it is in modern warfare. Times have changed, and we are changed by them. Yet we still speak with reverence of the old flag. There is much meaning in the phrase, "the flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." The soldier still loves the flag of his country, and the sailor still looks with patriotic pride to the flag that has so long floated at England's masthead. Our metaphor, however, rather points to ancient than present usage.

We should notice, first of all, that *the banner was lifted up and*  
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*displayed as the point of union.* When a leader was about to gather troops for a war, he hoisted his banner, and then every man rallied to the standard. The coming to the standard, the rallying round the banner, was the joining with the prince, the espousing of his cause. In the day of battle, when there was ever a likelihood that the host would be put to flight, the valiant men all fought around the banner. Its defence was of the first and chief consequence. They might leave the baggage for a while; they might forsake the smaller flags of the divisions; but the great blood-red banner that with prayer had been consecrated, they must all gather round it, and there, if need be, shed their heart's blood.

Christ, my brethren, is the point of union for all the soldiers of the cross. I know of no other place where all Christians can meet. We cannot all meet—I am sorry that we cannot,—at the baptismal stream. There are some who will not be baptized; they persist still in the sin of putting drops of water in the place of the ordained flood, and baring infants where faith is required. We cannot all meet even around the table of the Eucharist; there are some who thrust aside their brethren, because they do not see eye to eye with them; and even the communion table has sometimes become a field of battle. But all Christians can meet in the person of Christ, all true hearts can meet in the work of Christ. This is a banner that we all love, if we be Christians, and far hence be those who are not. Hither to thy cross, O Jesus, do we come! The Churchman, laden with his many forms and vestments; the Presbyterian, with his stern Covenant, and his love of those who stained the heather with their blood; the Independent, with his passion for liberty, and the separateness of the free churches; the Methodist, with his intricate forms of Church Government, sometimes forms of bondage, but still forms of power; the Baptist, remembering his ancient pedigree, and the days in which his fathers were hounded even by Christians themselves, and counted not worthy of that name; they all come to Christ. Various opinions divide them; they see not eye to eye on many matters; here and there, they will have a skirmish for the old landmarks; and rightly so, for we ought to be jealous, as Josiah was, to do that which is right in the sight of the Lord, and neither decline to the right hand nor to the left. But we rally to the cross of Christ; and there, all weapons of internecine warfare being cast aside, we meet as brethren, fellow-comrades in a blessed Evangelical Alliance, who are prepared to suffer and to die for his dear sake. Forward then, Christians, to the point of union! In the crusade against the powers of darkness, with the salvation of sinners for my one undivided aim, little care I for anything but the lifting up of my Master's gospel, and the proclamation of the Word of mercy through his flowing blood.

Again, *the banner, in time of war, was the great guide-star*; it was the direction to the soldier. You remember what special care they took, in the day of battle, that, in case the standard-bearer should fall, there might still be some means of guiding the warriors.

So, to this day, Christ is the great Guide of the Christian in the day of battle. There is no fear that Jesus Christ, the same yester-

day, to-day, and for ever, will ever fail. Fix your eye upon him, Christian; and if you would know the best way to fight, fight in his footsteps, imitate his every action, let your life be a copy of his life. You need never stop to ask for directions the life of Christ is the Christian's model. You need not turn to your fellow-believer, and say, "Comrade, what are we to do now? The smoke of battle gathers, and the cries are various, which way shall I go?" The apostle Paul has given us our directions 'Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God' Press forward, in Christ's footsteps, saying, "God hath given thee, my Saviour, to be to me a banner because of the truth."

In these two respects, as the central point for rallying, and as the direction to the warrior, Christ is our banner

And the banner, let it be remembered, *is always the chief object of attack.* The moment the adversary sees it, his object is to strike there. If it be not the most vulnerable point, it will be at least the point where the adversary's power is most felt. Did they not of old aim their shots at the flagstaff so as to cut down the banner? Whenever the old Knights of the Red Cross fought the Saracens, they always endeavoured to make their steel ring upon the helmet of the man whose hand held the standard of Mohammed, the fight was ever fiercest around the standard. Sometimes, when the battle was over, the field would be strewn with legs, and arms, and mangled bodies, but in one place, there would be a heap where they were piled one upon another, a great mountain of flesh and armour, broken bone and smashed skulls, and one would ask, "What means this? How came they here? How triampled they so one upon another, and fought in pools of human blood?" The answer would be, "Twas there the standard-bearer stood, and first the adversary made a dash, and stole the banner, and then fifty knights vowed to redeem it, and they dashed against their foes, and took it by storm, and then again hand to hand they fought with the banner between them, first in one hand and then in another, changing ownership each hour."

So, dear friends, Christ Jesus has always been the object of attack. You remember that, when divine justice came forth against Christ on Calvary, it made five rents in the great banner, and those five rents, all glorious, are in that banner still. Since that day, many a shot has sought to riddle it, but not one has been able to touch it. Borne aloft, first by one hand and then by another, the mighty God of Jacob being the strength of the standard-bearers, that flag has bidden defiance to the leagued hosts of the world, the flesh, and the devil, but never has it been trailed in the mire, and never once carried in jeering triumph by the adversary. Blessed are the rents in the banner, for they are the symbol of our victory. Those five wounds in the person of the Saviour are the gates of heaven to us. But, thank God, there are no more wounds to be endured; the person of our Lord is safe for ever. "A bone

of him shall not be broken." His gospel, too, is an unwounded gospel, and his mystical body is uninjured. Yes; the gospel is unharmed after all the strife of ages. The infidel threatens to rend the gospel to pieces, but it is as glorious as ever; modern scepticism has sought to pull it thread from thread, but has not been able so much as to rend a fragment of it. Every now and then, fresh adversaries have found out some new methods of induction or declamation, essaying to prove the gospel to be a lie, and Christ an impostor. Have they succeeded? Nay, verily, they have all had to fly from the field. The good old banner of the Lord Omnipotent, even Christ Jesus, still stands erect above them all.

And why should the banner be the object of attack but for this very reason, that it is the symbol of defiance? As soon as ever the banner is lifted up, it is, as it were, flaunted in the face of the foe. It seems to say to him, "Do your worst,—come on! We are not afraid of you. —we defy you!" So, when Christ is preached, there is a defiance given to the enemies of the Lord. Every time a sermon is preached in the power of the Spirit, it is as though the shrill clarion woke up the fiends of hell, for such a sermon seems to say to them, "Christ is come forth again to deliver his lawful captives out of your power; the King of kings has come to take away your dominions, to wrest from you your stolen treasures, and to proclaim himself your Master." There is a stern joy that the minister sometimes feels when he thinks of himself as the antagonist of the powers of hell. Martin Luther seems to have felt it when he said, "Come, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm, and let the devil do his worst!" That was lifting up the standard of the cross. If you want to defy the devil, don't go about preaching philosophy; don't sit down, and write out fine sermons, with long sentences, three-quarters of a mile in extent; don't try and cull fine, smooth phrases that will sound sweetly in people's ears. The devil doesn't care a bit for this; but talk about Christ, preach about the sufferings of the Saviour, tell sinners that there is life in a look at him, and straightway the devil taketh great umbrage. Look at many of the ministers in London! They preach in their pulpits from the first of January to the last of December, and nobody finds fault with them, because they prophesy such smooth things. But let a man preach Christ, let him declaim about the power of Jesus to save, and press home gospel truth with simplicity and boldness, straightway the fiends of darkness will be against him; and, if they cannot bite, they will show that they can howl and bark. There is a symbol of defiance in the banner of the cross; it is God's symbol of defiance, his gauntlet thrown down to the confederated powers of darkness, a gauntlet which they dare not take up, for they know what tremendous power for good there is in the uplifting of the cross of Christ. Wave, then, your banner, O ye soldiers of the cross; each in your place and rank keep watch and ward, but wave your banner still; for though the adversary shall be full of wrath, it is because he knoweth that his time is short when once the cross of Christ is lifted up.

We have not quite exhausted the metaphor yet. *The banner was*

*ever a source of consolation to the wounded.* There he lies, the good knight; right well has he fought without fear and without reproach; but a chance arrow pierced the joints of his harness, and his life is oozing out from the ghastly wound. There is no one there to unbuckle his helmet, or give him a draught of cooling water; his frame is locked up in that hard case of steel, and though he feels the smart, he cannot gain relief. He hears the mingled cries, the hoarse shouts of men that rush in fury against their fellows; and he opens his eyes,—as yet he has not fainted from his bleeding. Where, think you, does he look? He turns himself round. What is he looking for? For friend? For comrade? No. Should they come to him, he would say, “Just lift me up, and let me sit against that tree, but go you to the fight.” Where is that restless eye searching, and what is the object for which it is looking? Yes, he has it; and the face of the dying man is brightened. He sees the banner still waving, and with his last breath he cries, “On! on! on!” and falls asleep content, because the banner is safe. It has not been cast down. Though he has fallen, yet the banner is secure. Even so, every true soldier of the cross rejoices in its triumph. We fall, but Christ does not. We die, but the cause prospers. As I have told you before, when my heart was most sad,—as it never was before nor since,—that sweet text, “Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name,” quite cheered my soul, and set me again in peace and comfort. Is Jesus safe? Then it never matters what becomes of me. Is the banner all right? Doth it wave on high? Then the adversary hath not won the day; he hath felled one and another, but he himself shall be broken in pieces, for the banner still glares in the sun.

And, lastly, *the banner is the emblem of victory.* When the fighting is over, and the soldier cometh home, what does he bring? His blood-stained flag. And what is borne highest in the procession as it winds through the streets? It is the flag. They hang it in the minster; high up there in the roof, and where the incense smoketh, and where the song of praise ascendeth, there hangs the banner, honoured and esteemed, borne in conflict and in danger. Now, our Lord Jesus Christ shall be our banner in the last day, and when all our foes shall be under our feet. A little while, and he that will come shall come, and will not tarry. A little while, and we shall see—

“Jehovah's banner furled,  
Sheathed his sword; he speaks! 'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.”

And then Jesus, high above us all, shall be exalted, and through the streets of the holy city the acclamations shall ring, “Hosanna, Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.”

II. Let us turn to our second point for a few moments. It is this: Who gave us this banner? By whom was Christ given to us? Soldiers often esteem the colours for the sake of the person who

first bestowed them. You and I ought greatly to esteem precious Christ for the sake of God who gave him to us: "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee." God gave us this banner in old eternity. Christ was given by the eternal Father, from everlast- ing, or ever the earth was, to his elect people, to be the Messiah of God, the Saviour of the world. He was given in the manger, when "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." He was given upon the cross when the Father bestowed every drop of his Son's blood, and every nerve of his body, and every power of his soul, to bleed and die, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." "Thou hast given a banner."

That banner was given to each one of us in the day of our conversion. Christ became, from that time forth, our glory and our boast. And he is given to some of us, especially, when we are called to the ministry, or when the Holy Spirit's guidance puts us upon any extraordinary work for Christ. Then is the banner, in a direct and especial manner, committed to our care. There are some here who have had this banner given to them to carry in the midst of the Sunday-school. A dear sister here has it. A beloved brother has it to bear in the midst of many of this congregation. The young men of our College, of our Evening Classes, and many others of you, workers for Christ, have that banner, that you may bear it in the streets, that you may lift up the name of Jesus in the causeways, and in the places of assembly. And, in a certain measure, all of you, who love the Lord, have that banner given to you, that in your various spheres of service you may talk of Jesus, and lift up his holy name.

Now, inasmuch as God himself gives us this banner, with what reverence should we look upon it, with what ardour should we cluster round it, with what zeal should we defend it, with what enthusiasm should we follow it, with what faith and confidence should we rush even into death itself for its defence!

III. Thirdly, TO WHOM IS THIS BANNER GIVEN?

The text says, "Thou hast given a banner to *them that fear thee.*" Not to all men. God has chosen people. These chosen people are known, in due time, by their outward character. That outward grace-wrought character is this, they fear God, and *they that fear God are the only persons who ought to carry this banner.* Shall the banner be put into a drunkard's hands? Shall the great truth of Christ be left to those who live in sin? Oh, it is a wretched thing when men come into the pulpit to preach who have never known and felt the power of the gospel themselves! Time was—but times are changed somewhat,—when, in multitudes of our parish pulpits, men whose characters were unhallowed preached to others what they never practised themselves. To such, the banner ought not to be given. Men must fear God, or else they are not worthy to bear it.

Moreover, *none but these can bear it.* What others bear is not the banner; it is but an imitation of it. It is not Christ they preach; it is a diluted thing that is not the gospel of Jesus. They cannot proclaim it to others till they know it themselves. It is

given to them that fear God, because they will have courage to bear it. Fear is often the mother of courage. To fear God, makes a man brave. To fear man, is cowardly, I grant; but to fear God, with humble awe and holy reverence, is such a noble passion that I would we were more and more full thereof, blending, as it were, the fear of Isaac with the faith of Abraham. To fear God, will make the weakest of us play the man, and the most craven of us become heroes for the Lord our God.

Now, inasmuch as this banner is given to those that fear God, *if you fear God, it is given to you.* I do not know in what capacity you are to bear it, but I do know there is somewhere or other where you have to carry it. Mother, let the banner wave in your household. Merchant, let the banner be fixed upon your house of business. Let it be unfurled and fly at your masthead, O sailor! Bear the banner, O soldier, in your regiment! Yours is a stern duty, for, alas! the Christian soldier hath a path of trial that few men have trodden. God make you faithful, and may you be honoured as a good soldier of Jesus Christ! Some of you are poor, and work hard in the midst of many artisans who fear not God. Take your banner with you, and never be ashamed of your colours. You cannot be long in a workshop before your companions will pull their colours out. They will soon begin talking to you about their sinful pleasures, their amusements, perhaps their infidel principles. Take your banner out likewise. Tell them that it is a game two can play at; never allow a man to show his banner without also showing yours. Do not do it ostentatiously; do it humbly, but do it earnestly and sincerely. Remember that your banner is one that you never need be ashamed of; the best of men have fought under it; nay, he who was God as well as man hath his own name written on the escutcheon. Surely, then, you need not be ashamed to wave it anywhere and everywhere. You can think bravely; now be great in act as you have been in thought.

“Presence of mind and courage in distress  
Are more than armies to procure success.”

IV. This is our last question, FOR WHAT PURPOSE WAS THIS BANNER GIVEN TO US?

Our text is very explicit upon that point; it was given to us to be *“displayed because of the truth.”* It is to be displayed. In order to display a banner, you must take it out of its case. Members of this congregation, brethren in the church, I pray you study the Scriptures much. I would not have men attempt to preach unless they have some power. To go forth without some study, would be like a man attempting to do execution with a gun that had muck powder in it and no shot. Do unfurl the banner; to this end, husband well your time. Young men, save your spare hours to study the Bible. Steal them from your sleep if you cannot get them anyhow else. Sunday-school teachers, be diligent in your preparations for your classes. Get your banner out of the case. It is of little service lifting it up in the midst of the ranks without its being unfurled. See that ye know the holy art of



unfurling it. Practise it; study it; be well acquainted with him who is the wisdom of God and the power of God.

And, *after the flag is unfurled, it needs to be lifted up.* So, in order to display Christ, you must lift him up. Lift him up with a clear voice, as one who has something to say which he would have men hear. Speak of him boldly, as one who is not ashamed of his message. Speak affectionately, speak passionately, speak with your whole soul, let your whole heart be in every word you say, for this is to lift up the banner.

But, besides lifting up the banner, *you must carry it*, for it is the business of the standard-bearer, not merely to hold it in one place, but to bear it here and there if the plan of battle shall change. So, bear Christ to the poor lodging-houses, to the work-houses, to the prisons, if you can get admittance, to the back streets, to the dark slums, to the cellars, to the solitary attic, to the crowded rooms, to the highways and the byways; and you especially who are private Christians, and not preachers, bear it from house to house. We had a complaint, the other day, that some of you had been going from house to house to try and talk to others about their souls; you had entrenched upon the parochial bounds of the authorized gamekeeper! I pray you to entrench again. What is my parish? The whole world is my parish; let the whole world be your parish likewise. What does it matter to us if the world be parcelled out amongst men who probably do little or nothing? Let us do all we can. No man hath any right to say to me, "Visit in such-and-such a district; not here,—this is my ground." Who gave it to you? Who gave him lordship of the world, or any portion of it? "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." The earth is your field, and no matter upon whose district, territory, or parish. Let me encourage you who love the Saviour, you who have the pure gospel, to go and spread it. Let nothing confine you, or limit your labours, except your strength and your time.

Still, after all, if we carry the gospel, and lift up the banner, *it will never be displayed unless there is wind to blow it.* A banner would only hang like a dead flag upon the staff if there were no wind. Now, we cannot produce the wind to expand the banner, but we can invoke heavenly aid. Prayer becomes a prophecy when we say, "Awake, O heavenly wind, and blow, and let this banner be displayed." The Holy Spirit is that gracious wind who shall make the truth apparent in the hearts of those who hear it. Display the banner, talk of Christ, live Christ, proclaim Christ everywhere. He is given to you for this very purpose. Therefore, let not your light be hid under a bushel. "Ye are the light of the world." "Let your light so shine before men." Let the old flag be held up by fresh hands. Go ye forth in new times, with new resolves, and may you have constant renewings as new opportunities open before you!

Oh, but are there not some of you who could not bear this banner? Let me invite such to come and take shelter under it. My Master's banner, wherever it goes, gives liberty. Under the banner of old England, there never breathes a slave. They tread

our country, they breathe our air, and their shackles fall. Beneath the banner of Christ, no slave can live. Do but look up to Jesus, relying upon his suffering in your stead, and bearing your sins in your place and room, and forthwith you shall have acceptance in the Beloved, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind through Jesus Christ. So may God enlist you beneath his banner, to his glory! Amen.

## Expositions by C. H. Spurgeon.

GENESIS XXXII. ; AND PSALM CXIX. 33—40.

Genesis xxxii., v. 1. *And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him.*

What an encouragement the visit of these angels must have been to Jacob after the strife which he had had with Laban! But, dear friends, angels often come to meet us, though we know it not. As in the old classic story, the poor man said, "This is a plain hut, but God has been here," so we may say of every Christian's cottage, "Though it be poor, an angel has come here," for David says, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." As the angels of God met Jacob, I trust that, if you have come here after some stern battle, and trial, and difficulty, you may find the angels of God meeting you here. They do come into the assemblies of the saints. Paul tells us that the woman ought to have her head covered in the assembly "because of the angels," that is, because they are there to see that all things are done decently and in order.

2. *And when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's host: and he called the name of that place Mahanaim.*

He gave it a name to commemorate God's having sent the angels, and called it "two camps" or "two hosts."

3. *And Jacob sent messengers before him to Esau his brother unto the land of Seir, the country of Edom.*

He is out of one trouble with Laban; now he is into another with Esau. Well did John Bunyan say,—

"A Christian man is seldom long at ease;  
When one trouble's gone, another doth him seize."

4, 5. *And he commanded them, saying, Thus shall ye speak unto my lord Esau; Thy servant Jacob saith thus, I have sojourned with Laban, and stayed there until now: and I have oxen, and asses, flocks, and menservants, and womenservants: and I have sent to tell my lord, that I may find grace in thy sight.*

This is very respectful language, and rather obsequious, too; but when a man knows that he has done wrong to another, he ought to be prepared to humble himself to the injured individual; and, though it happened long ago, yet Jacob really had injured his brother Esau, and it was but right that, in meeting him again, he should put himself into a humble position before him. There are some proud people who, when they know that they have done wrong, yet will not own it, and it is very hard to end a quarrel when one will not yield, and the other feels that he will not either: But there is good hope of things going right when Jacob, who is the better of the two brothers, is also the humbler of the two.

6, 7. *And the messengers returned to Jacob, saying, We came to thy brother*

*Esau, and also he cometh to meet thee, and four hundred men with him. Then Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed :*

And well he might be, for an angry brother, with four hundred fierce followers, must mean mischief.

7, 8. *And he divided the people that was with him, and the flocks, and herds, and the camels, into two bands ; and said, If Esau come to the one company, and smite it, then the other company which is left shall escape.*

This is characteristic of Jacob. He was a man of plans and arrangements, a man of considerable craftiness, which some people nowadays call "prudence." He used means, and he sometimes used them a little too much. Perhaps he did so in this case ; but, at the same time, he was a man of faith, and therefore he betook himself to prayer.

9—12. *And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the LORD which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee : I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant ; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan ; and now I am become two bands. Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau : for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children. And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude.*

A prayer most humble, most direct in its petitions, and also full of faith. That was a grand argument for him to use : "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." This is one of the mightiest pleas that we can urge in praying to God : "Do as thou hast said. Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope." O brethren, if you can remind God of his own promise, you must win the day, for promised mercies are sure mercies.

"As well might he be being quit,  
As break his promise, or forget."

"Hath he said, and shall he not do it ?" Only for this will he be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them ; and we must take care that we call his promise to mind, and plead it at the mercy-seat.

13—21. *And he lodged there that same night ; and took of that which came to his hand a present for Esau his brother ; two hundred she goats, and twenty he goats, two hundred ewes, and twenty rams, thirty milch camels with their colts, forty kine, and ten bulls, twenty she asses, and ten foals. And he delivered them into the hand of his servants, every drove by themselves ; and said unto his servants, Pass over before me, and put a space between drove and drove. And he commanded the foremost, saying, When Esau my brother meeteth thee, and asketh thee, saying, Whose art thou ? and whither goest thou ? and whose are these before thee ? Then thou shalt say, They be thy servant Jacob's ; it is a present sent unto my lord Esau : and, behold, also he is behind us. And so commanded he the second, and the third, and all that followed the drives, saying, On this manner shall ye speak unto Esau, when ye find him. And say ye moreover, Behold, thy servant Jacob is behind us. For he said, I will appease him with the present that goeth before me, and afterward I will see his face ; peradventure he will accept of me. So went the present over before him : and himself lodged that night in the company.*

If Jacob had been true to his faith in God, he would have dispensed with these very prudent preparations ; for, after all, the faithfulness of God was Jacob's best defence ; it was from God that his safety came, and not from his own plotting, and planning, and scheming. There are some of you, dear brethren, who have minds that are naturally given to inventions, and devices, and plans, and plots ; and I believe that, where this is the case, you have more to battle against than those have who are of a simple mind,

and who cast themselves more entirely upon the Lord. It is a blessed thing to be such a fool that you do not know anyone to trust in except your God. It is a sweet thing to be so weaned from your wisdom that you fall into the arms of God.

Yet, if you do feel that it is right to make such plans as Jacob made, take care that you do what Jacob also did. Pray as well as plan; and if your plans be numerous, let your prayers be all the more fervent, lest the natural tendency of your constitution should degenerate into reliance upon the arm of flesh, and dependence upon your own wisdom, instead of absolute reliance upon God.

22—24. *And he rose up that night, and took his two wives, and his two women servants, and his eleven sons, and passed over the ford Jabbok. And he took them, and sent them over the brook, and sent over that he had. And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.*

It was the man Christ Jesus putting on the form of manhood before the time when he would actually be incarnate; and the wrestling seems to have been more on his side than on Jacob's, for it is not said that Jacob wrestled, but that "there wrestled a man with him." There was something that needed to be taken out of Jacob;—his strength and his craftiness; and this angel came to get it out of him. But, on the other hand, Jacob spied his opportunity, and, finding the angel wrestling with him, he in his turn began to wrestle with the angel.

25. *And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him.*

So that he was made painfully to realize his own weakness while he was putting forth all his strength.

26. *And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.*

Bravely said, O Jacob! And ye sons of Jacob, learn to say the same. You may have what you will if you can speak thus to the covenant angel, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

27, 28. *And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob,—*

*The supplanter,—*

28. *But Israel:—*

*A prince of God;—*

28, 29. *For as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name.*

That has often been the request of God's people; they have wanted to know God's wondrous name. The Jews superstitiously believe that we have lost the sound of the name of Jehovah,—that the name is unpronounceable now altogether. We think not so; but, certainly, no man knows the nature of God, and understands him, but he to whom the Son shall reveal him. Perhaps Jacob's request had somewhat of curiosity in it, so the angel would not grant it.

29. *And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there.*

He did not give him what he asked for, but he gave him something better; and, in like manner, if the Lord does not open up a dark doctrine to you, but gives you a bright privilege, that will be better for you.

30—32. *And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved. And as he passed over Peniel the sun*

rose upon him, and he halt<sup>d</sup> upon his thigh. Therefore the children of Israel eat not of the sinew which shrank, which is upon the hollow of the thigh, unto this day: because he touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh in the sinew which shrank.

Psalm cxix. Verse 33. *Teach me, O LORD, the way of thy statutes;*—

The psalmist is constantly talking about "the way." We have that expression in the 27th verse, then in the 29th, the 30th, and the 32nd; and now again we have it here: *Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes;*—"

33, 34. *And I shall keep it unto the end. Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.*

That is not true or right understanding which permits us to go into sin; those who are really wise in heart hate evil and love righteousness.

35. *Make me to go in the path—*

*Or, way—*

35. *Of thy commandments; for therein do I delight.*

"Make me to go." Not only show me the way, but make me to go, like a nurse does with a child when she puts her hands under its arms, and strengthens its tottering footsteps. This is a very beautiful expression: "Make me to go." Lord, we are very weak; we are like little children; make us to go in the path of thy commandments, for therein do we delight.

36. *Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.*

The heart must love something; it will either love that which is good, or that which is evil. "O Lord," the psalmist seems to pray, "incline my heart in the right direction. Make it lean towards that which is good; cause me to count thy grace better than all the riches of the world."

37. *Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;*

"Do not let me even look at it, for one may look at an ugly thing until the sense of its deformity gradually disappears, and it becomes attractive. Lord, never let me so fix my eyes upon sin that, at last, I come to reckon it a desirable thing."

37. *And quicken thou me in thy way.*

"A man who travels quickly has not time to stop and look at the things in the road. Lord, let me go so fast to heaven that, when the devil hangs his baubles in his shop-window, I may not have time even to stop and look at them: 'Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou me in thy way.'"

38. *Stablish thy word unto thy servant, who is devoted to thy fear.*

That is, "Make thy word to me real and true. Put away my natural scepticism, my proneness to question, my tendency to doubt." "Stablish thy word." "Make me to know how firm, how true, how real it is, for I would love it more and more. I do believe it, for I am devoted to thy fear, but I long to be still further established in the faith."

39. *Turn away my reproach which I fear:*

Are any of you fearing reproach? If so, you may well fear it, for you deserve it; yet, even then, you may ask the Lord to turn it away from you.

39, 40. *For thy judgments are good. Behold, I have longed after thy precepts:*

Some people, whom I know, long after the promises, and others long after the doctrines. I hope that they will all get an equal longing for the precepts, for true believers love the precepts as much as they love the promises or the doctrines: "Behold, I have longed after thy precepts."

40. *Quicken me in thy righteousness.*

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

A LIFT FOR THE PROSTRATE.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, MARCH 22ND, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Lord's-day Evening, September 19th, 1875.*

"And he (that is, Jesus) came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them."—Mark i. 31.

PETER's wife's mother was sick of a very terrible fever. It was no ordinary one, such as, we are told, is common in the district where she lived; but "Luke, the beloved physician," as Paul calls the evangelist, tells us that "Simon's wife's mother was taken with a great fever." You know that it is the nature of fever to leave the patient prostrate even when the disease itself departs; but Jesus Christ not only intended to heal Peter's wife's mother, and to heal her at once, but he also meant that she should be so completely cured that she should have no lingering prostration. Christ's cures are always perfect cures; not partial ones. He does not cause the fever to go, and permit the prostration to remain; but he takes away both the fever and the prostration.

It is possible that the poor patient had almost given up all hope of recovery; and, probably, those who were round about her would also have despaired if they had not had faith in the great Physician, the Lord Jesus Christ. It was, therefore, for her encouragement, and for theirs also, that our Lord bent over the bed whereon the fevered woman lay, took her by the hand, thus cheering her by showing that he was not afraid to come into contact with her, and then gently lifted her up; and she, yielding to the kindly pressure, rose, and sat up,—nay, not merely sat up, but left the bed, being so perfectly restored that she began at once to minister to them as the housewife whose duty it was to care for their comfort.

I hope that, there are many in this congregation whom Jesus Christ means to bless; but they are, at present, in a state of utter prostration; they are so despondent that their spirits sink almost to the point of despair. They cannot believe that there is mercy for them; they have relinquished all hope of that. They did, at one time, have some measure of hope, but it is all gone now.

They are in the prostrate condition of Peter's mother-in-law, and they need Christ to do for them the two things which he did for her. First, he came into contact with her; and, secondly, he gently lifted her up, and completely restored her. May he do the like for you!

I. Our first concern, in looking after prostrate souls, is to tell them that JESUS CHRIST COMES INTO CONTACT WITH THEM.

You think, my poor distressed friend, that Jesus Christ will have nothing to do with you. You have read and heard about him, but he seems to you to be a long way off, and you cannot reach him; neither does it seem at all probable to you that he will ever come your way, and look in pity upon you. Now, listen.

In the first place, *Jesus Christ has come into contact with you*, for you are a member of the human race, of which Jesus Christ, also became a member by his incarnation. Never forget that, while it is perfectly true that Christ "is over all, God blessed for ever," yet it is equally true that he deigned to be born into this world, as the infant of an earthly mother, and that he condescended to live here under the same conditions as the rest of us, suffering the same weakness, and sickness, and sorrow, and death as we do, for our sakes. Never think of Jesus, I pray you, as though he were only a spirit, at whose presence you have cause to be alarmed; but think of him as a man like yourselves, eating and drinking as others did,—not a recluse, shutting himself away from sinners, but living as a man among men, the perfect specimen of manhood, the man Christ Jesus, for thus he has come near to you. You would not be afraid to speak to one of your fellow-men; then, do not be afraid to speak to Jesus. Tell him all the details of your case, for he was never a man of a proud and haughty spirit. He was not one who said, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou;" but he was a man with a great heart of love. He was so full of attractiveness that even children came and clustered around his feet, and when his disciples would have driven them away, he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." He never repelled even the very worst of mankind when they approached him; but he longed to gather them to himself. He wept over the guilty city of Jerusalem, and said, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Come, then, distressed spirit, and see, in the very fact that Jesus is Immanuel, God with us, that he has come near to you, and laid his hand upon you.

"Ah!" you say, "I can comprehend that he has come near to men; but, then, I am not merely a man, but a sinful man." Yes, and *Jesus has come near to sinful men*, and his name is called Jesus because he is the Saviour from sin. His work in this world was not to seek saints, but "to seek and to save that which was lost." My Master's errand was not to the good, the excellent, the righteous, but to the evil, the unholy, the unrighteous. He said, "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." If he did not come to save sinners, why did he come as a sacrifice?

Sacrifice is only required where there is sin,—an atonement is only needed where there is guilt. Christ comes to you, a guilty sinner, and he lays his hand upon you, even as he laid it upon Peter's wife's mother when she was sick of that great fever.

Do I hear you say, as in a whisper, as if you were afraid that anyone else should hear you, that you are not only a sinner, but a great sinner,—that you have sinned beyond the ordinary guilt of the common mass of mankind,—that there are some points in which the crimson of your guilt is of a deeper dye than that of any other man? My friend, let me assure you that *Jesus Christ came to save the chief of sinners*. Do you see him, on the cross, enduring those indescribable pangs of death? Can you hear his death-cries, and that soul-piercing shriek, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and still think that such a death as that was on behalf of little sinners' trifling offences, mere peccadilloes or mistakes? Ah, no! the Son of God came to give his life a ransom for many great sins, and many great sinners. The grandeur of the atonement of Christ is a proof that its object was the removal of sin, however great that sin may be. The Son of God is himself the Saviour of sinners; there must, therefore, be a colossal greatness about sin to need the Son of God to remove it, and to need that the Son of God should die ere the more than Herculean labour of putting sin away could be performed; but, having put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, he is now able to save even the greatest of sinners.

That Jesus has come into contact with great sinners, is very clear; for, as you read the record of his life, you see that *his preaching was constantly aimed at just such characters*. If you take a survey of his usual congregations, you will discover that they were largely made up of such characters. The Pharisees said, with contempt, but no doubt with truth, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." Just at that very time, we have the record, "Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him." His preaching evidently attracted them, and he never seems to have been surprised that it did, nor to have expressed his disgust that he should have drawn around him such a low and degraded class of hearers. No; but, on the contrary, he said that he was sent to seek lost sheep till he found them, and to welcome the wandering prodigal when he came back to his Father's house. Our Lord Jesus Christ, from the character of his congregation and the tone of his preaching, evidently came to this world on purpose to come into contact with the very worst of sinners. I want you to realize, dear friend, that my Lord Jesus Christ is a man, and that he is not a man who has come to look for congenial companions who might be worthy to be numbered amongst his acquaintances; but he has come to look after uncongenial men and women to whom he may bring the blessings of salvation. He has come, not to be ministered unto, but to minister;—not to receive, but to bestow boons; his object in being here, in this world, is not to pick out, here and there, a noble and notable character; but to seek after souls that need his grace, and to come to them, and bless and save



them. So he has, in this respect, come near to you. Remember that commission of his, which he gave to his disciples a little while before he went back to heaven: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." On another occasion, after his resurrection, he reminded them "that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem;" that is, beginning at the very place where the people lived who had crucified him. "Begin where they live who have stained their hands with my blood. Begin with them, and then go to every other creature in the whole world, and say to sinners in every part of the globe, 'Whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life.'" In giving that commission, our Lord Jesus Christ reached his hand across the centuries that he might touch you, and I have come here to obey his commission by preaching the gospel to you, for you are included in the term, "every creature." So Jesus Christ comes into contact with you through the preaching of his Word at this very moment.

There is one solemn thought that I should like you to think of, it is this,—having entered this house of prayer, and having heard the gospel, as you will have done before this service is over, *the Lord Jesus Christ has so come into contact with you that you will never lose the impress of that contact, whether you are lost or saved.* If you are lost, you will have the additional guilt of having rejected him; neither can you ever clear yourself of that guilt, do what you may. Your ears have heard the Word, so that, if you do not receive it, you will be numbered amongst those to whom the gospel came, but who judged themselves unworthy of everlasting life, like some of those to whom the apostle Paul preached; and, therefore, it shall condemn you. For, to everybody who hears the gospel, there is a savour in it; to some, it is a savour of death unto death, and to others a savour of life unto life. There is not a man, woman, or child, who has understanding enough to know what we mean by preaching the gospel, who will be able to go out of this house of prayer without receiving some token of contact with the Lord Jesus Christ. Either his blood will be upon you to save you, or else there will be realized in you that dreadful curse which the Jews invoked upon themselves, "His blood be on us, and on our children," which abides upon them as a curse unto this day. You ~~shall~~ either be cleansed from guilt by the blood of Jesus, or else you shall be guilty of rejecting him, and so putting yourselves in the same category as the Jews who rejected him, and who nailed him to the accursed tree. One way or other, be ye sure of this, "The kingdom of God is come unto you." It is a solemn fact to have to state this, but so it is. Jesus Christ has, in some way or other, put his hand upon you, and he is now in contact with you.

II. Leaving that point, however, I feel joy in passing on to the next one. When Jesus grasped the hand of Peter's wife's mother, **HE THEN BEGAN GENTLY TO LIFT HER UP.** She, willingly enough, responded to his touch; and, by at once recommencing her household duties, proved that she was perfectly healed.

Now, there are some poor, prostrate, desponding souls, who need somebody to give them a lift; and I would that the Lord, even while I am preaching, might take some of you by the hand, and lift you up. My object will be to mention a few things which may help to give you a lift. You want to be saved; you long to be saved; but you fear that you never will be, and it is that very fear which keeps you from being saved. If you could but hope, your hope would be realized; but you do not feel as if you dared even to hope. Now, give me your hand, and let me try to give you a lift.

First, remember that others, who were very like what you now are, have been saved. Do you not know some people who used to be very much in the condition in which you are at the present moment? If you do not, then find out the nearest Christian friend amongst your acquaintance, tell him what you regard as the peculiarity of your condition, and I feel almost certain that he will say to you, "Why, that is not anything peculiar; that is just how I was before I found the Saviour." If you do not find it so with the first Christian person whom you meet, you ought not to be surprised, because, of course, all Christians are not alike; but I feel sure that you will not have talked to many Christian people before you will find that what you consider to be very remarkable peculiarities in yourself will turn out to have been very common, for a great many other people have been in just the same state. I challenge you, who are very despondent, to see whether you cannot find some, who once were as you now are, who have been saved; and when you do find them, the reasoning is very clear. If A be saved, and B is like A, then why should not B also be saved?

"Ah!" say you, "I have very few Christian acquaintances of whom I can make enquiry." Very well, then, I will give you another simple test. Take your Bible, and look out the cases of conversion, and see whether the saved ones were not very much like you now are; and if that should not satisfy you, turn to the various promises that the Lord Jesus has made to coming sinners, and see whether there is not one that is suited to such a sinner as you are. I think that you cannot go far, in an honest examination of the promises of the gospel without saying, "Well, now, it really does look as if I could squeeze in there, at any rate; I think that description just exactly meets my case." I should not be surprised if you meet with some text, of which you will say, "Why, that looks as if it had been written entirely for me; it is such an accurate description of my forlorn condition." Well, then, if you find that Christ has invited such sinners as you are, and that, according to the inspired record, he has saved such as you are, why should not you also have hope? Have you been a thief? Remember that—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may you, though vile as he,  
Wash all your sins away."

Have you been a sinner in a more immodest sense? Remember that there was a woman, who was 'a sinner' in that very sense, who washed Christ's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Have you been a swearer? I should think that Simon Peter had been a great swearer before he was converted, or else he would not have used oaths and curses so freely when he denied his Master. Yet, in spite of that old habit breaking out again, Simon Peter was not only saved, but he became one of the most useful servants of our Lord Jesus Christ. I might continue to mention all sorts of sinners, and say to you, "Such an one as you now are has been saved, and has gone to heaven, is not that a lift for you? I pray the Lord to make it so. Others like you have been saved, so why should not you also be saved? Wherefore, be of good courage, poor prostrate sinner."

Let me give you another lift. *Salvation is all of grace*; that is to say, it is altogether of God's free favour. God does not save any man because there is anything in him that deserves salvation. The Lord saves whomsoever he wills to save, this is one of his grand prerogatives, of which he is very tenacious. His own declaration is, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion;" and Paul's conclusion from that declaration is, "So then it is not of him, that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." Well, now, if it be God's will to bestow his mercy upon sinners, according to his own sovereign grace in Christ Jesus, irrespective of anything good in them, why should he not show mercy to you? You have been looking for some reason in yourself why he should show mercy unto you, but you cannot find any such reason, and I can tell you that there never was any reason in sinners themselves why God should save them. He has always saved them for reasons known only to himself, which he has never revealed, and which he tells us he will not reveal. He asks, like the householder in the parable, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" and so he will do. No man has any right to salvation. We have all forfeited all claim of merit; so, when the Lord gives his mercy, he gives it wherever he pleases. Why, then, should he not give it to you as well as to anybody else?

I may also remind you that *faith in Jesus Christ always does save the soul*,—simply trusting him—as we were singing just now,—

"Only trust him! Only trust him."  
 Only trust him now!  
 He will save you! He will save you!  
 He will save you now!"

There have been a great many who have put this to the test, and they have found that faith in Christ has saved them. There are some people, nowadays, who tell us that this is immoral doctrine; they say that we ought to preach up good works. We do preach up good works, in the most forcible manner, for we say that faith in Jesus Christ prevents men from living in sin. We do not preach good works as a ground of salvation. That would be as foolish as

children, who take flowers, and stick them in the ground, and say, "Oh, what a beautiful garden we have got!" We plant the seeds of the flowers, or the roots of the flowers of grace; for faith in Jesus Christ is the seed and the root of virtue, and he that believes in Jesus Christ is saved, not merely from the punishment of sin, but from the sin itself,—from the power of sin, from the habit of sin. If it be still said that this is immoral doctrine, let the thousands of men, who have been saved from drunkenness, and lasciviousness, and profanity, by simply believing in Jesus, rise up, and enter their solemn protest against the wicked charge that there is anything immoral in this teaching. Immoral doctrine? Why, it has brought millions to Christ, and millions to heaven. If this doctrine could truly be called immoral, then God himself might be charged with being immoral, for this gospel assuredly came from him, and it is nothing short of blasphemy to call it immoral. Hear this gospel, sinner. You have no good works, and you will never have any until you repent of sin, and trust the Lord Jesus Christ. If you try to have any, they will all break down, because the motive at the back of those supposed good works will be this; you will do them in the hope of thereby saving yourself. What is that but sheer selfishness,—dead selfishness, which cannot be acceptable with God? But, sirs, if you will only trust the Lord Jesus Christ, you shall receive the immediate pardon of your sin, and with that pardon will come heartfelt gratitude to him who gives you the pardon; and with that gratitude will come intense hatred of everything that he hates, and fervent love of everything that he loves. And then you will do good works; but from what motive? Why, out of gratitude to him; and not being the result of selfishness, they will really be good works, for they will be done with the view of pleasing God, and not as a means of getting something for yourself.

Every soul, then, that has believed in Jesus has found everlasting life, and deliverance from sin. Very well, then, you also will find the same blessings if you now confide wholly in him. They did "only trust him," do you the same,—"only trust him now." They dropped into the arms of Christ, he caught them, and held them fast. Do you the same; drop now into the arms of Christ, who stands beneath you, ready to catch you, and you shall most certainly be saved. This is Christ's own declaration, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." The belief is to come first, and the baptism is to follow as the confession of the belief. Christ commanded his disciples to observe that order: "Go ye therefore, and teach (or, make disciples of) all nations, baptizing them (those who are made disciples,) into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This is what Christ himself said; so, if you have believed in him, and have been baptized on profession of that faith, you are saved, just as myriads of others have been saved. I have thus tried to give you a further lift up, and I pray the Lord Jesus to take you by the hand, and lift you up, you fevered and prostrate patients, who cannot rise without his power being poured into you.

Let me try to give you a hint in another way. I think I hear you say, "O sir, I know the gospel; but, somehow, I cannot get hold of it. I know what praying means, but I cannot pray as I would. I know what repenting is, but I cannot repent as I would." Here is a text which will, I hope, give you a lift: "The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities." Can you not look up to heaven, and ask that blessed Spirit to help you now? What though your heart is hard as the nether millstone? The Spirit of God can make it soft in a moment. What though it seems impossible for you to believe in Jesus? The gracious Spirit is ready now to enable you to believe in him. What if now you seem to be the very reverse of what you ought to be? The blessed Spirit can completely change your nature. He can open the blind eye, and unstop the deaf ear, and take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and give you a heart of flesh. I know that you cannot help yourself; but I also know that the Holy Spirit can help you, for nothing is impossible unto him. Come, heavenly wind, and breathe upon these dry bones; quicken them into life and activity, so that, where there was nothing but death, there may be a living army to serve the living Lord! And, blessed be his holy name, he will do it; for, wherever there is a true, heart-felt prayer for his presence, he is present already, dictating that prayer; for no one really prays until the Holy Spirit teaches him how to pray. So, you who are like Peter's wife's mother, have we been able to lift you up yet? May the Lord's almighty hand be stretched out to you, for ours alone will be too weak to lift you up.

Here is another lift for you. Notwithstanding all that I have said, you still think that you deserve to be lost, and that you must be lost, for *your being punished will show the justice of God*. That is true, as far as it goes; but let me tell you something else that is equally true. *Your being saved will glorify the mercy of God*, and "he delighteth in mercy." I recollect the time when I thought that, if Jesus Christ saved me, it would be the biggest thing he ever did. I thought so then, and I do not know but that I think so now; and I feel sure that, when I get to heaven, I shall still have that idea. And if you, dear friend, think the same concerning yourself, I expect you are about right. Jesus Christ, however, loves to do big things; he delights to show great mercy to great sinners; and if there is one man here, who seems not to have any good point about him, but whom everybody knows as being a renowned sinner,—well, I pray the Lord to save you, my friend, because then the devils in hell will hear of it, and they will be angry, and I like them to be angry for such a reason as that; and the wicked men, with whom you have been accustomed to associate, will hear of it, and they will say, "What! old Jack become a Christian? Harry turned Baptist? I never would have believed such a thing to be possible." We like to have just such converts as these, and my Lord likes to have them too, for such victories of sovereign grace cause a great stir in the camp of the Philistines, and they begin to tremble, and cry, "Who will be the next to turn?" And so the kingdom of heaven grows, and Satan's

fame gets dimmed, and the fame of Jesus of Nazareth grows brighter and brighter.

"Ah!" says one, "I never looked at it in that light; for, certainly, if Jesus Christ were to save me, I should be the biggest wonder on earth." Then I think it is very likely that he will save you, for he delights to do great wonders, and to work mighty marvels. How do you think that a doctor gets to have great fame? There are some physicians in London, who have so many patients waiting to see them, that the poor sufferers have to wait hour after hour before they can get in. How did those doctors get to be so celebrated? If I were to tell you they got all their fame through curing chapped hands, and sore fingers, and warts, you would say, "Nonsense! Nobody gets fame through doing such little things as that." How did they get their honour, then? Oh, there was a poor man, who was nigh unto death; he had been given up by several other doctors, but this one was enabled by God to heal him. Or there was a man, whose leg was about to be amputated, and this doctor said, "I will save that man's limb." Or there was a complicated case of internal disease, and this doctor said, "I understand that case," and he cured it, and everybody talked about the wonderful cure; and, now, everybody goes to that doctor. He became famous through curing bad cases; one really bad case brought him more credit than fifty minor maladies might have done. So is it with the great Physician and you big sinners with such a complication of disorders that nobody but Christ can cure you. My Lord and Master has a wondrous way of healing—those who appear to be incurable; and when he cures such cases as yours, heaven and earth and hell hear of it, and it makes him famous. So I would encourage you to hope that he will save even you, though you are as prostrate as Peter's wife's mother was before Christ took her by the hand, and lifted her up. May my gracious Lord and Master help you to take encouragement from what he has done for others who were in as sad a state as you are now in!

Though your case seems so hopeless to you, or, if you have any hope of recovery, you feel that it will take a long while, I want to remind you that *Jesus Christ pardons sinners in an instant*. A man is as black as midnight one moment, and as bright as noonday the next. Jesus Christ lifted up upon the cross has such mighty power that, if a man had all the sins of mankind resting upon him, yet, if he did but look to Christ by faith, his sins would be all gone in a moment. Did you ever see that wonderful sculpture which represents the Laocoon, and his sons with the monstrous snakes twisted all about their limbs? Well, though you should be another Laocoon, and sinful habits should be twisted all about you, so that it would be impossible for you to free yourself from them, yet, if you look to Jesus by faith, these monsters shall drop dead at your feet. Jesus Christ, the Seed of the woman, sets his foot upon the monster, Sin, and breaks its head; and if you believe in Jesus, that pierced foot of his shall crush the life out of your sin, and you shall be delivered from its power. Oh, that you might have grace to trust in Jesus for instantaneous pardon,

instantaneous regeneration, instantaneous deliverance from nature's darkness into God's most marvellous light! If you are as prostrate as Peter's wife's mother was, you ought not to lie still any longer when Christ is ready to give you such a lift as that.

But if you do, I bid you remember, poor desponding, despairing sinner, that *he who has come to save such as you are is a Divine Saviour*. What a death-blow this ought to be to every doubt! You say that there is a difficulty in your case. Yes, there is always a difficulty where there is only finite power; there always will be difficulties where there are creatures with limited capacities; but here is the Creator,—the Creator in human flesh,—he who made the heavens and the earth has come down to live here as a man, and to die upon the cross, in order that he may save sinners. What difficulty can there be in the presence of Omnipotence? Talk not of difficulty in the presence of the almighty God. He has but to will anything, and it is done;—to speak, and it stands fast for ever. Jesus Christ, my Lord and Master, is able to save unto the uttermost all them that come unto God by him, and he is able to save them with the greatest possible ease. What an easy thing it was for Christ to bless men, and women, and children when he was here upon earth! A poor woman came in the crowd, and just touched the hem of his garment,—she could not get near enough to touch him; but she just touched the hem of his garment with her finger,—there was contact between her and Christ through her finger and the hem of his garment, and she was made whole that very instant. There were other cases in which Christ healed people who were miles away from him at the time. "Go thy way," said he to the nobleman, "thy son liveth." He had not been near him; he could work the miracle just as easily at a distance. O sinner, nothing is impossible with God. If you are sick, and nigh unto death, Jesus Christ is able to save you. If I saw you at the very gates of hell,—so long as you had not actually crossed the threshold,—if I saw you trembling there, and you said to me, "Can Jesus Christ save me now?" I would reply, "Ay, my brother, look unto him, and he will take you from the gates of hell to the gates of heaven in a single moment." He said when on earth, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men," and it is just as true to-day. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"Only trust him! Only trust him!

Only trust him now!

He will save you! He will save you!

He will save you now!"

Oh, that he would bless this word to you! Christ is God as well as man. He suffered in the stead of sinners on the cross, but he lives after the suffering has been accomplished, he lives as the Saviour who is mighty to save; and whoever will take him as his or her own Saviour shall find it to be so this very hour.

## Exposition by C. D. Spurgeon.

MARK I. 14-35.

Verse 14. *Now after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God,—*

When one servant of God is laid aside, it is a call to the rest to be the more earnest. So after John the Baptist was put into prison, "Jesus came into Galilee." Sometimes a loss may be a gain; and if the loss of John was the means of bringing out Jesus, certainly both the Church and the world were the gainers: "Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God,"—

15. *And saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel.*

It is clear, from this passage, that our Lord exhorted men to repent, and to believe the gospel. There are some, who profess to be his followers, who will not suffer us to do this. We may teach men, and warn them, they say, but we must not exhort them to repent and believe. Well, as the contention of these people is not in accordance with the Scriptures, we are content to follow the Scriptures, and to do as Jesus did, so we shall say to sinners, "Repent ye, and believe the gospel."

16-18. *Now as he walked by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers. And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men. And straightway they forsook their nets and followed him.*

The gospel minister is like the fisherman with a net. I have sometimes heard the comparison drawn as though the gospel fisherman had a hook and a line, which he has not. His business is not to entice a fish to swallow his bait, but to cast the net all round him, and lift him, by God's grace, out of the element in which he lives in sin, into the boat where Christ still sits, as he sat, in the olden days, in the boat on the sea of Galilee. To shut the sinner up to faith in Jesus Christ,—that is the main work of the true gospel fisherman.

19, 20. *And when he had gone a little farther thence, he saw James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, who also were in the ship mending their nets. And straightway he called them: and they left their father Zebedee in the ship with the hired servants, and went after him.*

They never had cause to regret that they did so. Whatever they left, they were abundantly rewarded. They had a rich reward here on earth; and they have a far richer reward in heaven. Whatever a man gives up for Christ is a blessed investment, which will, sooner or later, bring him good interest.

21, 22. *And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught. And they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.*

He did not do as the scribes did, who made a great parade of learning by quoting this Rabbi and the other, but Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you." He spoke as one who felt that he had authority to speak in his own name, and in the name of God his Father. This method of teaching quite astonished the Jews. I wish that those, who now hear the gospel, might be astonished at it, and be astonished into the belief of it by the power with which it comes home to their consciences and hearts.

23, 24. *And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out, saying, Let us alone;*

How often that is still the cry of sinners, "Let us alone. Why do not you hold your own views, and let us alone?" Yes, the devils, and those



whom they control, still say, "Let us alone." But it is a part of the gospel to attack that which is not the gospel, and it is as much the duty of the ministers of the gospel to denounce error as to proclaim truth. If we do so, the old cry will still be heard, "Let us alone. Let us alone."

24, 25. *What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God. And Jesus rebuked him,—*

He did not want any testimony from the devil. When a man of ill character once praised Plato, the philosopher said, "What can I have done wrong that such a fellow as that speaks well of me?" So, when the devil bore testimony to the divinity of Christ, "Jesus rebuked him,"—

25, 26. *Saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him. And when the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him.*

For, if Satan must come out of a man, he will do him as much mischief as ever he can before he departs. His wrath is all the greater because his time is so short.

"He worries whom he can't devour,  
With a malicious joy."

27. *And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? what new doctrine is this? for with authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits, and they do obey him.*

It was the authority of his preaching which first astonished them; and then the authority with which he wrought his miracles, and subdued the world of demons. Blessed be God, Christ has not abdicated his authority. He is still the great Messenger of God, full of divine authority to save men, and to deliver them from the power of Satan.

28—30. *And immediately his fame spread abroad throughout all the region round about Galilee. And forthwith, when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John. But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and anon they tell him of her.*

Christ was a house-to-house missionary, as well as an open-air preacher. There is much good to be done by those who know how to visit, and to look after individual cases; there is great good to be done in that way, as well as by dealing with mankind in the bulk.

31—35. *And he came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them. And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door. And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew him. And in the morning rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.*

His hard day's work probably ran on far into the night. Yet, "a great while before day," he was up at the sacred work of supplication. The more work we have to do with men for God, the longer we ought to be at work with God for men. If you plead with men, you cannot hope to prevail unless you first plead with God. And, inasmuch as our Lord had great success the day before, it teaches us that the greatest success does not release us from the necessity of still waiting upon God. If God has given you much, my brother, go with thy basket, and ask for more. Never stay thy prayer. Increase thy spiritual hunger, and God will increase the richness of the gift he will bestow upon thee.

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—429, 499;  
AND FROM "SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS"—64.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit

THE SAFEGUARDS OF FORGIVENESS.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, MARCH 29TH, 1906

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Thursday Evening, September 23rd, 1875.*

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"And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord. And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die. Howbeit,..."—2 Samuel xii. 13, 14.

"HOWBEIT." There was a qualification to the pardon granted to David. There is no need for me to enter into any of the details of his enormous sin. To make any excuse for it, would be to become a partaker in it. It was without excuse; and if David himself were with us here, there is no one present who would so bitterly condemn him as he would condemn himself. He would be roused to the utmost indignation by any attempt to offer an apology for the great transgression into which he fell, surrounded, as it was, by so many circumstances which tended to make it even worse than it otherwise might have been.

In reading this narrative, one cannot help being struck with the fact that, when Nathan had brought home the sin to David, and the conscience of the monarch, which had been sleeping for some months, was aroused to a true sense of his guilt, pardon was at once granted to the sorrowing penitent. As soon as he said, "I have sinned against the Lord," the same prophet who had, by God's grace, brought him to conviction of sin, gave to him the assurance of absolution: "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die." Truly,—

"Wonders of grace to God belong."

The pardoning of great sin is wonderful; but the pardoning of great sin so rapidly—the forgiveness immediately following the confession,—is amongst the things to be set down as worthy of special gratitude in the heart, and special praise with the lip. One fears, however, lest, by the preaching up of the abounding mercy of God in suddenly putting away great sin, any should be led to think lightly of sin. It has been often raised as an objection to the full

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proclamation of the grace of God that it tends to make men think that the escape from sin is very easy, and, consequently, to cause them to imagine that sin itself is a less deadly thing than it really is. Now, I will not deny that Antinomianism is natural to the human heart, and that, as there have been, in the past, men who have turned the grace of God into licentiousness, so there will be, in the future, men who will make even out of God's mercy an argument in favour of their sin. Those who act thus are among the very worst of sinners, "whose damnation is just," as Paul wrote concerning those who said, "Let us do evil, that good may come." I have read that a spider will extract poison from the flower from which the bee extracts honey; so, surely, from that very truth from which a renewed heart extracts reasons for holiness, unregenerate men have been known to extract excuses for sin. If they do so, I can only say that they are "without excuse." Some have actually caused the precious blood of Jesus Christ himself to be to them a savour of death unto death by using the doctrine of the atonement as an excuse for their transgressions. If they do so, however, it certainly is not the fault of the truth, nor the fault of the infinite wisdom and prudence of God, for he has, in many remarkable ways, taken care to put safeguards round about his free mercy. He does forgive, and he will forgive, blessed be his holy name; and however men may pervert his mercy, he will not cease to bestow that mercy upon sinners; he will still continue his loving-kindness; yet he has put safeguards round about the doctrine of forgiveness, and of these safeguards I am now going to speak.

And, first, I shall speak of the safeguards which were provided in David's case; and then, secondly, of those which are provided in our own case. This will lead us to notice, in the third place, God's grand aim with us, and what our great endeavour should be in connection with that aim.

I. First, then, let us notice THE SAFEGUARDS THAT WERE PUT AROUND DAVID'S CASE, lest David, or anyone else, should think that, because sin was readily forgiven, it was in itself a little thing.

For, notice, first, that David was made to see his sin in its true light before it was forgiven. Nathan did not go to him, and say, "David, you have committed a much greater wrong than you have supposed. You have disgraced your character, and you have brought dishonour upon the God you love; but you are forgiven." No, he uttered a parable, which set David's own character before him as being of the very basest and meanest kind. The description of the traveller who came to the rich man, who then went and took the one ewe lamb from the poor man with which to make a feast for the traveller, was well conceived. It was a trap in which David was cleverly caught, and made to see himself, though he had not the slightest idea, at the moment, that he was seeing himself at all. But when Nathan said to him, "Thou art the man," he was made to feel that he was a mean wretch, who deserved to be condemned to death. His indignation was aroused against himself, and against his own actions; and thus the Lord took care that David should not receive pardon till he had realized the greatness of his sin, and

this would be a strong check to him in the future, keeping him from ever falling into that sin again.

Moreover, *he was made to condemn himself.* Before Nathan said to David, "Thou shalt not die," the king had pronounced sentence upon himself, for he had said, concerning the man described in the parable, "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die," not knowing that it was himself whom he was condemning; but he pronounced his own sentence, and after that he was forgiven. Now, dear friends, this is just what the Lord does with sinners before he pardons them; first, he makes them see their sin. Some of us remember well when that terrible spectacle haunted us day and night. We had long known that we had sinned, but we had no idea that sin was such a monstrous, horrible thing as we then saw it to be. We had read of strange monsters of the deep, hideous and terrible creatures; but when we saw sin, we beheld something more frightful and loathsome than our worst dreams had ever brought before our minds. Then we condemned ourselves. Well do I remember when I signed my own death-warrant; had the Lord then threatened to strike me dead upon the spot, I could not, even if he had given me leave to plead with him, have urged any reason why he should not destroy me. I have a thousand times wondered that my soul was not sent to hell; at night, I have feared that I should be there before the morning light; and, in the daytime, I have often trembled lest, ere the night should come, I should find myself in hell. Having thus condemned myself, then it was that God forgave me; and I do not believe that any sinner is ever forgiven until he consents, in his soul, to the justice of God if he never should be forgiven. He must know that he is a sinner, and that sin is an exceedingly evil and bitter thing, for which he deserves to be sent to hell; and when he reaches that point, then pardon will come to him. O dear brothers and sisters, do you not see what a blessed check this is upon that man? Now, when he receives forgiveness, he receives it as one who knows what that forgiveness covers, and who also knows the condemnation from which that pardon has delivered him.

There was, in David's case, the further safeguard that *he was made to feel the majesty of the divine Word.* When Nathan came to David, as God's representative, he spoke to him a simple parable, to which a child might listen with interest; but there was great majesty in it, for it unveiled the secrets of the guilty monarch's heart. It made him see himself as he appeared in the clear, translucent light of heaven, and not as he might have represented himself in a more favourable light. Read the whole passage, and note how Nathan made the truth lash him to the quick: "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I anointed thee king over Israel, and I delivered thee out of the hand of Saul; and I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives into thy bosom, and gave thee the house of Israel and of Judah; and if that had been too little, I would moreover have given unto thee such and such things. Wherefore hast thou despised the commandment of the Lord, to do evil in his sight? Thou hast killed Uriah the Hittite with the

sword, and hast taken his wife to be thy wife, and hast slain him with the sword of the children of Ammon. Now therefore the sword shall never depart from thine house; because thou hast despised me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife." Nathan does not spare him; every word is like a sharp sword piercing him to the heart. David is made to feel that the Word of God can search out his most secret things, and make him see himself in his true character, disguise himself as he may. And then, when he had confessed his sin, the same stern prophet, who had spoken so severely, said to him, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die." Oh, how welcome that message must have been to David! How soft and sweet those sounds must have been to his ear after the harsher notes to which he had listened, just as we have sometimes heard the martial music that has thrilled and startled us, and then there has come a soft strain of gentle music, or else a brief season of welcome silence, by which our ears have been rested and refreshed. So was it when Nathan turned from condemnation to comfort, and said to David, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die." This would henceforth always be a check to David, for he would feel that, if he sinned, that Word of God would again find him out,—that Word which had first stricken him to the dust by its severity, and then had won his heart's love by its tenderness.

A fourth safeguard was this,—*David was made to see the greatness of his sin, by the effect which it produced upon others.* Nathan said to David, "By this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme." As you read some of his Psalms, you can see that David knew that the Lord's enemies did blaspheme because of his sin. The party that loved the Lord was strong at court just then, and the king was the patron and head of that party; but there were men of Belial, who were the ungodly party in the land; and when they caught the king himself tripping thus, I warrant you that they talked of it at every street corner. It was a sad topic for the faithful ones to speak of; and the saints of God, when they met together, must have wept, for they could make no excuse for the king's crime, and they must have felt that a very deadly stab had been given to the cause of truth and righteousness. David was made to realize all that, and it must have helped to keep him from sinning again in such a fashion, because he loved the cause of God, and the house of God, and the servants of God; and there had been a period, in his past life, when he would not have believed that it was possible for him to be the means of breaking down the walls of Zion. When he had been forgiven, his first anxiety was that God would undo the mischief which his sin had wrought, and therefore he prayed to the Lord, "Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem."

In addition to these safeguards, there is that "howbeit" which I have included in our text. I call the serious attention of every carelessly-walking Christian here to that "howbeit." How many times my eyes have rested upon that word, and it has chastened my spirit, and driven me to my God. David was forgiven, but

from that day the sword never departed from his house. God let him know that, although he was pardoned, some of the results of his sin still remained. The guilt of it was gone, as Nathan said, "The Lord hath put away thy sin;" but the evil effect of it was still manifest, and that must be dealt with by the Lord's chastising rod. What a sad change came over David's life from this time! Recall the names of Tamar, Amnon, and Absalom, and think how degraded his own family had become. Then, one and another rebelled against him; enemies within his kingdom and without sought to overthrow him; and, after his sin in numbering the people, God's own angel was sent to smite the nation with a terrible pestilence. The earlier part of David's life was full of music and dancing; the latter part had far more of mourning and lamentation in it. After his great fall, he had to go softly all the rest of his days, and his dying testimony, though full of faith, was marred by the regret, "although my house be not so with God." He was a man so highly favoured of God, and so much after God's own heart in many ways, that, if he could have been without the rod, God would have spared him. If this sin of his could have been winked at, and he could have been delivered from its consequences without chastisement, God would have delivered him; but it was not possible. God does not give such exemption as that to any of his children, and he did not give it to David. That warm heart of his, which, in many respects, was so excellent, was apt, from its very fervour of affection, to crave too much of the love of the creature; so David had to be smitten again and again. God did not afflict him willingly; he did it because it was for his good. This folly in the heart of his child could not be driven out by anything but the rod, and therefore the rod he must have. He was a grand man, one in whom the grace of God shone very conspicuously, but he was a man of like passions with ourselves, and we have reason to thank God that he was, because his experience becomes all the more instructive to us from the fact that, while it teaches us that God can and will forgive us if we repent of even our great and gross sins, yet it also teaches us that sin is an evil and a bitter thing, and that, though the guilt of it may be removed, the evil consequences of it will cling to us, and be a subject of sorrow to us, till God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

•II. Now, secondly, I want to point out to you THE SAFEGUARDS IN OUR OWN CASE. I cannot say that the safeguards are the same in every case, because the experiences of God's children vary very considerably.

In the case of some of us, when God's forgiveness came to us, we could not think lightly of sin, because, *for a long time before we found mercy, we had been under a terrible sense of guilt.* I am not speaking of all Christians; but there are some of us who were for weeks, or months, or even years, waiting in outer darkness before the gate of mercy was opened to us. I will not deny that it was our unbelief in Christ that kept us there; but, at the same time, I see how God, in his wise providence, overruled even that to make us ever afterwards hate sin as burnt children dread the fire. Oh, what

burns of that sort I had! They seemed as if they would never heal,—the fire had gone so deep. I felt that I could sympathize with Job when he said, "My soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than my life," for I feared that no mercy could ever come to me. I have blessed God a thousand times that I was so long in finding Christ, because, through that very experience, I have been the better qualified to speak to others who are in a similar condition. John Bunyan was for years tossed about with inward tumults through a deep sense of sin; and when, at last, at the sight of the cross, the great burden rolled off his back, and disappeared in the sepulchre of Christ, he did not think sin a little thing. It had been such a dreadful burden to him for so many years that he ever afterwards abhorred it, and adored the wondrous love which had for ever delivered him from its power. With some persons, there is a check, which operates throughout the rest of their lives, as the result of that long period of depression of spirit and despair of soul which preceded the hour of light and joy. God kept us out in the cold so long in order that, ever afterwards, we might know what it was like, and not want to go outside again. He made us feel the aching of the hungry belly, that we might not again wander into the far country, and long to feed from the swine-trough. After our past experience there, our Father's arms about our neck became all the more precious to us, and there was the less likelihood that we should ever go back to that state of shame and sorrow from which we had escaped.

I say again that this is true only of some; it is not necessary for all, and it is only a few of God's servants who have passed through such an experience as that; but I think I may say that all who receive God's mercy have this safeguard, that, *for a greater or less period, they have been made to feel the death-swoon of sin.* It may last but a few minutes; but, before divine mercy comes to the heart, there is usually a striking of the soul with the chill horror of self-despair, and there is also a driving into the very marrow of the soul that sharp two-edged sword of God which kills all carnal confidence. In the case of persons who are suddenly brought into the life and light of full salvation, their sight of sin in its horror is but momentary. They hang over the precipice, and feel as if they were gone; but, at that very instant, the divine hand is stretched out to rescue them. The sentence of death must be passed upon all men, because all have sinned; we have the sentence of death in ourselves, that we may learn not to trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead. That glimpse of the open jaws of hell, though it be but for an instant,—that sight of the descending axe of divine vengeance, and of our own neck laid upon the block,—is enough to make us, even in a moment, pass through a process which divorces us for ever from the love of sin, makes us feel that it is a deadly and damning thing, and causes us to cry unto God to deliver us from it. That sense of sin is, I take it, a part of the safeguard which God provides for each forgiven man to prevent him from drawing inferences of licentiousness from God's abundant mercy to him.

But there is a better safeguard than that. *The fact that Jesus Christ is our sacrifice and Saviour, ought to prevent us from ever going into sin again.* You may have heard of the king who made a law that any person committing a certain crime, in his country, should have both his eyes plucked out. It happened that the very first criminal brought before him, under that law, was his own son, whose guilt was clearly brought home to him. His father was the judge, and there remained nothing for him to do but to pronounce upon his son the sentence that he should have both his eyes torn out; but, rigid as he was as a law-giver, such was the father's tenderness of heart that he bade the officer first pluck out one of his son's eyes, and then take out one of his own. I should think that that father's empty eye-socket would always remind his son of the crime which he had committed, and effectually prevent him from ever offending in that way again. Surely, that crime could never be pleasant to him after it had been so painful to his father. Believer, look at your Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and say to him, "What are these wounds in thy hands, dear Lord? What are those scars in thy feet, and what is that deep gash in thy side, which leads to thy very heart?" "These," saith he, "are the wounds caused by thy sin, for I was wounded for thy transgressions, I was bruised for thine iniquities, the chastisement of thy peace was upon me, and with my stripes thou art healed." O my brother, the next time you are tempted to sin, let the open wounds of Jesus appeal to you, and cause you to say, "I cannot crucify my Lord afresh, and put him to open shame, by again sinning against him." This will help to hold you back when the tempter draws near you; the "cords of a man" and the "bands of love" will draw you the other way much more forcibly, and you will say, with Joseph, "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" You may also say, "It is true that sin has not slain me, but it has slain my Substitute. It is true that sin has not cast me into hell, yet it brought hell upon my Substitute. It is true that the wrath of God passed by me, but it fell upon my Well-beloved, the Bridegroom of my heart, who, in infinite mercy, bore it all for my sake." The remembrance of this fact will be a most blessed safeguard to hold you back from sin;—pardon is free to you, but it cost him his all; and, because of what it cost him, you feel that you must not sin again.

Remember also that, great as the grace of God is in pardoning sin, *he gives, with pardon, other mercies, which are equally great, namely, repentance and renewal of heart.* Wherever the forgiveness of sin comes, there comes with it a turning from sin, a leaving of sin, a fresh view of sin, a different estimate of it; and the heart, that once had sought its own pleasure, now seeks God's pleasure; and the man, who formerly loved carnal delights, is moved to long after heavenly delights from the very moment of his forgiveness. I speak advisedly when I say that the doctrine of "believe and live" would be a very dangerous one if it were not accompanied by the doctrine of regeneration; if God did not change the nature of the forgiven sinner, it would be a dangerous thing to give him free



forgiveness; but when the two things go together, they counteract any evil which might have sprung out of either the one or the other by itself, and all good and no evil can come from them when they are preached in their due connection. "Believe and live," is true; but "Ye must be born again," is equally true. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," is apostolic doctrine, but so is this, "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." Change of heart accompanies the forgiveness of sin; and wherever that change of heart is given, there springs up in the renewed soul a deep sense of gratitude to God. "How much I owe!" says the renewed man. "How graciously the love of God has been manifested in my case! What great sin he has forgiven! What enormous transgressions he has blotted out! Now I cannot help loving him; oh, that I loved him even more!" And this gratitude becomes in itself a very powerful means of checking the soul in any impulse that it has towards sin, and an equally forceful incentive in driving it onward towards righteousness, "for the love of Christ constraineth us." It *does* constrain us; we do not say that it ought to do so, as some do when they misquote the text. Its constraining power draws us onward and upward towards our Lord.

These things put together, by the power of God's most blessed Spirit, lead the renewed man into a holy cautiousness and great watchfulness of soul. I wish I could say that I see as much of this spirit in all professors as I should like to see; but, alas, brethren, I do not! Sin, the very smallest sin,—if there can be a small sin,—is a great evil, and we ought to be deeply and solemnly anxious that even the least deviation from the righteousness of God should not be found in us. If any of you were told that there were in your house serpents, which had escaped from their den, and were hiding somewhere in your house,—perhaps near your bed, or in a cupboard or book-case, I know that, when you reached your home to-night, you would look very carefully on the doorstep, and in the hall, to see whether there was a young viper there. You would turn up the door-mats, in case there might be one concealed there; and you would not be satisfied until you had thoroughly searched the house, from the top to the bottom, in order that those deadly snakes might all be captured and destroyed. This is just what you ought to do with yourselves, brethren, for the snakes are there! In every part of your nature, these venomous creatures have been hatched, and they have multiplied beyond all calculation. Sins of all shapes and sizes lurk within you; and if God's grace does not keep you watchful, or ever you are aware you may be painfully conscious of their deadly power.

There is this fact that you must have often noticed, I feel sure, that, *whether you are aware of the sin itself, or not, you will soon have to be aware of the consequences of it.* You cannot fall into any sin without losing, in some measure, the sweetness of your fellowship with God. I do not need to look out of my window in order to know that there are clouds across the sky; I can tell that the clouds have come, for there is a diminution of light in the room.

where I am reading. So, I may not be conscious that I have fallen into sin, but the very diminution of the light of God's presence becomes the indicator to my soul that it is so. Perhaps you have had a prosperous day in business, and the friends you have met with have all been very kind and cheerful, and nothing has happened during the day to distress you; yet, when you get home, you feel heavy and dull, and you say to yourself, "Why is this?" It is simply that God has been causing you to see that the sweetness of the creature cannot make up for the lack of the presence of the Creator. If God were to give you all earthly good, and yet took away from you his presence,—which he will do if sin is within you, and unrepented of,—the loss of his presence would be a greater loss than the loss of the whole world, or even of heaven itself. If you are in the habit of walking with God,—and I trust that many of you are,—you will take note of the least stain of sin. You have, perhaps, seen a handkerchief that looked perfectly white; but if there has been a fall of snow, and you have laid that handkerchief down upon the snow, you have seen its defilement in contrast with the whiteness of the snow; so, if you live near to God, you will have a very high standard of what you ought to be, and you will see a great deal more sin in yourself than you ever used to see. The fact of your living near to God will never lead you into presumption, nor cause you to think lightly of sin; but it will make what you used to call little things to assume hideous proportions, and you will say to yourself, "What a sin it was that I, who have spoken face to face with God, should make that silly remark to my neighbour, a remark that could not minister edification to anybody;—that I, who have had power with God in prayer, should be put out of temper by a poor silly maid, or be made to forget myself altogether by some trivial temptation, which I ought to have been able to master, and could have mastered if I had given it the least thought!" You may rest quite certain that, if God honours any man in public, he takes him aside privately, and flogs him well, otherwise he would get elevated and proud, and God will not have that; he will not have big self to serve him, he will take him down from his high pinnacle, and grind him to powder, so as to get all the pride out of him.

III. The last point, on which I can only speak briefly, is this. ALL THIS INDICATES WHAT GOD'S GREAT AIM IS, AND WHAT OURS OUGHT TO BE.

*God's aim is*, not merely to forgive us, and to free us from the penalty of sin, but *to take sin out of us, and get rid of it altogether*. The Lord might have forgiven David, and yet not have used the rod upon him as he did. That child might not have died, but might have grown up to be David's comfort and joy; and Absalom might not have turned out such a scapegrace, but might have been his father's best helper. God might have arranged matters so, but he did not see fit to do it. He seems to say, "My dear child David, I love you so well that, while I fully forgive you, I will take such measures with you as will effectually prevent you from ever falling into that sin again; I will so deal with you that, should you ever

have such a temptation as this again, your tendency to that sin shall be very decidedly checked." Long before his sin with Bathsheba, there were various indications as to David's special liability to temptation. That sin only threw out upon the surface the evil that was always within him; and now God, having made him see that the deadly cancer was there, begins to use the knife to cut it out of him. God's business with you, if you are his child, is to get rid of the sin that is within you;—to purge you, not merely with blood and with hyssop, but with fire, till he has made your nature very different from what it now is.

*Our aim should be in conformity with God's aim; that is, to seek to get rid of sin altogether.* You have first to realize what your sin really is. It may be that, this day, you have lived a blameless life so far as it can be seen of men, but what about your thoughts? You have never committed adultery as David did; but how many adulteries have you committed in your heart? You never were actually a murderer; God forbid that you ever should be! But when your evil passions have risen, how many times have you been a murderer in the sight of God! We are not merely to imagine that, if we bring our outward moral conduct into conformity with the will of God, we are all right; we are also to look within. Every thought of evil is sin. A photographer will tell you that the object presented to the camera leaves an impression upon it even though the exposure of the sensitive place was only for the fraction of a moment. Notice, brethren, whenever sin is brought before your mind even in imagination, whether it is attractive to you or not. I hope that you catch yourself saying, "O my God, how is it that I can think of such a thing with any degree of tolerance?" You feel that you would not commit that sin, you would rather die than commit it; yet you are not as displeased as you ought to be at even the thought of it. Perhaps you almost wish that you might do this evil thing. If so, that shows which way your nature still inclines, the old nature which is so corrupt that it stinks; and when it stinks most in your nostrils, it is, perhaps, best for you, for then it drives you away from being proud of it, and takes you to that dear Saviour in whom alone your life can ever be found.

Brothers and sisters, in all your spiritual engagements, note how far your heart is really in them. Do not be content if you can say, "I went to the Tabernacle last Thursday night." Did you really worship there in spirit and in truth? Did you profit by the Word read and preached? Do not be satisfied if you can say, "I read a chapter in the Bible, and offered prayer to God this morning." What avails all this if your heart was not in the exercise? "Rend your hearts, and not your garments," is a message which would sometimes be appropriate to you. What we have to look at is, how near the soul gets to God, and how far it gains the mastery over sin. If it is a question of the forgiveness of our sin for the sake of him who did hang upon the cross, blessed be his name, we have that, and we have it perfectly in him. If it is a question of our righteousness in the sight of God, so far as the imputation of Christ's righteousness is concerned, that also is ours, as everything

else that is his is ours. But as to the cleansing of the heart, the purging of all secret places, the driving out of every lurking sin, and the getting rid of every imagination, and wish, and desire that is contrary to God,—this has to be battled for, through faith in Jesus Christ, and by the power of the Eternal Spirit; and the complete victory has yet to be gained. We must still continue to cry with Paul, "Oh wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But with him also we can say, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." We are not to sit at our ease, and fancy that the war is over, that all our spiritual enemies are slain; but we are to press onward to the end. Perhaps, even at the very end, we may have a stern fight with fierce temptations, as John Knox and many others have had; but, in the name of the Lord, we will destroy them. In any case, we must not give way to sin; we dare not let sin have dominion over us. We must strive and struggle against it; and we shall do so, for he who has pardoned us will also sanctify us. He who hath delivered us from death by sin will also deliver us from the death of sin, and will present us to himself "a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

Brothers and sisters, do not let me, for a moment, take away from you the joy of perfect pardon which is already yours if you have believed in Jesus Christ. Your sins, which were many, are all forgiven. Let no doubt upon that point come into your mind. Poor troubled sinner, do not be distressed as though you could not find immediate pardon through Jesus Christ, for you can. If you believe in him, your sins are forgiven you for his sake. But I am sure that, if you are in a right state of heart, you do not want to have pardon, and yet to be allowed to live in sin. You could not be content, even if the Lord were to forgive you all your sins, if he did not also change your nature, and deliver you from the power of sin. That these two things are to be had in Jesus Christ, let us firmly believe; and for the realization of these two things, let us earnestly pray and strive; and may God graciously give them to us all, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

#### HOSEA XIV.

Verse 1. *O Israel, return unto the LORD thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.*

Come back, poor wanderer! My brother or my sister, if your heart has grown cold toward your Lord and Master, return to him this very hour. This message comes from God himself, through his servant the prophet, "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity."

2. *Take with you words, and turn to the LORD: say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render the calves of our lips.*

As if he feared that we could not find suitable words to speak to him, he puts the right words into our mouths. Our Heavenly Father is so anxious

to bring back his children when they wander from him that he actually makes the prayer with which they may come back to him: "Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render to thee the praise which is thy due, which shall come from our hearts, and which our lips shall express." If there are any of you here who have grieved your Heavenly Father by growing cold at heart, I do trust that the Spirit of God will sweetly draw you back again to your old standing, and to something higher and nearer to God than even that was.

3. *Asshur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses: neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods: for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy.*

If you expect the Lord to smile upon you, you must have done with all your idols. You must put away all your false confidences, and those other sinful things in which you have found even a little joy; and you must come back to your Father, throwing away those rivals which have been set up in your heart, and asking him to give you grace to live henceforth for him alone.

4. *I will heal their backsliding,—*

"Nobody else can do it, but I can, and I will. I will not chide them any more, I will not keep them at a distance from me as unworthy to draw near to me; but 'I will heal their backslidings,'—"

4. *I will love them freely;—*

That is a grand sentence. God could not love us anyhow else, for what price could you and I bring with which to purchase his love? And if his love were not most free, it could never come to such unworthy ones as we are: "I will love them freely;—"

4, 5. *For mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew unto Israel:—*

You know that, in the East, the dew is a great fertilizer, even more so than it is here; when a plot of ground is all browned by the hot sun, the dew makes it green and fruitful again. So God says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel:—"

5. *He shall grow as the lily,—*

That is, upwards, bearing his flowers as near heaven as he can; not grovelling as he once did. He shall grow rapidly, as the daffodil lily does, which seems to start up, in the East, after a shower of rain, and come to maturity at once. Lord, grant that we may bring forth lilies of grace all of a sudden! May there be in us the beauty of holy Christian love which shall come all at once! "He shall grow as the lily;—"

5. *And cast forth his roots as Lebanon.*

There will be rapid growth, but sure growth. The lily has frail beauty, but Lebanon has the permanent lasting cedar; and God can make the graces of his people to be as enduring as they are beautiful.

6, 7. *His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return;*

His children, who were led into mischief by his bad example, shall be drawn back again.

7—9. *They shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon. Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? I have heard him, and observed him: I am like a green fir tree. From me is thy fruit found. Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them? for the ways of the LORD are right, and the just shall walk in them: but the transgressors shall fall therein.*

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

THE MEMORABLE HYMN.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, APRIL 5TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

'And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.'—  
Matthew xxvi. 30.

THE occasion on which these words were spoken was the last meal of which Jesus partook in company with his disciples before he went from them to his shameful trial and his ignominious death. It was his farewell supper before a bitter parting, and yet they needs must sing. He was on the brink of that great depth of misery into which he was about to plunge, and yet he would have them sing "an hymn." It is wonderful that HE sang, and in a second degree it is remarkable that THEY sang. We will consider both these singular facts.

I. Let us dwell a while on the fact that JESUS SANG AT SUCH A TIME AS THIS. What does he teach us by this?

Does he not say to each of us, his followers, "*My religion is one of happiness and joy*: I, your Master, by my example, would instruct you to sing even when the last solemn hour is come, and all the glooms of death are gathering around you; here, at the table, I am your Singing-master, and set you lessons in music, in which my dying voice shall lead you: notwithstanding all the griefs which overwhelm my heart, I will be to you the Chief Musician, and the Sweet Singer of Israel"? If ever there was a time when it would have been natural and consistent with the solemnities of the occasion for the Saviour to have bowed his head upon the table, bursting into a flood of tears; or, if ever there was a season when he might have fittingly retired from all company, and have bewailed his coming conflict in sighs and groans, it was just then. But no: that brave heart will sing "an hymn." Our glorious Jesus plays the man beyond all other men. Boldest of the sons of men, he quails not in the hour of battle, but tunes his voice to loftiest psalmody. The genius of that Christianity of which Jesus is the Head and Founder, its object, spirit, and design, are happiness and joy, and they who receive it are able to sing in the very jaws of death.

This remark, however, is quite a secondary one to the next. *Our Lord's complete fulfilment of the law is even more worthy of our attention.* It was customary, when the Passover was held, to sing, and this is the main reason why the Saviour did so. During the Passover, it was usual to sing the hundred and thirteenth, and five following Psalms, which were called the "*Hallel*." The first commences, you will observe, in our version, with "Praise ye the Lord!" or, "*Hallelujah!*" The hundred and fifteenth, and the three following, were usually sung as the closing song of the Passover. Now, our Saviour would not diminish the splendour of the great Jewish rite, although it was the last time that he would celebrate it. No, there shall be the holy beauty and delight of psalmody; none of it shall be stinted; the "*Hallel*" shall be full and complete.

We may truly believe that the Saviour sang through, or probably chanted, the *look* of these six Psalms; and my heart tells me that there was no one at the table who sang more devoutly or more cheerfully than did our blessed Lord. "There are some parts of the hundred and eighteenth Psalm, especially, which strike us as having sounded singularly grand, as they flowed from his blessed lips. Note verses 22, 23, 24. Particularly observe those words, near the end of the Psalm, and think you hear the Lord himself singing them, 'God is the Lord, which hath shewed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar. Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.'"

Because, then, it was the settled custom of Israel to recite or sing these Psalms, our Lord Jesus Christ did the same, for he would leave nothing unfinished. Just as, when he went down into the waters of baptism, he said, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness," so he seemed to say, when sitting at the table, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness: therefore let us sing unto the Lord, as God's people in past ages have done." Beloved, let us view with holy wonder the strictness of the Saviour's obedience to his Father's will, and let us endeavour to follow in his steps, in all things, seeking to be obedient to the Lord's Word in the little matters as well as in the great ones.

May we not venture to suggest another and deeper reason? Did not the singing of "an hymn" at the upper room *show the holy absorption of the Saviour's soul in his Father's will*? If, beloved, you knew that at—say, ten o'clock to-night, you would be led away to be mocked, and despised, and scourged, and that to-morrow's sun would see you falsely accused, hanging, a convicted criminal, to die upon a cross, do you think that you could sing to-night, after your last meal? I am sure you could not, unless with more than earth-born courage and resignation your soul could say, "Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar." You would sing if your spirit were like the Saviour's spirit; if, like him, you could exclaim, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt;" but if there should remain in you any selfishness, any desire to be spared the

bitterness of death, you would not be able to chant the "Hallel" with the Master. Blessed Jesus, how wholly wert thou given up! how perfectly consecrated! so that, whereas other men sing when they are marching to their joys, thou didst sing on the way to death, whereas other men lift up their cheerful voices when honour awaits them; thou hadst a brave and holy sonnet on thy lips when shame, and spitting, and death were to be thy portion.

This singing of the Saviour also teaches us the whole-heartedness of the Master in the work which he was about to do. The patriot-warrior sings as he hastens to battle; to the strains of martial music he advances to meet the foe-man; and even thus the heart of our all-glorious Champion supplies him with song even in the dreadful hour of his solitary agony. He views the battle, but he dreads it not; though in the contest his soul will be "exceeding sorrowful even unto death," yet before it, he is like Job's war-horse, "he saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off." He has a baptism to be baptized with, and he is straitened until it be accomplished. The Master does not go forth to the agony in the garden with a cowed and trembling spirit, all bowed and crushed in the dust; but he advances to the conflict like a man who has his full strength about him—taken out to be a victim (if I may use such a figure), not as a worn-out ox that has long borne the yoke, but as the firstling of the bullock, in the fulness of his strength. He goes forth to the slaughter, with his glorious undaunted spirit fast and firm within him, glad to suffer for his people's sake, and for his Father's glory.

"For as at first thine all-pervading look  
Saw from thy Father's bosom to th' abyss,  
Measuring in calm presage  
The infinite descent;  
So to the end, though now of mortal pangs  
Made heir, and emptied of thy glory a while,  
With unaverted eye  
Thou meetest all the storm."

Let us, O fellow-heirs of salvation, learn to sing when our suffering time comes, when our season for stern labour approaches: ay, let us pour forth a canticle of deep, mysterious, melody of bliss, when our dying hour is near at hand! Courage, brother! The waters are chilly; but fear will not by any means diminish the terrors of the river. Courage, brother! Death is solemn work; but playing the coward will not make it less so. Bring out the silver trumpet; let thy lips remember the long-loved music, and let the notes be clear and shrill as thou dippest thy feet in the Jordan: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Dear friends, let the remembrance of the melodies of that upper room go with you to-morrow into business; and if you expect a great trial, and are afraid you will not be able to sing after it, then sing before it comes. Get your holy praise-work done before



affliction mars the tune. Fill the air with music while you can. While yet there is bread upon the table, sing, though famine may threaten; while yet the child runs laughing about the house, while yet the flush of health is in your own cheek, while yet your goods are spared, while yet your heart is whole and sound, lift up your song of praise to the Most High God; and let your Master, the singing Saviour, be in this your goodly and comfortable example.

II. We will now consider THE SINGING OF THE DISCIPLES. *They* united in the "Hallel"—like true Jews, they joined in the national song. Israel had good cause to sing at the Passover, for God had wrought for his people what he had done for no other nation on the face of the earth. Every Hebrew must have felt his soul elevated and rejoiced on the Paschal night. He was "a citizen of no mean city", and the pedigree which he could look back upon was one, compared with which kings and princes were but of yesterday.

*Remembering the fact commemorated by the Paschal supper, Israel might well rejoice.* They sang of their nation in bondage, trodden beneath the tyrannical foot of Pharaoh; they began the Psalm right sorrowfully, as they thought of the bricks made without straw, and of the iron furnace; but the strain soon mounted from the deep bass, and began to climb the scale, as they sang of Moses the servant of God, and of the Lord appearing to him in the burning bush. They remembered the mystic rod, which became a serpent, and which swallowed up the rods of the magicians; their music told of the plagues and wonders which God had wrought upon Zoan, and of that dread night when the first-born of Egypt fell before the avenging sword of the angel of death, while they themselves, feeding on the lamb which had been slain for them, and whose blood was sprinkled upon the lintel and upon the side-posts of the door, had been graciously preserved. Then the song went up concerning the hour in which all Egypt was humbled at the feet of Jehovah, whilst as for his people, he led them forth like sheep, by the hand of Moses and Aaron, and they went by the way of the sea, even of the Red Sea. The strain rose higher still as they tuned the song of Moses, the servant of God, and of the Lamb. Jubilantly they sang of the Red Sea, and of the chariots of Pharaoh which went down into the midst thereof, and the depths covered them till there was not one of them left. It was a glorious chant indeed when they sang of Rahab cut in pieces, and of the dragon wounded at the sea, by the right hand of the Most High, for the deliverance of the chosen people.

But, beloved, if I have said that Israel could so properly sing, *what shall I say of those of us who are the Lord's spiritually redeemed?* We have been emancipated from a slavery worse than that of Egypt: "with a high hand and with an outstretched arm," hath God delivered us. The blood of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God's Passover, has been sprinkled on our hearts and consciences. By faith we keep the Passover, for we have been spared; we have been brought out of Egypt; and though our sins did once oppose us, they have all been drowned in the Red Sea of the atoning blood of Jesus: "the depths have covered them, there is not one of them

left." If the Jew could sing a "great Hallel", our "Hallel" ought to be more glowing still; and if every house in "Judæa's happy land" was full of music when the people ate the Paschal feast, much more reason have we for filling every heart with sacred harmony to-night, while we feast upon Jesus Christ, who was slain, and has redeemed us to God by his blood.

III. The time has now come for me to say HOW EARNESTLY I DESIRE YOU TO "SING AN HYMN."

I do not mean to ask you to use your voices, but let your hearts be brimming with the essence of praise. Whenever we repair to the Lord's table, which represents to us the Passover, we ought not to come to it as to a funeral. Let us select solemn hymns, but not dirges. Let us sing softly, but none the less joyfully. This is no burial feast; these are not funeral cakes which lie upon this table, and yonder fair white linen cloth is no winding-sheet. "This is my body," said Jesus, but the body so represented was no corpse; we feed upon a living Christ. The blood set forth by yonder wine is the fresh life-blood of our immortal King. We view not our Lord's body as clay-cold flesh, pierced with wounds, but as glorified at the right hand of the Father. We hold a happy festival when we break bread on the first day of the week. We come not hither trembling like bondsmen, cringing before the Lord as wretched serfs condemned to eat on their knees; we approach as freemen to our Lord's banquet, like his apostles, to recline at length or sit at ease; not merely to eat bread which may belong to the most sorrowful, but to drink wine which belongs to men whose souls are glad. Let us recognize the rightness, yea, the duty of cheerfulness at this commemorative supper: and, therefore, let us sing an hymn."

Being satisfied on this point, perhaps you ask, "*What hymn shall we sing?*" Many sorts of hymns were sung in the olden time: look down the list, and you will scarcely find one which may not suit us now.

One of the truest of earthly songs was the *war-song*. They sang of old a song to the conqueror, when he returned from the battle. "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." Women took their tambours, and rejoiced in the dance when the hero returned from the war. Even thus, of old, did the people of God extol him for his mighty acts, singing aloud with the high-sounding cymbals: "Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. . . . The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name. My brethren, let us lift up a war-song to-night! Why not? "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." Come, let us praise our Emmanuel, as we see the head of our foe in his right hand; as we behold him leading captivity captive, ascending up on high, with trumpets' joyful sound, let us chant the psalm; let us shout the war-song, "*To Triumph!*" Behold, he comes, all-glorious from the war: as we gather at this festive table, which reminds us both of his conflict and of his victory, let us salute him

with a psalm of gladsome triumph, which shall be but the prelude of the song we expect to sing when we get up--

"Where all the singers meet."

Another early form of song was the *pastoral*. When the shepherds sat down amongst the sheep, they tuned their pipes, and warbled forth soft and sweet airs in harmony with rustic quietude. All around was calm and still; the sun was brightly shining, and the birds were making melody among the leafy branches. Shall I seem fanciful if I say, "Let us unite in a pastoral to-night"? Sitting round the table, why should we not sing, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters"? If there be a place beneath the stars where one might feel perfectly at rest and ease, surely it is at the table of the Lord. Here, then, let us sing to our great Shepherd a pastoral of delight. Let the bleating of sheep be in our ears as we remember the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for his flock.

You need not to be reminded that the ancients were very fond of *festive songs*. When they assembled at their great festivals, led by their chosen minstrels, they sang right joyously, with boisterous mirth. Let those who will speak to the praise of wine, my soul shall extol the precious blood of Jesus; let who will laud corn and oil, the rich produce of the harvest, my heart shall sing of the Bread which came down from heaven, whereof, if a man eateth, he shall never hunger. Speak ye of royal banquets, and minstrelsy fit for a monarch's ear. Ours is a nobler festival, and our song is sweeter far. Here is room at this table to-night for all earth's poetry and music, for the place deserves songs more lustrous with delight, more sparkling with gems of holy mirth, than any of which the ancients could conceive.

The *love-song* we must not forget, for that is peculiarly the song of this evening. "Now will I sing unto my Well-beloved a song." His love to us is an immortal theme, and as our love, fanned by the breath of heaven, bursts into a vehement flame, we may sing, yea, and we will sing among the lilies, a song of loves.

In the Old Testament, we find many Psalms called by the title, "*A Song of Degrees*." This "*Song of Degrees*" is supposed by some to have been sung as the people ascended the temple steps, or made pilgrimages to the holy place. The strain often changes, sometimes it is doleful, and anon it is gladsome; at one season, the notes are long drawn out and heavy, at another, they are cheerful and jubilant. We will sing a "*Song of Degrees*" to-night. We will mourn that we pierced the Lord, and we will rejoice in pardon bought with blood. Our strain must vary as we talk of sin, feeling its bitterness, and lamenting it, and then of pardon, rejoicing in its glorious fulness.

David wrote a considerable number of Psalms which he entitled, "*Maschil*," which may be called in English, "*instructive Psalms*." Where, beloved, can we find richer instruction than at the table of our Lord? He who understands the mystery of incarnation, and of substitution, is a master in Scriptural theology. There is more

teaching in the Saviour's body and in the Saviour's blood than in all the world besides. O ye who wish to learn the way to comfort, and how to tread the royal road to heavenly wisdom, come ye to the cross, and see the Saviour suffer, and pour out his heart's blood for human sin!

Some of David's Psalms are called, "*Michtam*", which means "golden Psalm." Surely we must sing one of these. Our psalms must be golden when we sing of the Head of the Church, who is as much fine gold. More precious than silver or gold is the inestimable price which he has paid for our ransom. Yes, ye sons of harmony, bring your most melodious anthems here, and let your Saviour have your golden psalms!

Certain Psalms in the Old Testament are entitled, "*Upon Shoshannim*," that is, "Upon the lilies." O ye virgin souls, whose hearts have been washed in blood, and have been made white and pure, bring forth your instruments of song;—

"Hither, then, your music bring,  
Strike aloud each cheerful string!"

Let your hearts, when they are in their best state, when they are purest, and most cleansed from earthly dross, give to Jesus their glory and their excellence.

Then there are other Psalms which are dedicated "*To the sons of Korah*." If the guess be right, the reason why we get the title, "To the sons of Korah"—"a song of loves"—must be this: that when Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were swallowed up, the sons of Dathan and Abiram were swallowed up, too; but the sons of Korah perished not. Why they were not destroyed, we cannot tell. Perhaps it was that sovereign grace spared those whom justice might have doomed; and "the sons of Korah" were ever after made the sweet singers of the sanctuary; and whenever there was a special "song of loves", it was always dedicated to them. Ah! we will have one of those songs of love to-night, around the table, for we, too, are saved by distinguishing grace. We will sing of the heavenly Lover, and the many waters which could not quench his love.

We have not half exhausted the list, but it is clear that, sitting at the Lord's table, we shall have no lack of suitable psalmody. Perhaps no one hymn will quite meet the sentiments of all; and while we would not write a hymn for you, we would pray the Holy Spirit to write now the spirit of praise upon your hearts, that, sitting here, you may "after supper" sing "an hymn."

IV. For one or two minutes let us ask, WHAT SHALL THE TUNE BE?

It must be a strange one, for if we are to sing "an hymn" to-night, around the table, the tune must have all the parts of music. Yonder believer is heavy of heart through manifold sorrows, bereavements, and watchings by the sick. He loves his Lord, and would fain praise him, but his soul refuses to use her wings. Brother, we will have a tune in which you can join, and you shall lead the bass. You shall sing of your fellowship with your Beloved in his sufferings: how he, too, lost a friend; how he spent whole nights in sleeplessness; how his soul was exceedingly sorrowful.

But the tune must not be all bass, or it would not suit some of us to-night, for we can reach the highest note. We have seen the Lord, and our spirit has rejoiced in God our Saviour. We want to lift the chorus high, yea, there are some here who are at times so full of joy that they will want special music written for them. "Whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell;" said Paul, and so have others said since, when Christ has been with them. Ah! then they have been obliged to mount to the highest notes, to the very loftiest range of song.

Remember, beloved, that the same Saviour, who will accept the joyful shoutings of the strong, will also receive the plaintive notes of the weak and weeping. You little ones, you babes in grace, may cry, "Hosanna," and the King will not silence you; and you strong men, with all your power of faith, may shout, "Hallelujah!" and your notes shall be accepted, too.

Come, then, let us have a tune in which we can all unite; but ah! we cannot make one which will suit the dead,—the dead, I mean, "in trespasses and sins,"—and there are some such here. Oh, may God open their mouths, and unloose their tongues; but as for those of us who are alive unto God, let us, as we come to the table, all contribute our own share of the music, and so make up a song of blended harmony, with many parts, one great united song of praise to Jesus our Lord!

*We should not choose a tune for the communion table which is not very soft.* These are no boisterous themes with which we have to deal when we tarry here. A bleeding Saviour, robed in a vesture dyed with blood,—this is a theme which you must treat with loving gentleness, for everything that is coarse is out of place. While the tune is soft, *it must also be sweet.* Silence, ye doubts; be dumb, ye fears; be hushed, ye cares! Why come ye here? My music must be sweet and soft when I sing of him. But oh! *it must also be strong;* there must be a full swell in my praise. Draw out the stops, and let the organ swell the diapason! In fulness let its roll of thundering harmony go up to heaven; let every note be sounded at its loudest. "Praise ye him upon the cymbals, upon the high-sounding cymbals; upon the harp with a solemn sound." Soft, sweet, and strong, let the music be.

Alas, you complain that your soul is out of tune. Then ask the Master to tune the heart-strings. Those "Selahs" which we find so often in the Psalms, are supposed by many scholars to mean, "Pause, the harp-strings in tune: truly we require many "Selahs", for our hearts are constantly unstrung. Oh, that to-night the Master would enable each one of us to offer that tuneful prayer which we so often sing,—

"Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above:  
Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love!"

V. We close by enquiring, WHO SHALL SING THIS HYMN?

Sitting around the Father's board, we will raise a joyful song,

but who shall do it? I will," saith one; "and we will," say others. What is the reason why so many are willing to join? The reason is to be found in the verse we were singing just now,—

"When he's the subject of the song,  
Who can refuse to sing?"

What! a Christian silent when others are praising his Master? No; he must join in the song. Satan tries to make God's people dumb, but he cannot, for the Lord has not a tongue-tied child in all his family. They can all speak, and they can all cry, even if they cannot all sing, and I think there are times when they can all sing; yea, they must, for you know the promise, "Then shall the tongue of the dumb sing." Surely, when Jesus leads the tune, if there should be any silent ones in the Lord's family, they must begin to praise the name of the Lord. After Giant Despair's head had been cut off, Christiana and Mr. Greatheart, and all the rest of them, brought out the best of the provisions, and made a feast, and Mr. Bunyan says that, after they had feasted, they danced. In the dance there was one remarkable dancer, namely, Mr. Ready-to-Halt. Now, Mr. Ready-to-Halt usually went upon crutches, but for once he laid them aside. "And," says Bunyan, "I warrant you he footed it well!" This is quaintly showing us that, sometimes, the very sorrowful one, the Ready-to-Halts, when they see Giant Despair's head cut off, when they see death, hell, and sin led in triumphant captivity at the wheels of Christ's victorious chariot, feel that even *they* must for once indulge in a song of gladness. So, when I put the question to-night, "Who will sing?" I trust that Ready-to-Halt will promise, "I will."

You have not much comfort at home, perhaps; by very hard work you can earn that little. Sunday is to you a day of true rest, for you are worked very cruelly all the week. Those cheeks of yours, poor girl, are getting very pale, and who knows but what Hood's pathetic lines may be true of you?—

"Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt."

But, my sister, you may surely rejoice to-night in spite of all this. There may be little on earth, but there is much in heaven. There may be but small comfort for you here apart from Christ; but oh, when, by faith, you mount into his glory, your soul is glad. You shall be as rich as the richest to-night if the Holy Spirit shall but bring you to the table, and enable you to feed upon your Lord and Master. Perhaps you have come here to-night when you ought not to have done so. The physician would have told you to keep to your bed, but you persisted in coming up to the house where the Lord has so often met with you. I trust that we shall hear your voice in the song. There appear to have been, in David's day, many things to silence the praise of God, but David was one who would sing. I like that expression of his, where the devil seems to

come up, and put his hand on his mouth, and say, "Be quiet." "No," says David, "I will sing." Again the devil tries to quiet him, but David is not to be silenced, for three times he puts it, "I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord." May the Lord make you resolve, this night, that you will praise the Lord Jesus with all your heart!

Alas! there are many of you here whom I could not invite to this feast of song, and who could not truly come if you were invited. Your sins are not forgiven; your souls are not saved; you have not trusted Christ; you are still in nature's darkness, still in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity. Must it always be so? Will you destroy yourselves? Have you made a league with death, and a covenant with hell? Mercy lingers! Longsuffering continues! Jesus waits! Remember that he hung upon the cross for sinners such as you are, and that if you believe in him now, you shall be saved. One act of faith, and all the sin you have committed is blotted out. A single glance of faith's eye to the wounds of the Messiah, and your load of iniquity is rolled into the depths of the sea, and you are forgiven in a moment!

"Oh!" says one, "would God I could believe!" Poor soul, may God help thee to believe now! "God took upon himself our flesh; Christ was born among men, and suffered on account of human guilt, being made to suffer "the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." Christ was punished in the room, place, and stead of every man and woman who will believe on him. If you believe on him, he was punished for you; and you will never be punished. Your debts are paid, your sins are forgiven. God cannot punish you, for he has punished Christ instead of you, and he will never punish twice for one offence. To believe is to trust. If you will now trust your soul entirely with him, you are saved, for he loved you, and gave himself for you. When you know this, and feel it to be true, then come to the Lord's table, and join with us, when, AFTER SUPPER WE SING OUR HYMN,—

"It is finished."—Oh what pleasure,  
Do these charming words afford!  
Heavenly blessings without measure  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
'It is finished!'  
Saints, the dying words record.

"Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel's name;  
Hallelujah!  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!"

## Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

MATTHEW XXVI. 20—30; AND 1 CORINTHIANS XI. 20—26.

**Matthew xxvi. Verse 20.** *Now when the even was come, he sat down with the twelve.*

Why so many people celebrate the Lord's supper in the morning, I cannot imagine, unless it be that they desire to do everything contrary to their Lord's command and example: "When the even was come, he sat down with the twelve." I do not think there is any binding ordinance making the evening the only time for the observance of this ordinance; but to make the morning the only time is certainly not according to the Word of God.

21, 22. *And as they did eat, he said, Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me. And they were exceeding sorrowful,—*

There was enough to make them sorrowful in the fact that their Lord had just told them that one of the twelve who were his body-guard, his closest companions, his nearest and dearest friends, would betray him. "They were exceeding sorrowful,"—

22. *And began every one of them to say unto him, Lord, is it I?*

It shows a beautiful trait in their character that they did not suspect one another; and least of all, I suppose, did they suspect Judas; but each one asked, "Lord, is it I?" It is an admirable way of hearing a sermon to take it home to yourself, especially if there be a rebuke or a caution in it.

23, 24. *And he answered and said, He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me. The Son of man goeth as it is written of him; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born.*

The doom of the wicked is something far worse than non-existence, or Christ would not have said, concerning Judas Iscariot, "It had been good for that man if he had never been born." This is especially true of all those who, having for a while consorted with Christ, afterwards deny him and betray him. O brothers and sisters, may all of us be kept from this terrible sin! May none of us ever betray our Master after all the fellowship we have had with him! It would be better to die for him than to deny him; and it would be better never to have been born than to have been in intimate association with him, and then to have betrayed him.

25. *Then Judas, which betrayed him, answered and said, Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said.*

"It is even so." With a sorrowful gesture, he made it plain to his sad little circle of friends and followers that he knew all that was going to happen, and that Judas was the man who was going to turn traitor.

26. *And as they were eating,—*

As they were eating the Passover. The one ordinance gradually melted into the other: "As they were eating,"—

26, 27. *Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it;*

"Each one of you, my disciples, take a draught of this cup."

28. *For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.*

They had had gross sin brought prominently to their minds; they had had a personal reminder of their own liability to sin; and now they were to have a personal pledge concerning the pardon of sin: "For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."



29. *But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.*

Taking, as it were, the great Nazarite vow never to taste of the fruit of the vine "until that day." He will keep his tryst with us, my brethren; and we shall drink the new wine of his Father's kingdom with him by-and-by; but, until then, he waits.

30. *And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.*

1 Corinthians, chapter xi. Verse 20. *When ye come together therefore into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's supper.*

Merely meeting together, each person bringing his or her own portion of bread and wine, and each one eating the provided portion, was not celebrating the Lord's supper.

21. *For in eating every one taketh before other his own supper: and one is hungry, and another is drunken.*

Bad as some professing Christians are, even now, they are not so bad as these Corinthians were. One was hungry, and another was drunken, because they had turned the holy feast into a kind of banquet of a most disorderly sort. There was nothing in their conduct to indicate true Christian fellowship. The very meaning of the ordinance was lost in the fact that each one was feasting himself without fear.

22. *What? have ye not houses to eat and to drink in? or despise ye the church of God, and shame them that have not? What shall I say to you? shall I praise you in this? I praise you not.*

The Lord's supper is not to be made an opportunity for eating and drinking in disorderly self-enjoyment. It is a hallowed and holy institution, setting forth the fellowship of true believers with one another, and with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Paul was an apostle, yet he had not been present at the institution of the Lord's supper, so he had a special revelation given to him concerning the way in which this ordinance is to be observed.

23. *For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you,—*

That is the right kind of teaching which a man first receives from God, and then delivers to the people. Nothing is of authority in the Christian ministry unless we can say of it, "I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you,"—

23. *That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread;—*

What a pathetic interest is given to the Lord's supper by the fact that it was instituted "the same night in which he was betrayed." Never forget that. God grant that none of us may betray our Lord this night, or any other night! It would be the darkest night in our life should it ever be so: "The Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread;—"

24, 25. *And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament—*

"The New Covenant"—

25, 26. *In my blood: this do ye as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.*

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

A WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, APRIL 12TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Lord's-day Evening, October 3rd, 1875.*

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—John xvi. 20.

You all know that, at that time, our Lord was speaking of his death, which would cause the deepest grief to his own people, while the ungodly world would rejoice, and laugh them to scorn. So he bade them look beyond the immediate present into the future, and believe that, ultimately, the cause of their sorrow would become a fountain of perpetual joy to them. It is always well to look a little ahead. Instead of deploring the dark clouds, let us anticipate the fruits and the flowers that will follow the descent of the needed showers. We might be always wretched if we lived only in the present, for our brightest time is yet to come. We are now, as believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, only in the twilight of our day; the high noon shall come to us by-and-by.

But although our Saviour's words, just then, related immediately to his death, he was such a wonderful speaker that everything he said had a wider meaning in it than one might at first imagine. Even the leaves of the tree of life are for the healing of the nations; and even those words of Christ, which have a direct application to a special occasion, have a further wondrous power about them, and may be used on other occasions as well as upon the one when they were first uttered. I think I may fairly say that our Lord did not merely mean that, just when he died, his children would have sorrow; but that we may take his words as a prophecy that all who truly follow him will have their seasons of darkness and gloom. Our Lord Jesus Christ has nowhere promised to his people immunity from trial; on the contrary, he said to his disciples, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." I cannot imagine a better promise for the wheat than that it shall be threshed, and that is the promise that is made to us if we are the Lord's wheat, and not the enemy's tares, "Ye shall have the threshing which shall fit you for the

heavenly garner." You need not mourn, beloved, that it is to be so; if you do, it will make no difference, for your Lord has declared that "in the world ye shall have tribulation." Rest quite sure of that. If you could ask those believers who are now in heaven, they would tell you that they came there through great tribulation; many of them not only washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, but they sealed their faithfulness to him with their own blood.

Our Lord meant his disciples to feel the sorrow that was to come upon them, for he said to them, "Ye shall weep and lament," and he did not express any blame upon them for doing so. I would not have any of you imagine that there is any virtue in stoicism. I once heard a woman, who wished to show the wonders wrought in her by the grace of God, say that, when her babe was taken from her, she was so resigned to the divine will that she did not even shed a tear; but I do not believe that it ever was the divine will that mothers should lose their babes without shedding tears over them. I thank God that I did not have a mother who could have acted like that; and I believe that, as Jesus himself wept, there can be no virtue in our saying that we do not weep. God means you to feel the rod, my brother, my sister. He intends you sometimes to weep and lament, as Peter says, "if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations." It is not merely the temptation or trial for which there is a needs-be; but that we should be in heaviness, is also a necessary part of our earthly discipling. Unfelt trial is no trial; certainly, it would be an unsanctified trial. Christ never meant Christians to be stoics. There is a wide and grave distinction between a gracious acquiescence in the divine will and a callous steeling of your heart to bear anything that happens without any feeling whatsoever. "Ye shall be sorrowful," says our Lord to his disciples, and "ye shall weep and lament." It is through the weeping and the lamenting, oftentimes, that the very kernel of the blessing comes to us.

Our Saviour mentions one aggravation of our grief, which some of us have often felt: "the world shall rejoice." That is the old story. David found his own trials all the harder to bear when he saw the prosperity of the wicked. He had been plagued all the day long, and chastened every morning, and he could have endured that if he had not seen that the ungodly had more than heart could wish. He found himself, sometimes, even troubled with the fear of death; but as for the wicked, he said, "There are no bands in their death: but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men." It makes our bitterness all the more bitter when the saints of God are afflicted, and the enemies of God are made to dwell at ease. I daresay, when you were a boy, you may have fallen, and hurt yourself; and while you were smarting from your bruises, the other lads, who were round about you, were laughing at you. The pain was all the sharper because of their laughing; and the righteous are wounded to the quick when they see the ungodly prospering, prospering, apparently, by their ungodliness, and when these ungodly

persons point the finger of scorn at them, and ask, "Where is now your God? Is this the result of serving him?" When this is your lot, remember that your Saviour told his disciples that it would be so, and he has told you the same. While you are sorrowing, you shall hear their shouts of revelry. You shall be up in your own room weeping, and you shall hear the sound of their merry feet in the dizzy dance. The very contrast between their circumstances and your own will make you feel your grief the more. Well, if this is to be our lot, we must not count it a strange thing when it comes, but we may hear our Master say to us, "I told you that it would be so." When it happens to any of you, beloved, you also may say, "This is even as Jesus Christ said it would be." His first disciples, if they ventured out into the streets of Jerusalem after their Saviour's crucifixion, and while he was lying in the tomb of Joseph, must have found it very trying to hear the jests and jeers of those who had put the Nazarene to death. "There is an end of him now," they said; "his imposture is exposed, and his disciples, poor, foolish fanatics, will soon come to their senses now, and the whole thing will collapse." Just so: that was what Jesus said would happen, "Ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice."

Now, what was the Saviour's cure for all this? It was the fact that this trial was to last only for a little while,—for a very little while. In the case of his first disciples, it was only to last for a few days, and then it would be over, for they would hear the joyful announcement, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." So is it to be with you and with me, dear brothers and sisters in Christ. Our sorrows are all, like ourselves, mortal. There are no immortal sorrows for immortal saints. They come; but, blessed be God, they also go. Like birds of the air, they fly over our heads; but they cannot make their abode in our souls. We suffer to-day, but we shall rejoice to-morrow. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." But as for yonder laughing sinner, what weeping and wailing will be his portion unless he repents, and weeps in penitence over his many sins! The prosperity of the wicked is like a thin layer of ice on which they stand always in peril. In a moment, they may be brought down to destruction, and the place that knew them will know them no more for ever. Our weeping is soon to end; but their weeping will never end. Our joy will be for ever; but their joy will speedily come to an end. Look a little ahead, Christian pilgrims, for you will soon have passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and have come into the land where even the shadow of death shall never fall across your pathway again.

In speaking these comforting words to his disciples, our Saviour made use of this memorable sentence, "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy." As I read the whole passage, I pondered over those words, and tried to find out their meaning. Perhaps you think, as you glance at them, that they mean that the man who was sorrowful would be joyous: That is part of their meaning, but they mean a great deal more than that. They mean, literally and

actually, your sorrow itself shall be turned into joy;—not the sorrow to be taken away, and joy to be put in its place, but the very sorrow, which now grieves you, shall be turned into joy. This is a very wonderful transformation; and only the God who worketh great marvels could possibly accomplish it;—could, somehow, not only take away the bitterness, and give sweetness in its place, but turn the bitterness itself into sweetness.

That is to be the subject of our present meditation; and I am glad to have, in the communion, at which many of us will presently unite in the highest act of Christian fellowship, an apt illustration of my theme. You know that the supper of the Lord is not at all a funereal gathering; but it is a sacred festival, at which we sit at our ease, restfully enjoying ourselves as at a banquet. But what are the provisions for this feast, and what do they represent? That bread, that wine,—what do they mean? They represent, my dear friends, sorrow.—sorrow even unto death. The bread, separate from the wine, represents the flesh of Christ separate from his blood, and so they set forth death. The broken bread represents the flesh of Christ bruised, marred, suffering, full of anguish. The wine represents Christ's blood poured out upon the cross, amidst agony which only ended with his death. Yet these emblems of sorrow and suffering furnish us with our great feast of love; this is indeed joy arising out of sorrow. The festival is itself the ordained memorial of the greatest grief that was ever endured on earth. Here, then, as you gather around this table, you shall see, in the outward sign and emblem, that sorrow is turned into joy.

I. If you will keep that picture in your mind's eye, it will help me to bring out the meaning of the text, and our first point will be this. OUR SORROW AS TO OUR BLESSED LORD IS NOW TURNED INTO JOY. The very things that make us grieve concerning him are the things which make us rejoice concerning him.

And, first, *this comes to pass when we look upon him as tempted, tried, and tested in a thousand ways.* We see him no sooner rising from the waters of baptism than he is led into the desert to be tempted of the devil, and we grieve to think that, for our sakes, it was needful that he should there bear the brunt of a fierce duel with the prince of darkness. We see him afterwards, all his life long, tempted, and tried, and tested, this way and that,—sometimes by a scribe or a Pharisee, sometimes by a Sadducee. All sorts of temptations were brought to bear upon him, for he "was in all points tempted like as we are." But, oh, how thankful we are to know that he was thus tempted, for those very temptations helped to prove the sinlessness of his character. How could we know what there was in a man who was never tested and tried? But our Lord was tested at every point, and at no point did he fail; it is established, beyond all question, that he is the Lamb of God without blemish and without spot. You cannot tell what a man's strength of character is unless he is tried; there must be something to develop the excellence that lies hidden in his nature; and we ought to rejoice and bless God that our Saviour was passed, like silver, through the furnace seven times; and, like gold, was

tried again and again in the crucible, in the hottest part of the furnace, yet was there found no dross in him, but only the pure, precious metal, without a particle of alloy. Therein do we greatly rejoice. He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin;" he was assailed by Satan, and contradicted by sinners, yet he was found faultless to the end; and, thus, our joy arises out of that which otherwise would have made us mourn.

Further, dear brethren, remember that the griefs and trials of our Lord not only manifested his sinless character, but *they made him fit for that priestly office which he has undertaken on our behalf.* The Captain of our salvation was made "perfect through sufferings." It is needful that he, who would really be a benefactor to men, should know them thoroughly, and understand them. How can he sympathize with them in their sorrows unless he has, at least to some extent, felt as they do? So, our merciful and faithful High Priest is one who can be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," seeing that he was tempted and tried even as we are. I think that, had I been alive at the time, I would have spared my Lord many of his griefs had it been in my power; and many of you will say the same. He should never have needed to say, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," for you would gladly have given him the best room in your house. Ah, but then the poor would have missed that gracious word, which, I have no doubt, has often comforted them when they have been houseless and forlorn. You would not have allowed him, if you could have helped it, to be weary, and worn, and hungry, and thirsty. You would have liberally supplied all his wants to the utmost of your power; but, then, he would not have been so fully in sympathy as he now is with those who have to endure the direst straits of poverty, seeing that he has passed through a similar experience to theirs. What joy it is to a sorrowing soul to know that Jesus has gone that way long before! I had a great grief that struck me down to the very dust, but I looked up, and saw that face that was marred more than any other; and I rose to my feet in hope and joyful confidence, and I said, "Art thou, my Lord, here where I am? Hast thou suffered thus, and didst thou endure far more than I can ever know of grief and brokenness of heart? Then, Saviour, I rejoice, and bless thy holy name." I know that you, beloved, must often have grieved over your Saviour's suffering, though you have been, at the same time, glad to remember that he passed through it all, because he thus became such a matchless Comforter, "who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way," because of the very experience through which he passed, "for in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."

The meaning of the text comes out even more clearly when we think of the sorrows to which our Lord had been referring, which ended in his death. Oh, the griefs of Jesus when he laid down his life for his sheep! Have you not sometimes said, or at least thought, that the ransom price was too costly for such insignificant

creatures as we are? Think of the agony and bloody sweat, the scourging, the spitting, the shame, the hounding through the streets, the piercing of the hands and feet, the mockery, the vinegar, the gall, the "Eloi Eloi, lama sabachthani?" and all the other horrors and terrors that gathered around the cross. We wish that they might never have happened; and yet the fact that they did happen brings to us bliss unspeakable. It is our greatest joy to know that Jesus bled and died upon the tree; how else could our sin be put away? How else could we, who are God's enemies, be reconciled and brought near to him? How else could heaven be made secure for us? We might, from one aspect of Christ's sufferings, chant a mournful *miserere* at the foot of the cross; but ere we have done more than just commence the sad strain, we perceive the blessed results that come to the children of men through Christ's death, so we lay down our instruments of mourning, and take up the harp and the trumpet, and sound forth glad notes of rejoicing and thanksgiving.

Our sorrow about Christ's death is also turned into joy because, not only do we derive the greatest possible benefit from it, but *Jesus himself, by his death, achieved such wonders*. That precious body of his—that fair lily all bestained with crimson lines, where flowed his heart's blood, must have been a piteous sight for anyone to see. I wonder how any artist could ever paint the taking down of Christ from the cross, or the robing him for the sepulchre. These were sorrowful sights for art to spend itself upon. Jesus, the final Conqueror, lies in the grave; the coverments of the tomb are wrapped about him who once wore the 'purple of the universe'. But we have scarcely time to sorrow over these facts before we recollect that the death of Christ was the death of sin; the death of Christ was the overthrow of Satan; the death of Christ was the death of death; and out of his very tomb we hear that pealing trumpet-note, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I am glad that he fought with Satan in the garden, and vanquished him. I am glad that he fought with sin upon the cross, and destroyed it. I am glad that he fought with grim death in that dark hour, and that he seized him by the throat, and held him captive. I am glad that he ever entered the gloomy sepulchre, for he rifed it of all its terrors for all his loved ones, tore its iron bars away, and set his people free. So, you see, it is all gladness, even as he said to his disciples, "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

And whatever else there may be of sorrow that comes out of Christ's cross, we may all be glad of it, for, *now, Christ himself is the more glorious because of it*. It is true that nothing could add to his glory as God; but, seeing that he assumed our nature, and became man as well as God, he added to his glory by all the shame he bore. There is not a reproach that pierced his heart which did not make him more beautiful. There is not a line of sorrow that furrowed his face which did not make him more lovely; that marred

countenance is more to be admired by us than all the comeliness of earthly beauty. He was ever superlatively beautiful; his beauty was such as might well hold the angels spellbound as they looked upon him. The sun and moon and stars were dim compared with the brightness of his eyes. Heaven and earth could not find him equal; and if all heaven had been sold, it could not have purchased this precious pearl; yet the setting of the pearl has made Christ appear even brighter than before,—the setting of his humanity, the setting of his sufferings, his pangs, his shameful death, *has made* his Deity shine out the more resplendent. The plant that sprang from Jesse's root is now the Plant of renown. He who was despised at Nazareth is glorified in Paradise, and the more glorified because, between Nazareth and Paradise, he was "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." Blessed Saviour, we rejoice that thou hast gained by all thy sorrows, for therefore hath God highly exalted thee, and given thee a name which is above every name.

II. But now, secondly, and very briefly, I want to remind you that THE SORROW OF THE WHOLE CHURCH HAS ALSO BEEN TURNED INTO JOY.

In speaking of *the sorrows of the persecuted Church of Christ*, I will not compare them to the sorrows of her Lord; but if anything could have been comparable to the suffering of the Bridegroom, it would have been the suffering of the bride. Think of the early ages of the Church of God, under the Roman persecutions. Think of the Church of Christ among the Vaudois of the Alps, or in England during the Marian persecution. Our blood runs cold as we read of what the saints of God have suffered, I have often put up Foxe's Book of Martyrs upon the shelf, and thought that I could not read it any more; it is such a terribly true account of what human nature can bear when faith in Christ sustains it. Yet, brethren, we are not sorry that the martyrs suffered as they did; or if we are, that very sorrow is turned into joy at the remembrance of how Christ has been glorified through the sufferings of his saints. Even our poor humanity looks more comely when we recall what it endured for Christ's sake. When I think of the honour of being a martyr for the truth, I confess that I would sooner be like him than be the angel Gabriel, for I think it would be far better to have gone to heaven from one of Smithfield's stakes than to have been always in heaven. What honour it has brought to Christ that poor, feeble men could love him so that they could bleed and die for him! Ay, and women too, like that brave Anne Askew, who, after they had racked her till they had put every bone out of joint, was still courageous enough to argue on behalf of her dear Lord; when they thought that her womanly weakness would make her give way, she seemed stronger than any man might have been as she said to her persecutors,—

"I am not she that lyst  
My anker to let fall  
For every drysynge myst;  
My shippe's substancyal;"—



and so defied them to do their worst. The Church of God may well rejoice as she thinks of the noble army of martyrs who praise the Lord on high; for, amongst the sweetest notes that ascend even in heaven, are the songs that come from the white-robed throng who shed their blood rather than deny their Lord.

*The Church of Christ has also passed through a fierce fire of opposition, as well as of persecution.* Heresy after heresy has raged, men have arisen who have denied this, and that, and the other doctrines taught in the Scriptures; and every time these oppositions have come, certain feeble folk in the Church have been greatly alarmed; but, in looking back upon them all up to the present, I think that they are causes for joy rather than sorrow. Whenever what is supposed to be a new heresy comes up, I say to myself, "Ah, I know you; I remember reading about you. There was an old pair of shoes, worn by heresy many hundreds of years ago, which were thrown on a dunghill; and you have picked them up, and vamped them a little, and brought them forth as if they had been new." I bless the Lord that, at this moment, there scarcely remains any doctrine to be defended for the first time, for they have all been fought over so fiercely in years gone by, that there is hardly any point that our noble forefathers did not defend; and they did their work so well that we can frequently use their weapons for the defence of the truth to-day. Who would wish to have kept the Word of God from going through this furnace of opposition? It is like silver seven times purified in a furnace of earth. Philosophers have tried thee, O precious Book; but thou wast not found wanting! Atheists have tried thee; sneering sceptics have tried thee; they have all passed thee through the fire, but not even the smell of fire is upon thee to this day; and therein do we rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. And the day will come when the present errors and opposition will only be recorded on the page of history as things for our successors to rejoice over just as we now rejoice over the past victories of the truth of God.

And once again, dear friends, not only is it so with the persecutions and oppositions of the Church of Christ, but *the Church's difficulties have also become themes of rejoicing.* As I look abroad upon the world at the present time, it does seem an impossible thing that the nations of the earth should ever be converted to Christ. It is impossible so far as man alone is concerned, yet God has commanded the Christian Church to evangelize the world. Someone complains that the Church is too feeble, and its adherents too few, to accomplish such a task as this. The fewer the fighters, the greater their share of glory when the victory is won. In order to overcome indifference, idolatry, atheism, Mohammedanism, and Popery, the battle must be a very stern one, but who wants Christ's followers to fight only little battles? My brethren and sisters, let us thank God that our foes are so numerous. It matters not how many there may be of them; there are only the more to be destroyed. What said David concerning his adversaries? "They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about; but in the name of the Lord I will destroy them." When the last great day

shall come, and Jehovah's banner shall be finally furled because the book of the wars of the Lord shall have reached its last page, it will be a grand thing to tell the story of the whole campaign. It will be known to all then that the fight for the faith was not a mere skirmish against a few feeble folk, nor was it a brief battle which began and ended in an hour; but it was a tremendous conflict "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." They gather, they gather, my brethren, thick as the clouds in the day of tempest, but out of heaven Jehovah himself will thunder, and give battle, and scatter them, and they shall fly before him like the chaff before the wind.

III. Now, lastly, to come down from those high themes to minor matters, OUR OWN PERSONAL SORROW SHALL BE TURNED INTO JOY.

When I think of the sorrows of Christ and the sorrows of his Church as a whole, I say to myself, "What pin-pricks are our griefs compared with the great gash in the Saviour's side, and the many scars that adorn his Church to-day!" But, dear friends, whatever our sorrows may be, they will be turned into joy. Sometimes we ourselves witness this wonderful transformation. Poor old Jacob sorrowed greatly when he thought that he had lost his favourite son Joseph. "An evil beast hath devoured him;" said he, "Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces;" and he wrung his hands, and wept bitterly for many a day over his lost Joseph. Then came the famine, and the poor old man was dreadfully alarmed concerning his large family. He must needs send some of his sons into Egypt to buy corn, and when he does send them thero, they do not all come back, for Simeon is detained as a hostage, and the lord of the land says that they shall not see his face again unless they bring Benjamin with them,—Benjamin, the dear and only remaining child of the beloved Rachel. Jacob cannot bear the thought of parting with him, so he says to his sons, "Mo have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me." Poor old soul, what a mistake he made! Why, everything was as much for him as it could possibly be. There was his dear Joseph, down in Egypt, next to Pharaoh on the throne, and ready to provide for his poor old father and all the family during the time of famine. Then there was the famine to make him send down to Egypt, and find out where Joseph was, so that he might go and see his face again, and confess that the Lord had dealt graciously with him. You dear children of God, who get fretting and troubled, should carry out Cowper's good advice,—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face."

You have quite enough to cry over without fretting concerning things that, some day, you will rejoice over. The Lord will put your tears into his bottle, and when he shows them to you, by-and-

by, I think you will say, "How foolish I was ever to shed them, because the very thing I wept over was really a cause for rejoicing if I could but have seen a little way ahead." It is so sometimes, in providence, as you will find over and over again between here and heaven.

Our sorrows, dear friends, are turned into joy in many different ways. For instance, there are some of us, who are such naughty children, that *we never seem to come close to our Heavenly Father unless some sorrow drives us to him*. We ought to be more with him in days of sunshine, if it were possible, than in days of storm, but it is not always so. It is said that there are some dogs which, the more you whip them, the more they love you. I should not like to try that plan even on a dog; but I fear that some of us are very, like dogs, in that respect, if the saying is true. When we have a great trouble, or get a sharp cut, we seem to wake up and say, "Lord, we forgot thee when all was going smoothly; we wandered from thee then, but now we must come back to thee." And there is a special softness of heart, and mellowness of spirit, which we often get through being tried and troubled; and when that is the case, you and I have great cause to rejoice in our sorrows, if they draw us nearer to God, and bring us to a closer and more careful walk with him. If they draw us away from worldliness, and self-sufficiency, and self-complacency, our sorrows, if we are wise men and women, will be immediately turned into joy.

Again, there is no doubt that, to many, *sorrow is a great means of opening the eyes to the preciousness of the promises of God*. I believe that there are some of God's promises, of which we shall never get to know the meaning until we have been placed in the circumstances for which those promises were written. Certain objects in nature can only be seen from certain points of view, and there are precious things in the covenant of grace that can only be perceived from the deep places of trouble. Well, then, if your trouble brings you into a position where you can understand more of the lovingkindness of the Lord, you may be very thankful that you were ever put there, and may thus find your sorrow turned into joy.

Again, *sorrow often gives us further fellowship with Christ*. There are times when we can say, "Now, Lord, we can sympathize with thee better than we ever did before, for we have felt somewhat as thou didst in thine agony here below." We have sometimes felt as though that prophecy had been fulfilled to us, "Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with." For instance, if friends forsake you,—if he that eateth bread with you lifteth up his heel against you, you can say, "Now, Lord, I know a little better what thy feeling was when Judas so basely betrayed thee." You cannot so fully comprehend the griefs of Christ unless, in your humble measure, you have to pass through a somewhat similar experience; but when you perceive that you can sympathize more with Christ because of your own sorrow, then, for certain, your sorrow is turned into joy.

Sorrow also gives us fellowship with our Lord in another way,—

## A WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION.

*when we feel as if Christ and we had become partners in one trouble.* Here is a cross, and I have to carry one end of it; but I look round, and see that my Lord is carrying the heavier end of it, and then it is a very sweet sorrow to carry the cross in partnership with Christ. Rutherford says, in one of his letters, "When Christ's dear child is carrying a burden, it often happens that Christ saith, 'Halves, my love,' and carries the half of it for him." It is indeed sweet when it is so. If there be a ring of fire on your finger, and that ring means that you are married to Christ, you may well be willing to wear it, whatever suffering it may cause you. ~~Those were~~ blessed bolts that fastened you to the cross, even though ~~they were~~ bolts of iron that went right through your flesh, for they kept you ~~the~~ more closely to your Lord. Our motto must be, "Anywhere with Jesus; nowhere without Jesus." Anywhere with Jesus; ay, even in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, when we have the Son of God with us, the glowing coals cannot hurt us, they become a bed of roses to us when he is there. Where Jesus is, our sorrow is turned into joy.

I must not fail to remind you that there is a time coming when "the sorrows of death" will get hold upon us; and I want you, brethren and sisters, to understand that, unless the Lord shall come first, *we shall not escape the sorrow of dying, but it will be turned into joy.* It has been my great joy to see many Christians in their last moments on earth, and I am sure that the merriest people I have ever seen have been dying saints. I have been to wedding feasts; I have seen the joy of young people in their youth; I have seen the joy of the merchant when he has made a prosperous venture; and I have myself experienced joys of various kinds; but I have never seen any joy that I have so envied as that which has sparkled in the eyes of departing believers. There rises up before me now a vision of the two eyes of a poor consumptive girl,—oh, how bright they were! I heard that she must soon die, so I went to try to comfort her. To comfort her? Oh, dear, she needed no comforting from me! Every now and then, she would burst forth into a verse of sacred song; and when she stopped, she would tell me how precious Jesus was to her, what love visits he had already paid her, and how soon she expected to be for ever with him. There was not, in all the palaces of Europe, or in all the mansions of the wealthy, or in all the ball-rooms of the gay, such a merry and joyous spirit as I saw shining through the bright eyes of that poor consumptive girl, who had very little here below, but who had so much laid up for her in heaven that it did not matter what she had here. Yes, beloved, your sorrow will be turned into joy. Many of you will not even know that you are dying; you will shut your eyes on earth, and open them in heaven. Some of you may be dreading death, for there is still a measure of unbelief remaining in you; but, in your case also, death will be swallowed up in victory. Just as, when some people have to take physic which is very bitter, it is put into some sweet liquid, and they drink it down without tasting the bitterness, so will it be with all of us who are trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ when we have to drink our last

poison. In a few more days, or weeks, or months, or years,—it does not matter which, for it will be a very short time at the longest,—all of us who love the Lord will be with him where he is, to behold his glory, and to share it with him for ever. Have any of you any sorrows that you still wish to talk about? Some of you are very poor, and others of you are very much tried and troubled in many ways; but, my dear friends, when you and I get up there,—and we shall do so before long,—I think you will have the best of it. If there is any truth in that line,—

“The deeper their sorrows, the louder they’ll sing,”—

the more sorrows you have had, the more will you sing. Nobody enjoys wealth like a man who has been poor. Nobody enjoys health like a man who has been sick. I think that the pleasantest days I ever spend are those that follow a long illness, when I at last begin to creep out of doors, and drink in the sweet fresh air again. And, oh, what joy it will be to you poor ones, and you sick ones, and you tried ones, to get into the land where all is plentiful, where all is peaceful, where all is glad some, where all is holy! You will be there soon,—some of you will be there very soon. Dr. Watts says that—

“There, on a green and flowery mount,  
Our weary souls shall sit,  
And with transporting joys recount  
The labours of our feet.”

That is to say, the very sorrows that we pass through in our earthly pilgrimage, will constitute topics for joyful converse in heaven. I do not doubt that it will be so. In heaven, we shall be as glad of our troubles as of our mercies. Perhaps it will appear to us, then, that God never loved us so much as when he chastened and tried us. When we get home to glory, we shall be like children who have grown up, who sometimes say to a wise parent, “Father, I have forgotten about the holiday you gave me; I have forgotten about the pocket money you gave; I have forgotten about a great many sweet things that I very much liked when I was a child; but I have never forgotten that whipping which you gave me when I did wrong, for it saved me from turning altogether aside. Dear father, I know you did not like to do it, but I am very grateful to you for it now,—more grateful for that whipping than for all the sponge-cakes and sweetmeats that you gave me.” And, in like manner, when we get home to heaven, I have no doubt that we shall feel, and perhaps say, “Lord, we are grateful to thee for everything, but most of all for our sorrows. We see that, hadst thou left us unchastized, we should never have been what we now are; and, thus, our sorrows are turned into joy.”

As for you who are not believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, I want you to ponder most solemnly these few words, and carry them home with you. *If you remain as you are, your joys will be turned into sorrows.* God grant that they may not be, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

A SILLY DOVE.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, APRIL 19TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

In the year 1863.

"Ephraim also is like a silly dove without heart."—Hosea vii. 11.

THE race of Ephraim is not extinct. Men are to this very day very much like what they were in the days of the prophets.\* The same rebukes are still suitable, as well as the same comforts. As man has altered very little, if at all, in his outward bodily conformation, so has he not varied in the inner constitution; he is much the same to-day as he was in the time of Hosea.\* In this congregation, in the midst of the city of London, we have too large a company of those who are "like a silly dove without heart."

To proceed at once with the text, I want you to notice four things: first, *a saintly similitude*; secondly, *a secret distinction*; thirdly, *a severe description*; and, lastly, *a serious consideration*.

I. Here we have A SAINTLY SIMILITUDE: "Ephraim is like a dove."

The people are not compared here to the eagle that soareth aloft, and scenteth its prey from afar, nor to the vulture which delights to gorge itself with carrion; they are not likened to any foul and unclean bird which was put aside under the law; but the very figure which is constantly chosen to set forth the beauty of holiness, to describe the believer, and to picture the whole Church,—nay, that very emblem by which we set forth him who is holiness itself, God the Holy Spirit,—that same comparison to a dove is here used to describe those who were without heart. "Ephraim is like a dove,"—it is a saintly similitude.\*

Let me remind you that, in all congregations, there are those who are *like* doves, but not Christ's doves, who never build their nests in the clefts of the rock, in the bosom of the Saviour. They are *like* doves; you can never tell them from genuine believers; and, *like* doves, they are perfectly harmless; they do no mischief to others in their lives. Track them, if you will, you will never find them in the alehouse; they sing not the song of the drunkard; no man ever loses anything in business by them. Men may have

their pockets picked in the streets, but never by them. Persons may go staggering home under a wound, but that wound never comes from their hand; there is no uncleanness in their heart, and no slander on their tongue; they are amiable, admirable; we might almost hold them up for examples of propriety. Alas! alas! that we have only to look within to find that they are not what they seem.

Moreover, being like doves for harmlessness, *they are also like them for loving good company.* We find not the dove flying with a host of eagles, but it consorts with its own kind. Some of you are never happier than when you are either in the Tabernacle or else in some of the classes formed by various members of the congregation. You also find such a pleasant excitement in the prayer-meeting that you are not absent from it except when you are prevented by business. You love being where God's people go; their hymns are sweet to your ears, in their prayers you find some sort of comfort, and in the ministry of the Word you take delight. You fly like a cloud, and like doves to their windows, and it is a joy to us to see you do it; and yet it may be that, although you know how to congregate like doves, you are simply "like a silly dove without heart."

Moreover, these persons are still more like the dove, in that *they have the same meekness, apparently, as distinguishes the dove.* They hear as God's people hear, and sit as his people sit. They are not sceptics; they never object to the exposition of the doctrines to which they listen; they pick no holes in the preacher's coat,—they have no particular fault to find either with the style or the matter of his discourse; they decorously frequent the house of God, and behave themselves in a seemly manner when there; nay, more than that, they do seem with meekness to receive the Word, though they do not receive it as engrafted into their own hearts; they even receive it with joy when the seed is scattered on them, but having no root in themselves, the good seed comes to nothing. O my dear hearers, it is a great subject for thanksgiving that so many of you are ready and willing to listen to the Word with deep and profound respect; but I do beseech you to remember that you may, in this, be like unto the dove, and yet, after all, you may be taken in the same net and destroyed with the same destruction as that which fell upon the Ephraimites, who were "like a silly dove without heart."

*The dove, you know, is a cleanly feeder,* and so we have many who got as far as that. They know the distinction between the precious and the vile; they will not feed on law, they can only live on grace; they have come to know the doctrines of the gospel, and they feed on them,—upon pure corn well winnowed. You have only to bring in a little free will, and straightway they know the chaff from the wheat, and refuse to receive it. They cast it away as refuse metal, which is of no value to them. But, while they have an orthodox head, they have a heterodox heart; while they know the truth, and feel it, yet still it is not the right kind of feeling; they have never so received it as to incorporate it into their very being; they have accepted it with the same sort of belief, and in

somewhat the same manner, as Simon did in Samaria; but, after a while, when trouble and persecution shall come, and wax too hot, they will turn aside.

But I have to add yet further here, that there are some of these persons who are like doves in another respect still more singular. As a dove is molested by all sorts of birds of prey, so these persons do, for a time, share the lot which befalls the people of God. Why, there are some who, for the mere coming to the house of God, get nicknamed "saints." They are not saints, but they have to bear the scoffing which is given to saints; and I know some, who have turned out great sinners, who have, for a time, put up with much scoffing and rebuke for the sake of Christ. When pointed at in the street, it has been part of the manliness of their character to acknowledge that they did frequent such a place of worship. Though their soul has never been stricken by the Divine Word, yet it has become so sweet in their ear, that they are willing to bear some degree of reproach for the sake of it. I should not like to be compelled to say precisely wherein the saint is to be distinguished by outward signs, for really the counterfeits nowadays are so much like the genuine, that it needs the wisdom of the infallible God himself to discern between the one and the other. We can have false faith, false repentance, false hope, and false good works. We have all sorts of shamming, — paint, varnish, tinsel, — and we may so grain that a skilful eye will scarcely know whether it is the genuine wood or the artist's skill. There are many ways of preparing metals, and, sometimes, the alloy seems to have in it, for some purposes, qualities which the unalloyed metal lacks. O Lord, the great Searcher of hearts, do thou search us, lest we should have applied to us saintly names, and possess the saintly reputation and character, and hold saintly offices, and after all be cast away with the rubbish over the wall, and left to be consumed for ever and ever! But, enough on that point.

II. I have now to call your attention to A SECRET DISTINCTION: "Ephraim is like a dove without heart."

This implies a lack of understanding. The dove knows but little, and experience scarcely teaches it anything. We may almost spread the snare in the sight of that bird, and yet it will fly to it, it is so silly. It does not seem to possess, at least to the outward eye, the wits and senses of some others of the feathered tribe. It has little or no understanding. And oh, how many there are who are, spiritually, like the dove; they have no real knowledge of the truth! They rest in the letter, and think that is enough. I solemnly believe that there are thousands who have not the shadow of an idea of the meaning of the words which they hear every Sabbath-day in a form of prayer. They repeat those prayers without any appreciation of the sense of them; they would probably not notice if the words were put in any other way. Doubtless they would get as much good out of them if they were thrown together in wild disorder, as they do out of the beautiful and magnificent array in which they are marshalled. Many, who come and hear the most simple truths, go away and say, "It is a riddle to us; we cannot understand how



people can sit and listen to that." Either they condemn the preacher's words as trite or else as fanatical; they cannot understand them. You may fetch a clodhopper, and set before him the masterpiece of an eminent old painter, and tell him, "That picture is worth sixty thousand pounds." He looks, opens his mouth, stares again, and says he can't make anything of it; he can't see where the money could go. He'd sooner have carts, and horses, and pigs, and cows, and sheep. Well, now, to some extent, we might almost sympathize with him; but the high-art critics despise the man at once for having no soul above his clod. And it is just the same in spiritual things. Exhibit the glories of the person of Christ, and the matchless wisdom of the plan of salvation; that man can see nothing in it. "It is, no doubt, a very good and very proper thing," he will attend to it, and so on; and then he goes to church, and thinks he is pious, sits in his seat, and goes through the routine, and then supposes he is reconciled to God. Oh, how many such silly doves we have fluttering in and out of our places of worship! As a quaint old preacher said, there were scarcely seats enough for the saints on account of the number of simpletons that came to listen.

But, again, they were silly doves without heart, because, lacking an understanding heart, *they also lacked a decided heart*. Sometimes, however, the dove would be slandered if we should use her as a metaphor in this respect. Have you not seen the dove, when, from afar, with her quick eye, she has seen her cot, fly straight away, over miles of sea and land, straight to her beloved home? There, she could not be used as a metaphor of the ungodly; but of a child of Jesus, who thus flies to him over the wild waves of sin. But, perhaps, you have seen the dove as first she rises in the air, and then flies round and round. She deliberates in order to find out which is the right direction, and, when she has made up her mind, away she flies straight as an arrow to the goal. But, while she is fluttering about, she is an apt emblem of some men. They are undecided whether for God or Baal. They halt, to use Elijah's figure, between two opinions. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." On Sundays, they go to church; but, on Mondays, they put off their religious habits; the weather is too rough, or something else prevents them from going to the prayer-meetings. On Sunday, they say,—

"My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss;"—

but, on Monday or Tuesday, the sound of the wheels in the street, and the noise of them that buy and sell, put the music of Jerusalem out of their ears, and they would fain go back to the world again. Ah, they are silly doves, without understanding and without decision!

Nay, there are some who may be said to have a sort of decision.

for a time; but they are like the dove, in that *they are without resolution*. The dove seeks to fly in one direction; somebody claps his hands, and she changes in a moment; or else he sprinkles a handful of barley on the ground, and, though she was flying yonder, she is over here again. How many persons there are of that kind, setting their faces to Zion, intending to join the church; perhaps they have seen the elders and the pastor, and been accepted; but, after a little time, they say, "Well, they did not know all about it; there are more frightful things than they dreamt of in it!" Like Pliable, they would go to heaven, but they get into the Slough of Despond, and there is queer stuff there that gets into the ears and mouth, and so they get out on the side nearest home, and tell Christian he may have the brave country all to himself, for they don't like the mazy places on the way. Or, it may be, that some old companion comes up from the country, and he will treat them to some place of amusement: or, perhaps, it may be that there is a prospect of gain to be got in some branch of business that is not quite so honest as it might be. But does not the money count as well? Isn't it as good to spend? Will not other men think it worth twenty shillings to the pound, however it may have been gained? These people, who seemed so true and warm-hearted, are like the silly dove without resolution, and fly away again to their old haunts, and become just what they used to be.

So likewise there are many, like a dove, *without bold hearts*. They never turn upon a persecutor. They never stood in the gap with Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, holding the sword in their hand. They cannot open their mouth to speak for Jesus, but they run away when they ought to stand out like a lion against their foes; they never give a reason for the hope that is in them. We have plenty of Baptist churches educating cowards by the score. They never come out before the whole church,—that would be too trying for their nerves. They are never expected to come out boldly on the Lord's side. Too often, baptism is administered somewhere in a corner, when as few as possible are present; and, in that way, where we ought to have lion-like men, we breed those who hide their principles, and are ready to amalgamate with any sect of people so long as they can but bear the name of Christians. I would to God, dear friends, we had bolder men for our Lord and Master. Be as full of love as you can, but take care that you mix iron with your constitution. Silly are the doves that have no bold heart for God. The day will come when only the bold heart shall win, for the fearful and unbelieving are to have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.

Too many, also, there are like a silly dove, in that *they have a powerless heart*. If you visit a great manufactory where there is a large engine, you will notice that the amount of power used in the factory is proportionate to the capacity of the steam-engine. If that should work but feebly, then the wheels cannot revolve beyond a proportionate rate, and every part soon discovers that there is some lack of motive force. Now, man's heart is the great steam-engine of his whole being; and if he has a heart that palpitates with

swift strokes, it will set his whole nature in motion, and that man will be mighty for his Lord and Master; but if he has a little, insignificant heart that never did glow, and never did burn, and never did know anything about the warmth, and life, and heat, and power, and benediction of God's love, then he will fritter away his time, knowing the right and doing the wrong, loving in some sort the thing that is beautiful, but still following that which is deformed, giving his name to God, and giving what little strength he has to the other side. Brethren, I would to God there were not so many in all our communities that have but a pigeon's heart, or a dove's heart, or no heart at all.

The root of the matter lies here: *these Ephraimites have not renewed hearts*, and so they fail. Verily, verily, is it true to this hour, as in Je u's day, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Many strive to see it in their own way; but, until the effectual grace of God comes down to turn their hearts from the great and extraordinary confidence which their proud flesh has in their own works, they never will see, they never can see, the kingdom of God. How many like Ephraim, then, have the heart altogether wrong, because it is not renewed; therefore it has none of those qualifications which tend to make the man what he should be.

III. With great brevity, we notice, in the third place, A SEVERE DESCRIPTION: "Ephraim is like a *silly* dove."

It is a fine word, that word "*silly*." Hardly do I know another that is so eminently descriptive. There may be some sort of dignity in being a fool; but to be silly,—to attract no attention except ridicule,—is so utterly contemptible that I do not know how a more sarcastic epithet could be applied.

"Ephraim is like a silly dove without heart." And why silly? Why, *it is silly*, of course, *to profess to be a dove at all, unless a dove at heart*; silly of you to enslave yourselves with the customs of a country of which you are not a citizen,—to bind yourselves with the rules of a family of which you are not a member. We find men, when they go to another country, if there is a conscription there, only too willing to plead their own nationality, in order to escape it; and yet we have persons who will serve in the Christian conscription, who give as God's people give, and outwardly do what God's people do, and yet they are not of the godly nation, but are aliens from the commonwealth of Israel. Is not this silly,—to take the irksome toil, and not to get the joy and the benefit of it? You are silly to go and work in the vineyard, though you have never eaten of the clusters, and never can unless your heart be right in the sight of God. Isn't it silly, then, to profess to be a dove at all, and yet not to be a dove?

Isn't it silly, again, to think you can pass muster when your heart is wrong,—to fancy that, *if you fly with the crowd, you shall enter heaven without being seen*? Dost thou think to deceive Omniscience? Dost thou think infallible wisdom will not discern thee? Dost thou think to enter heaven while thy soul is estranged from God? Then, indeed, thou art worse than

a fool; thou art "silly" to think such a thing. How canst thou thus hope to deceive thy God? What is more silly than to play fast and loose in this way,—first to sing the song of Zion, and then the song of lasciviousness? There is something dignified even in the devil himself; there is something awful about the grandeur of his wickedness, because he is consistent in it; but there is nothing of that consistency in you, because you are here and there, everywhere and nowhere; everything by turns, and nothing long.

Some of you are so silly as to hasten your own condemnation. You know that, to be without God, and without Christ, will ruin you, and yet you do that which keeps you from going to Christ; you hug the sins that prevent your laying hold on him, and still dandle upon your knee the lusts which you know will shut the gates of heaven against you. Like Ephraim, you are silly enough to trust in that which will be your ruin. Some of you rest upon good works, or hope to be saved by good feelings. The two powers which had oppressed Ephraim, Egypt and Assyria, were still the powers in which he trusted. Do not you imitate his folly by trusting to that which will ruin you?

You are silly, again, because, *when there is so much danger, you do not fly to the place of shelter.* O silly dove, when the hawk is abroad, not to seek the clefts of the rock to hide itself! And how silly are some of you! Day after day, year after year, Satan is hawking after you; the great fowler is seeking your destruction; but the wounds of Christ are open to you, and the invitation of the gospel is freely given to you, and yet, so silly are you, that though you know better, you prefer the pleasures of the day to the joys of eternity. Yet I know not that you do prefer them, only somehow or other you are too silly to prove your preference, and go on, like a child that is playing on the hole of the cockatrice, making mirth over your damnation, too silly to make up your minds to choose either heaven or hell. I know there are some such people in this house; would God that the arrow might find out the right persons; but, too often, these doves are so silly, in another respect, that they will not let the appeal of the gospel come home to them. They say, "It cannot be for me, for I go to Mr. A's or Mr. B's class; it cannot be for me, for I go to the prayer-meeting, I contribute to the College, and every good work;" yet, all the while, it means just you who act upon your own whims, but not for God, who give God anything but your heart, who are ready to make a sacrifice of all, except that you refuse that which he asks of you, "My son, give me thine heart." It was considered to be a sign of great calamity when the Roman augur slew a bullock, and found no heart, and it is the worst of all calamities when a man has no heart to give to God. "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me," is one of the complaints against Israel of old, and one of the sins which made the prophets weep, and caused Jerusalem to be ploughed like a field.

IV. I close with just a few words upon the fourth point, and that is, A SERIOUS CONSIDERATION. There are one or two things I

would say solemnly, softly, and hopefully. Oh, that they may stick in the memory and the conscience of many of you!

Those of you, my hearers, who have been long sitting in this Tabernacle, some of you ever since it was built, and before then in other places under our ministry, yet are just the same as you used to be, ought to recollect *how sadly we look on those who are not saved*. It is no rare thing to find the attendant of the sanctuary an unbeliever. It is a common thing to find the child of converted parents, the lad educated at the Sabbath-school, the man who has always had a seat in God's house, still having no hope and without God in the world. Think of that! Be not deceived; the gospel will harden such people as you are. Speaking after the manner of men, (for, with God, all things are possible, and a sovereign God, doeth as he wills,) it does seem less and less probable that you ever should be called by grace after you have sat and listened to the Word so long. The voice that once startled you now soothes you; the manner that once attracted the eye, and sometimes seemed to touch the heart, fails to do either; and the very truth that once went over your heads like a crash of thunder has so little force in it now that you even sleep under the sound thereof. Think of that, you who are like a silly dove without heart.

Remember, too, that *some of the vilest sinners that have ever lived have been manufactured out of this raw material*. Some of the worst men were once, apparently, meek-hearted hearers of the Word, but they sat under the preaching of the gospel till they grew ripe enough to deny God and curse him. The unsanctified hearing of the gospel has sometimes produced more gigantic specimens of sin than the deaf ear of the adder. Beware, my hearer! I know that you will say with Hazeel, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" Yes, there is dog and devil enough in you, unless you have been changed by grace, to do that thing and twenty other things that you have never dreamt of yet. Think what multitudes of souls in hell there are like you,—silly doves without heart. Many of the population of that place of wailing once heard the gospel, heard it with gladness, and appeared to receive it for a time; but they had no root, and so the impression withered away. They never had been called effectually by grace, and never had been renewed in heart, although they had all the outward semblances of holiness. They have gone! Even now, your soul may listen to their groans and moans, the lesson of all which would be, "Make your calling and election sure, and be not satisfied with the name to live while you are dead."

May the Spirit of the living God stir you up to this; for, if not, I have one more consideration to urge upon you. *Remember how soon you may be in hell yourself*. And they who go there, if they have been such as you are, go there with a vengeance. To go from under the shadow of the pulpit to the pit, is terrible. To go from the communion cup, to drink the cup of devils; from the song of saints to the weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth of lost souls; from all the hallowed joys of God's Sabbath, of God's house, and of his Word, down to the unutterable infancy of spirits that

have no love to God, but curse him day and night,—my hearers, that may be your lot within an hour, a week, a year. It matters not what the period may be, for, if it ever be your lot, the time past shall seem to have been but the twinkling of an eye for its joy, though it may appear to you to have been ages for the awful responsibility which the day of mercy will have entailed upon you. "Repent and be baptized every one of you," as Peter said, so say I. If ye have not as yet received Christ, lay hold on eternal life, and oh, that the Spirit of the living God, while I preach the Word generally, may apply it *particularly*, finding out his own chosen, and gathering them out of the ruins of the Fall, that they may be jewels in the crown of the Redeemer! The Lord make us doves, but God forbid that we should be "silly doves without heart."

### Expositions by C. H. Spurgeon.

PSALM LXXVIII. 10—61; AND 1 PETER IV. 1—13.

The story of how the children of Israel behaved themselves towards their gracious God.

Ps. lxxviii. 10—16. *They kept not the covenant of God, and refused to walk in his law; and forgot his works, and his wonders that he had shewed them. Marvellous things did he in the sight of their fathers, in the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan. He divided the sea, and caused them to pass through; and he made the waters to stand as an heap. In the daytime also he led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire. He clave the rocks in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths. He brought streams also out of the rock, and caused waters to run down like rivers.*

In such a scene of miracles, surrounded by such prodigies of goodness, what did they do?

17. *And they sinned yet more against him by provoking the most High in the wilderness.*

What a fierce fire must sin be that it is even fed by the rivers of God's goodness, and burns by means of that which ought to have quenched every spark of it. Yet there is such a fire as that raging in our hearts, and even God's mercies will make us more sinful unless his abounding grace comes with them to teach us how to use them aright.

18. *And they tempted God in their heart by asking meat for their lust.*

Not for their needs, but "for their lust." It is a dreadful thing when prayer itself is prostituted, and the mercy-seat becomes a place for the expression of sinful desires which ought never to have been in our hearts. It was so, however, with these children of Israel.

19. *Yea, they spake against God;*

As you read that "they spake against God," you naturally suppose that they uttered some blasphemy, or some denial of his Deity. Listen and learn:—

19. *They said, Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?*

That is speaking against him,—to speak unbelievably,—to speak in a questioning way concerning his power. I am afraid that there are very few of us who can plead innocence on this score.

20. *Behold, he smote the flock, that the waters gushed out, and the streams overflowed; can he give bread also? can he provide flesh for his people?*

These things, which they lusted after, they also turned into subjects for unbelief; and they even misused the miracle, which they dared not deny.

21, 22. *Therefore the LORD heard this, and was wroth: so a fire was kindled against Jacob, and anger also came up against Israel. Because they believed not in God, and trusted not in his salvation:*

This was the provoking sin. The Lord would not endure such wanton and wicked unbelief as this. After he had turned the rocks into rivers, could he not turn the stones into bread, and the dust of the desert into flesh, if he chose to do so?

23—32. *Though he had commanded the clouds from above, and opened the doors of heaven, and had rained down manna upon them to eat, and had given them of the corn of heaven. Man did eat angels' food: he sent them meat to the full. He caused an east wind to blow in the heaven: and by his power he brought in the south wind. He rained flesh also upon them as dust, and feathered fowls like as the sand of the sea: and he let it fall in the midst of their camp, round about their habitations. So they did eat, and were well filled: for he gave them their own desire; they were not estranged from their lust. But while their meat was yet in their mouths, the wrath of God came upon them, and slew the fattest of them, and smote down the chosen men of Israel. For all this they sinned still,*

Mercy failed to move them, and judgment failed too. The right hand of God's gifts and the left hand of his chastisement were equally ignored.

32—34. *And believed not for his wondrous works. Therefore their days did he consume in vanity, and their years in trouble. When he slew them, then they sought him: and they returned and enquired early after God.*

Perhaps some of them sought him even while they were dying; and the remnant that survived trembled, and "returned and enquired early after God."

35, 36. *And they remembered that God was their rock, and the high God their redeemer. Nevertheless they did flatter him with their mouth, and they lied unto him with their tongues.*

Oh, this is terrible! One would have thought that they would have been sincere when they were broken down with sorrow; but it was not so. And I fear that the kind of religion which has to be whipped into us is never good for much. It must have in it the element of spontaneousness if it is to be sincere: it was not so with these people.

37—41. *For their heart was not right with him, neither were they stedfast in his covenant. But he, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not: yea, many a time turned he his anger away, and did not stir up all his wrath. For he remembered that they were but flesh; a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again. How oft did they provoke him in the wilderness, and grieve him in the desert! Yea, they turned back and tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel.*

In their unbelieving imaginations they circumscribed his power; they thought that he could do something, but not everything; they believed him one day, and doubted him the next.

42—45. *They remembered not his hand, nor the day when he delivered them from the enemy. How he had wrought his signs in Egypt, and his wonders in the field of Zoan: and had turned their rivers into blood; and their floods, that they could not drink. He sent divers sorts of flies among them, which devoured them; and frogs which destroyed them.*

All these judgments fell upon their enemies, but they failed to remember them.

45—56. He gave also their increase unto the caterpillar, and their labour unto the locust. He destroyed their vines with hail, and their sycamore trees with frost. He gave up their cattle also to the hail, and their flocks to hot thunderbolts. He cast upon them the fierceness of his anger, wrath, and indignation, and trouble, by sending evil angels among them. He made a way to his anger; he spared not their soul from death, but gave their life over to the pestilence; and smote all the firstborn in Egypt; the chief of their strength in the tabernacles of Ham: but made his own people to go forth like sheep, and guided them in the wilderness like a flock. And he led them on safely, so that they feared not: but the sea overwhelmed their enemies. And he brought them to the border of his sanctuary, even to this mountain, which his right hand had purchased. He cast out the heathen also before them, and divided them an inheritance by line, and made the tribes of Israel to dwell in their tents. Yet they tempted and provoked the most high God, and kept not his testimonies:

• Oh, these terrible “yets”! Though God was faithful to the end, and kept his covenant, and brought them into the land which he swore to their fathers that he would give them, “YET they tempted and provoked the most high God, and kept not his testimonies.”

57—61. But turned back, and dealt unfaithfully like their fathers: they were turned aside like a deceitful bow. For they provoked him to anger with their high places, and moved him to jealousy with their graven images. When God heard this, he was wroth, and greatly abhorred Israel: so that he forsook the tabernacle of Shiloh, the tent which he placed among men; and delivered his strength into captivity, and his glory into the enemy's hand.

1 Peter iv. 1. Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind: for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin:—

Brethren, we have a Saviour who suffered for us. As the Head was, such must the members expect to be. Let us, then, be resolutely determined that, suffer as we may, we will never turn aside from our Lord; for, inasmuch as we suffered in him, yea, and died in him, we ought to reckon that we are henceforth dead to sin, and that we have ceased from it, and can no longer be drawn into it. “He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin:”—

2. That he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God.

The doctrine of substitution is the strongest possible argument for holiness. You lived in sin once, but Christ died for your sin, so you must reckon that, in him, you died to sin, seeing that he died in your stead. And the argument is that, henceforth, your life is to be a life in him, a life of holiness, to the praise and glory of God.

• 3. For the time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles,—

Suffice? O brethren, let it do much more than that! Let it make us cry, “Would God that we had never wrought the will of the Gentiles at all!” Some young people foolishly say that they must have a little space in which they can “see life.” Ah, those of you who have been converted in after years regret that ever you saw what men call “life”, which is but the *alias* for corruption and death! “For the time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles,”—

3, 4. When we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries. Wherein they think it strange that ye run not with them to the same excess of riot, speaking evil of you:

What a strange world this world is! It speaks evil of men because they will not do evil. Yet it has ever been so; the men, “of whom the world was not



worthy," have been the very people of whom worldlings have said, "Away with such fellows from the earth! It is not fit that they should live." The world's verdict concerning Christians is of little value.

5, 6. *Who shall give account to him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead. For for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit.*

This is a very difficult passage to expound, but I suppose the meaning is that the gospel was preached to those departed saints who had been called to die for Christ's sake, and that it was preached to them for this very reason, that, while they were judged by wicked men, and were by them condemned to die, they still live a far more glorious life than they lived here, because they were thus enabled, by their martyr death, to consummate their consecration to God.

7, 8. *But the end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer. And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins.*

It covers them sometimes by not seeing them; for, where there is much love, we are blind to many faults which, otherwise, we might see; we do not exercise the sharpness of criticism which malice would be sure to exercise. Besides that, when love applies herself to prayer, and when, in addition to prayer, she kindly gives admonition to a beloved friend, it often happens that true Christian love does really prevent a multitude of sins. The apostle does not mean that, by loving another person, I shall cover my own sin; nor does he mean that the exercise of charity, in the common acceptance of that word, can cover my sin. But if I have much love to others, I may be the instrument, in the hand of God, for covering many of their sins in one or other of the senses I have mentioned.

9, 10. *Use hospitality one to another without grudging. As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.*

Whatever "the gift" is, whether it be money, or talent, or grace, "even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." God gives much to you that you may give it to others; it is only meant to run through you as through a pipe. You are a steward; and if a steward should receive his lord's goods, and keep them for himself, he would be an unfaithful steward. Child of God, see to it that you faithfully discharge your responsibility as one of the "good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

11—13. *If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth: that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.*

If you do not share in Christ's humiliation, how can you expect to share in his exaltation? But if worldlings begin to rebuke and reproach you, take it for granted that they can discern something of Christ in you. Dogs do not usually bark at those who live in the same village with them; it is only at strangers that they bark. And when ribald tongues are lifted up against you, you have reason to hope that you are a stranger and a foreigner to the citizens of this world, for they love their own, as our Saviour reminded his disciples, "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

MESSAGES TO SINNERS AND SAINTS.

## A Sermon

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C. H. SPURGEON,

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"For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel; In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength: and ye would not."—Isaiah xxx. 16.

THIS message related to the invasion of the land of Judah by Sennacherib. The approach of the enormous hosts of the Assyrian king put almost the whole nation into a state of great alarm. They wanted to make an immediate alliance with the king of Egypt, and to ask that mighty monarch to send his forces to drive back the army of Sennacherib. But Isaiah the prophet was sent to warn them of the folly and sin of such an alliance, and to tell them that their strength was to sit still. They were to confide alone in the Most High, and not to look for any other helper, but to cast themselves upon the faithfulness of the God who had never failed them. If they did so, they would suffer no harm; but just in proportion as they turned away from the unseen Jehovah, and began to rely upon an arm of flesh, they would be sure to find trouble.

We might have supposed that these people would have gladly accepted this very cheering message. Surely it was a good thing for them not to have to go to war with the Assyrians, and not to need to despoil themselves and their temple in order to send gold to the king of Egypt; but simply to rest in God, who had promised to be a wall of fire round about them, and the glory in the midst of them. But, brethren, faith is an exotic in any heart where it is made to flourish; it does not grow there by nature, it must be planted by grace. We are all of us idolaters by nature; we want something to look at, in our worship even, though God has forbidden it to us in the strongest terms; and as to our life, we are always pining for the arm of flesh, wanting to rely upon something tangible and visible. We cannot, except as God's grace enables us to do so, cast ourselves absolutely upon the unseen, and trust

ourselves to a God whose way we cannot trace. Yet, when his gracious Spirit teaches us this sacred art, it is well with us. The soul is elevated above gross materialism, above selfishness and self-confidence, above fear, alarm, and trepidation, and brought into a condition of strength, and power, and peace. This is what the text tells us,—that in returning and rest we shall be saved, and in quietness and confidence shall be our strength. As it was with God's ancient people in the days of Sennacherib, so is it with us. This principle holds good all along,—the faith that relies upon God will bring to us both salvation and strength.

I purpose to take my text out of its connection, and to address two different classes of hearers, using one of the sentences of my text as *a message concerning the salvation of sinners*, and using another sentence as *a message concerning the strength of saints*.

I. First, then, here is A MESSAGE CONCERNING THE SALVATION OF SINNERS "In returning and rest shall ye be saved."

Dealing first with the matter of *returning to God*, let me ask you a few questions. Have you played the prodigal? Have you got far away from your father's house? Have your joyous days all ended? Is your money all spent? Is your strength all but gone? Have your so-called 'friends' forsaken you? Are you brought very low? Is there a mighty famine in the land, and have you begun to be in want? There is but one thing for you to do, and that is to return. There is nothing more required of you than that you should return to God, and rest in him. Returning, however, is your first business. I would that you would say, as the prodigal in his hunger said, "I will arise and go to my father." You will never get right till you get back to God. You cannot do without the God who made you. You may try to do so as much as you will, but a creature apart from the Creator is nothing but vanity, a man apart from his Maker is in utter misery. You never will rest—it is impossible that you should do so,—till you rest on the Rock of ages, you will be continually tossed about and disquieted until you come there.

Possibly you say to me, "But how am I to return? How can I come back to God?" There is a way made for you. He has filled up the valleys, and cast down the mountains. Christ is the way of approach to the Father, and the only way, for no man cometh to the Father but by him, but along that way innumerable pilgrims have travelled, and they have reached God through Jesus Christ. Behold before you the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream, the foot thereof rests just where you are, but its top reaches to the covenant God in heaven. It is by the way of the person, and work, and merits of the incarnate Son of God that you must climb into his Father's bosom. By the way of his shameful cross, by the way of his death, and burial, and resurrection, you must come back to God. Again I remind you that this is the only way, there is no other entrance to heaven, and to the heart of God.

"I know that," says one, "yet I still feel as if I could not return." Why not? "My sin lies heavy upon me; I would that I could shake it off, and then return." Ah, my friend, that is not the

way to return to God. If thou wert to come back to God having somehow got rid of thy sin by thine own efforts, thou wouldst come self-righteously and boastfully; but the right way to get back to him is the way the prodigal took when the first words he uttered were these, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Come back to God with a full confession of thy sin. Whisper into his august but condescending ear the sad story of the many transgressions of the days that are past,—sins against his law, sins against his gospel, sins against the light, sins of ignorance, sins against himself, against his Son, and sins against his Spirit. Come back to God, laden with guilt, and full of woe; and confess all before him, through Jesus Christ his Son, and forgiveness shall be thine, for it is written in his Word, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

"Ay," saith one, "but that is my difficulty, for I observe that I am to forsake my sin as well as to confess it." It is truly so, my hearer; if thou wilt come back to God through Jesus Christ, who is the only way to the Father, he will enable thee to forsake thy sin. Before our Saviour's birth, the angel said to Joseph, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." The salvation which Jesus gives is salvation from unbelief, salvation from a seared conscience, salvation from pride, from lust, from malice, from envy, from evil of every kind. Which of thy sins dost thou wish to keep? Is there one so fair that thou hast the desire to spare it? Come, brother, let us take these sins of thine, one by one, and let us ask the Lord to lend us the sword of divine justice, that we may slay them, and hang them up before the Lord, for they are accursed things. Be not tender of heart concerning any one of them, even though, like another Agag, it cometh to thee delicately, and saith, "Surely the bitterness of death is past." Put the sword to the throat of every sin. Though each one should be like a prince, yet slay it, and hang it up upon the cross. There stands the gibbet whereon they hanged thy Lord; so hang up the traitor-sins there, and let them all die. I think I hear thee say, with good Dr. Watts,—

"'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord  
Hung on the cursed tree,  
And groaned away a dying life  
For thee, my soul, for thee.

"Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine  
That crucified my God;  
Those sins that pierced and nail'd his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood!

"Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;  
My heart has so decreed:  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed."

Remember that, if you do not kill them, they will kill you. Returning to God includes turning from sin. Do you think that

the prodigal, when he came back to his father, brought his dice in one hand, and some other implement of sin in the other! He may come foul with the filth of the swine; he may come wretched through hunger and famine; but he must leave his riotous living, his wine-cup, his debauchery in the far country; these cannot be tolerated in his father's house. Neither can he receive the kiss of forgiveness till he has said, "Father, I have sinned;" and the fact that he stands before his father, separated from his former sins, proves that he has forsaken them.

"Well," says one, "I have yet another difficulty. I have confessed my sin to God, and I have resolved, by his grace, to forsake it; but how can I get rid of the guilt of my past sin?" I will tell thee that directly; but, for the present, my text says, "Return." In returning to God thou shalt be saved, and thou mayest return to him now by simply trusting him. Come, man, the cause of all thy sin is that thou dost not trust him. If thou didst trust him, thou wouldst obey him, and thou wouldst prove that happiness comes through obedience to him. Thou didst not believe that this was true; and, therefore, thou hast gone away into disobedience under the mistaken notion that thou couldst find greater happiness there. But even now, if thou wilt believe, all things are possible unto thee. If thou wilt do God the bare justice of believing that, in this quarrel between thee and him, he is right, and thou art wrong; if thou wilt capitulate to him, yielding up thy weapons of rebellion, and say, "Tis all ended, good Lord; I do believe that thou art just, and true, and gracious; I know not how thou canst be just, and yet pardon me; but, anyhow, I come to thee, and I rest myself upon thee. I dare not be thine adversary any longer. Shouldst thou give me heaven itself, I could not be content with it unless I were reconciled to thee, my God, my Creator, my Preserver, my Father, my All-in-all. My heart longs to come to thee; I cannot rest till I am with thee; I seek thee with my whole soul;"—there lies the way of salvation. Nay, dear heart, if what I have been saying for thee is really true, thy salvation is already assured, for he who longs after God is no more God's adversary. God's grace has already been operating upon thee, and it is even now drawing thee to him, or else these ardent pangs of strong desire would never possess thy soul.

Now turning to the second half of this portion of my text, let me speak of *resting in the Lord*, as well as returning to him, for his declaration is, "In returning and rest shall ye be saved." What you need, in returning to God, is to rest in him. Here is the answer to the question which we asked just now concerning your past sin. "Listen," says God; "do not let thy past sin keep thee back from me, for I laid thy sin upon the shoulders of my Son. I allowed him to be scourged as though he had been the guilty one; I gave him up to the executioners as though he had been a malefactor. I even drew my own sword from its scabbard, and smote with it my well-beloved Son. While he was bearing thy sin, I left him alone till he cried, in his anguish, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!' I gave him up to endure the

bitter pangs of death that he might bear the wrath that was due to thee. Now, then, as he has borne the punishment for all thy sin, come unto me, and rest in me."

My dear hearers, I shall be very unhappy if, while I am preaching to you, some of you are not following me, and doing just what I am urging you to do. I am hoping that, while I am speaking, many of you are returning to your God, drawn by the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit. If you are returning to him, and are still troubled by the remembrance of your past sin, rest in what God has done on behalf of just such sinners as you are. He hath set forth Christ to be a propitiation for sin. Therefore, rest in him. Say, however timidly you may utter the words, "I do trust alone to the atoning sacrifice of Jesus, and for all my guilt I rest my soul on him." This is how you will be saved;—not by your working, not by your weeping, not even by your praying, but by thus resting on the Lord. It is true that you will work, and you will weep, and you will pray, and holy deeds will, I trust, be abundant in your after life; but, in order to be saved, you have simply to come to Jesus, and to rest on Jesus. Canst thou not do that? If thou canst not, I will tell thee why. It is not because thou art too weak, but because thou art too strong. It is strength that keeps a man from resting; it is weakness that makes him recline. The more faint and feeble he is, the more readily doth he lean upon another. It is your strength that will destroy you; it is your supposed goodness that will ruin you; it is your own works that will be your destruction. Come now, and lean wholly and alone upon that almighty Saviour whose heart was pierced for you, and then it shall be well with you. After you are saved, you will labour for the Lord with a mighty God-given force; but, just now, return to the Lord, and rest in him, for "in returning and rest shall ye be saved."

"Ay; but my present state is so bad," says one; "I should not so much trouble over my past sin, which I believe that God has forgiven; but I grieve over my present hardness of heart and distance from God." Come along, my brother, come back to the Lord, for thy heart will never get any softer through staying away from him. How many hundreds of times have I said from this pulpit that, if you cannot come to Christ *with* a broken heart, come to him *for* a broken heart; if you cannot come as you should, come anyhow that you can, in order that you may be taught to come as you ought. It is quite true that your condition is bad; but, then, Christ "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Those open sores and bleeding wounds of yours only prove that you need the care and skill of a wise physician. Do not stay away from him till you are cured, but come to him to be cured, and come to him now. And when you do come to Jesus, just leave your case, past, present, and future, in his hands. Rest on him; say, "I believe that, as he is able to forgive my past sin, so is he able to remove my present hardness of heart,—to take away the heart of stone out of my flesh, and to give me a heart of flesh."

"It is the future that troubles me," says another. "I am anxious to return to the Lord, and to rest in him; but I am afraid that I shall sin in days to come. I cannot feel sure that I shall not go back to my old life, even if I try to leave it." It is a good thing, my friend, when you realize that you can no longer trust in yourself, but that is the very reason why you should put your trust in One who can never fail you. Therefore, come to the Lord Jesus Christ, and rest in him concerning the future, as well as the past and the present. Did you never hear those words that Paul wrote to Timothy, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day"? This is what you have to do, then, commit yourself to Christ for all the future, with all its temptations and its trials, its sorrows and its sins, and rest there.

Here is salvation for the past, the present, and the future. Here is complete salvation, and the way to get it is to return to God, and rest in him. Oh, that the Holy Spirit would graciously lead many of you to do this! I feel that I must keep on preaching the gospel to you very simply. God forbid that I should ever try to bring before you any other theme, or even seek for goodly words in which to tell forth that theme! No, I feel that I must keep on telling you—

"The old, old story  
Of Jesus and his love."

After this morning's service, I looked upon the corpse of a beloved friend, who was with us here a little while ago, and who died yesterday afternoon. As I knelt by his bed, with his mourning wife and brother, I could not help feeling that there was a loud call to me, from those silent lips, to keep on preaching Christ, and nothing else but Christ, as long as I live. My friend, who has been thus suddenly called home, was in the very prime of life, and his death has quite stunned me. As I gazed at him, I could hardly believe that his lips were really silent, and that his eyes would never be opened any more in this world. If this summons had come for any of you who have not believed in Jesus, it would have been a still bitterer sorrow for us to know that you were dead in trespasses and sins when you were taken from us, and so must perish for ever and ever. Now, soul, will you have Christ as your Saviour, or will you not have him? If this were a thing which required hard tugging and toiling, it would be well worth the effort; but when the gospel message is simply, "Believe and live," and when Christ is willing, if you will only trust him, to give you a force with which you shall be able to shape a new and nobler life,—a power divine by which you shall rise superior to sin, and be, in his good time, made like unto himself, will you refuse these great blessings? Will you despise the heavenly banquet, and stay outside, and famish? Then, if so, your blood will be upon your own head; but may God, in his infinite mercy, prevent you from that which would be spiritual suicide, and save you by his grace, and he shall have the praise for it world without end.

I have read of a great man who was once taken round the French galleys. He was an ambassador from a foreign country, and the French king wished to do him honour, so he told him that, when he went to the galleys, he might set free any one of the convicts whom he pleased. So the ambassador took the following method of finding out to whom he would give this free pardon. He began by asking the first man, "How came you here?" The man said that he had done wrong, but that he had been entirely led into it by other people, and they were to blame more than he was. So the ambassador went on to another man, who said that he was perfectly innocent. He had never committed any crime at all, but he had been condemned through perjured witnesses, and so on. The ambassador found quite a number of "innocent" men of that sort; but, at last, he came to a man who frankly confessed that he deserved to be there. What had he done? Well, he had committed such crimes that he was ashamed to mention them; but, in answer to many questions, he did mention them, and he said, "I very richly deserve all that I have to suffer here, and I think myself happy that I was not condemned to die, for I well deserved it." "Well," said the ambassador, "you are evidently too bad a fellow to be here with all these 'innocent' men, so I shall give you a free pardon." He had the right to give it to whomsoever he pleased, and he made his choice in that way; and when the Lord, who has the right to give pardon to whom he pleases, gives it to anybody, if there is any choice, it generally is given to the man who feels that he does not deserve it, but owns that he deserves the wrath of God. "Ah!" saith the Lord, "you are the man who shall receive the free pardon which you admit that you do not deserve."

II. Now I want, for a little while, to speak to God's people, and to give to them THE MESSAGE OF THE TEXT TO THE CHILDREN OF GOD: "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." O beloved, what a blessed message is this!

*This is true concerning all the trials and troubles of this mortal life:* "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." I will suppose that you are passing through some business trouble. There are many tremors in the commercial world just now; perhaps they are causing some of you to shake and tremble. But if so, be not too easily carried away by secondary matters, be not either excited or depressed by them. Sit loosely by all worldly things, but take a firm grip of the unseen God. You will get no good by fretting, and worrying, and hurrying. Be calm and quiet; for all will yet be well with you if you are the Lord's children. Perhaps your trial takes the form of personal sickness; if so, nothing can be better for you than quietness and confidence. The doctor will tell you that you will make a good patient if he can keep your mind quiet and restful. All the worrying in the world will not make you well, though worrying will help to keep you ill. You will be ill just as long as God appoints; but if anything could help to heal you, it would be quietness and confidence of heart. Have you lost a friend? Is there at home a great sorrow? Have you, in the cemetery, some loved one lying in a newly-made grave?



Well, my brother, or my sister, you cannot bring the dear one back again, and you ought not to wish to do so. It is wise to submit to the inevitable; it is gracious to bow to the will of your ever-gracious God. You cannot do anything that will be so helpful to your own sorrowing spirit as to exercise quietness and confidence; it will indeed be your strength. Have you what I think is a sorrow fully equal to that of bereavement? Have you a loved one who daily suffers? Have you one who seems, week after week, to be lying upon the brink of the grave? Is that the kind of living cross that you have to carry? Well, brother, it is no use fretting over it, and it can do you no good to rebel against it. Let us not only submit to the will of the Lord, but let us ask him to grant us grace to acquiesce in it, for in quietness and in confidence shall be our strength. We often want to do too much, and we often really do too much, and so we spoil everything. We fret and we worry, but nothing good ever comes of all our fretting and worrying; but if we would learn to wait upon the Lord, we should renew our strength; we should mount up with wings as eagles; we should run, and not be weary; we should walk, and not faint. I am addressing God's tried children just now; and, whatever their condition may be, I press the message of the text upon their most earnest consideration.

Fretting is weakening. Who ever gathered an atom of strength by fretting and fuming, plotting and planning, or doing this and that in haste and confusion? You must have noticed, in reading the Book of Genesis, what a great descent there was from Abraham to Jacob. What a grand man Abraham was! He was every inch a king; nay, kings were but dwarfs in comparison with the patriarch, who was so great because he believed God. But look at Jacob,—a pettifogging, bargaining man, constantly cheating or being cheated. Jacob might be regarded by some people as by far the better man of business,—such a keen, shrewd man. Yes, he was a cunning man, and very crafty; but Abraham had that kind of wisdom which is better than craft and cunning. He was so trustful that he never thought of chaffering and bargaining with his God as Jacob did. Quiet majesty is the characteristic of the man of faith, just as unquiet weakness is the characteristic of the unbeliever. May God make you strong, brethren and sisters in Christ, by taking from you the fret and the worry in which you have too long indulged, and by giving to you the quietness and confidence which shall be your strength for the future!

Moreover, fretting and worrying distract us, but quietness and confidence help us in many an emergency. I have known a merchant, who was losing money, feel very agitated and restless. The perspiration was upon his brow; and if he had gone on much longer in that fashion, he would have lost a great deal more money. But I have known that same man pull up in an instant, slip aside into some quiet corner, breathe a brief, earnest prayer to God, and then go back to his post feeling "I am ready for any of you,"—cool, calm, quiet. While he was forgetting his God, he was distracted, and those about him were his masters; but when he had

told the Lord about his troubles, he came back, not self-reliant, but God-reliant, which is a very different thing, and a much better thing. There he was, cool, calm, with all his wits about him, ready to meet those who, a little while before, would have been more than a match for him. Trust in God, beloved, for faith in him will keep your vision clear, and your judgment sound. Trust in God; and, then, in the day of stern conflict, there shall be no man's arms that shall be so strong as yours. "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

Besides this, quietness and confidence often prevent us from wasting our strength in efforts which must end in failure. Oh, the fussy efforts we have many of us made! I know that I have; and I will make the confession. I have had various matters to put right, and I have tried, and tried, and tried, but all my trying has only made them get worse and worse. They are like our good sister's thread, that was in a tangle, the other day, and she was in such haste to get it disentangled that she got it into a mass of knots that nobody in this world could untie. But another time when there was a tangle, she just took it calmly and quietly, and slipped this thread through here, and that thread through there, and it was all unmarred very speedily. Her quietness helped her to see the way out of the difficulty; but we are often in such a hurry to get things done that it takes us three times as long to undo the mischief that we wrought in our hurry as it would have taken us if we had, in the first place, asked God to help us to do the thing properly.

I know that the grace of God is needed to bring us into this state of quietness and confidence; but, brethren and sisters in Christ, when you are brought into it, I pray you to keep in it, and to walk so close to God as never to lose the consciousness of it. I always admire the spirit which is characteristic of the Society of Friends. As a general rule, the spirit of the Quaker is calm, quiet, deliberate. That kind of spirit is not absolutely perfect; I can see something that is lacking from it. Still, that sort of spirit is a long way ahead of that which is manifested by some of my friends whom I might easily name. I wish that we all had more of that spirit,—calm, quiet, self-possessed, or, rather, God-possessed. I believe that is the best spirit for preachers to have; we can do most by way of moving others when we ourselves are firmly fixed upon a solid basis. You need not fluster yourself, young man, in the way that you often do. You will not save souls by stamping your foot, and thumping your Bible, and shouting at the top of your voice. From the very bottom of your heart, in an earnest spirit, tell your hearers something that is worth their hearing, and pray God to put his blessing upon it. You will find, even in preaching, that in confidence and quietness shall be your strength. Thunder is not lightning, and you may make a great noise, and yet not do much good; but if you calmly, yet earnestly, proclaim the truth, and with sober sense press it upon men's consciences, you may reasonably hope that God will send a blessing upon your message.

I believe that the rule laid down in our text applies not only to the trials and troubles of life, but that it holds good with regard to many other matters. "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength" *when you are involved in discussion, and meet with opposition.* Some of us are often obliged to bring forth arguments in favour of what we believe to be the truth, and there is one thing at which I always aim when I take part in a discussion, and that is, never to let my opponent cause me to lose my temper. I know that, in proportion as I get excited and angry, I am losing strength. I must seek to overcome my adversary by the power of the truth; but, let him say what he will, I must not let him make me feel annoyed; for if he does, then to that extent he has conquered me. You may make this a rule in all your intercourse with the ungodly. If you are a Christian woman, and your husband is unconverted, when he speaks to you in angry tones, do not answer him in the same style, but remember that "in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." If sometimes his words seem to stagger you, and you fear that you will fall, clutch at this precious truth, lay hold of Christ, rely upon the almighty grace of God, but do not reply. Be quiet. You know the old proverb about "a still tongue." I will turn it round, for I am not sure that "a still tongue makes a wise head," but I am quite sure that a wise head makes a still tongue, especially in family matters. You Christian wives and Christian husbands may do a heap of mischief if, as you think, you get angry for Christ's sake. It will be far better if, for Christ's sake, you bear quietly and calmly all that you have to endure. You should do this also for the sake of the one who vexes you, for how knowest thou, O wife, but that thou mayest be the means of saving thy unbelieving husband, and that thou, O husband, mayest be the means of bringing to Christ thy unbelieving wife, by Christian quietness like that which Christ himself manifested when he was upon the earth? There is a woman here,—I do not know just where she is, but she is here,—and her husband has complained to me that she not only comes here twice on the Sabbath, but that she is also here at all the week-night services, neglecting her husband and family and home duties as no Christian woman ought to do. "Oh!" says someone, "I wonder who that woman is." Well, there may be more than one to whom that description applies, and if the cap fits you, I hope you will wear it; but I beg you not to let your Christianity become a needless cause of offence to others. Do try so to adapt your mode of life to those who are around you that no unconverted person shall be able truly to say, "My life is made utterly miserable because my wife is a Christian," or "because my husband is a Christian." Try to make your husband twice as happy as he would be with an unconverted partner, and then, after a while, he will be obliged to say, "My wife is a queer woman to be so fond of going to listen to preaching; but, bless her! she does make our home a happy one; nobody else would ever look after the children as she does." If you are a Christian husband, you may win your wife; if you are a Christian father, you may win your child; or if you are a Christian child, you may win your

father by that quietness and consistency of behaviour which shall tell in the long run. "In quietness and in confidence"—not by bitterness of speech, not by "nagging" and wrangling,—but "in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

Lastly, *in all Christian labour, and in all Christian conflict, quietness and confidence will be our strength.* When we go forth seeking to win souls for the Lord Jesus Christ, let us not go as if we were poachers creeping on the sly on somebody else's ground to steal his game. No, my friends, "the earth is the Lord's," and the fulness thereof;" and when God calls us to go anywhere for him, let us not go as if we were trespassers, for every part of the earth belongs to Christ. When you go to that lodging-house to preach or speak to the inmates, do not go as if you had to ask leave to live; but deliver your message courageously, as becomes a man who is sent to be an ambassador for Christ. As for that ungodly man, whom you heard swear the other day, speak to him when a suitable opportunity presents itself; not intrusively, but modestly, yet not slavishly as though you begged his pardon for talking to him in God's name. We must take high ground here,—we who love the Lord, and whom he sends forth on his missions of mercy, as he does send forth every one of us who has heard the gospel call, for he has said, "Let him that heareth say, Come." Go then, and say to the people, "Come to Jesus;" and being sent to them by Christ, who is Lord of all, do not approach them on bended knees. Many years ago, the Emperor of China insisted that all ambassadors who approached his Majesty should crouch on the ground before him. One of our admirals happened to have a little business with him which would require a few gunboats in order to settle it; and when he had an interview with the Emperor, he told him that an Englishman would not crouch down before him. So, when you go into the world,—you young men especially,—do not go sneaking into the shop as though you were ashamed of your religion. If anybody has cause to be ashamed, it is the man who has not any religion. Make him feel that it is so; or, at any rate, do not let him make you feel that you have any reason to be ashamed that you are a Christian. If you were the son of a lord, I do not suppose that you would be anxious to conceal your pedigree, and afraid to have it known; so, if you are a child of God, do not wish to conceal that blessed fact. You need not be ostentatious in displaying your religion; but, at the same time, do not be slavishly afraid to confess that Christ is your Lord and Saviour. Speak out for God with a holy boldness, yet with due humility of spirit giving to him all the glory for the grace which he has bestowed upon you.

Life's labour will soon be over, and life's warfare too. In due season, we shall die, unless our Lord shall first return. The appointed hour for each one of us is drawing near; what shall we do then? Why, then, beloved, trusting in Jesus, quietness and confidence will still be our strength. We shall not send our friends running to fetch a "priest," to perform some mysterious ceremony over us. Christ is all we need, and as we have him, we can die

any day with perfect serenity. I love to see a Christian die a calm serene death. The idea of Bengel, the expositor, the author of "The Gnomon," concerning death, always strikes me as being very beautiful. He said, "I do not think there ought to be any scene-making about death. We ought so to live, and so to die daily, that, when death comes, it will be only a part of life;—not a flourish of trumpets at the finish, but just a natural closing of the whole scene." He also said, "I should like to die just as I might retire from this room when, being engaged with company, a message is brought to me saying that I am wanted, and I go out quietly, and say nothing about it, and my friends presently discover that I have gone." That was precisely how he died. Finishing the proof-sheets of the last page that he wrote of his exposition, he was suddenly gone from earth, and present with the Lord whom he loved. Oh, blessed way of dying!

I have often told you what my dear old grandfather said, not long before he died. My uncle James began quoting to him that hymn by Dr. Watts,—

"Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,  
My Lord, my hope, my trust."

"Ah, James!" he said, "that verse won't do for me now, for the earth is not firm at all. I find it slipping away from beneath my feet; and now that I am about to depart, and to meet my God, I want something firmer than the earth to rest upon. Yes, James," he added, "I like the good old doctor better when he says,—

"Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands,  
Till the decisive hour."

"That is it, James," said he; "there you have divine sovereignty, and sovereign grace. That kind of doctrine will do to rest your soul upon, my son, both in life and in death." Calmly uttering such words as those, full of restful confidence in the faithful, immutable God he had so long served, he closed his eyes, and went home, like a labouring man does when his day's work is done,—just as you and I, beloved, will go home soon. I do not know how long we may remain here; some of you may go very soon, and so may I; it does not much matter when we do go so long as we are ready. When I said, the other day, "So-and-so has gone home," a dear old friend said to me, "Where could he go better?" Ah, just so! where could he go better than go home to his Father and his God? Well, I trust that, in those last days, we shall neither fret, nor worry, nor trouble, nor question, nor doubt, nor fear, but that in quietness and confidence shall be our strength. The Lord grant that it may be so, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—746, 699;  
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# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

ONE ASPECT OF CHRIST'S DEATH.

## Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, MAY 3RD, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Thursday Evening, October 14th, 1875.*

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."  
—John xv. 13.

I FELT, to-day, after a very weary, and, in some respects, a very sorrowful week, as if I could not preach to-night; or that, if I did stand up to speak, it must be upon some very easy and simple theme, and, at the same time, it must be some great subject which would give me plenty of sea-room. I think the text I have read to you fulfils both these conditions, and that, although I shall not attempt to sail across it, or to fathom it, for that would be impossible; yet, at any rate, there will be no fear that I shall run aground, or need to exercise great skill in threading my way through a tortuous channel, where, perhaps, one might be on the rock or the sandbank before he was aware of his danger. If there is anything about which Christians are sure, and concerning which they can speak with confidence, surely it is the love of Christ; and though that is one of the simplest things in the world, yet it is also the very sweetest. Whenever you spread the table for any meal, you are pretty sure to put bread and salt upon it; and whenever we preach, if we preach as we should, we are sure to have something of the savour of the love of Christ in our preaching. I have heard that, in a certain country, the way in which a stranger is welcomed is by giving him just bread and salt, and nothing more. That is what I am about to do. We will have bread and salt on the table;—the essential things, the common things;—but, blessed be God, with a fulness of nourishment and a savour of tastefulness in them which those who are taught of God will be able to relish.

The death of Jesus Christ may be viewed in many aspects; but we, brethren, have learned to see very clearly the substitutionary character of it. It is our delight to believe that Christ laid down his life for the sake of his friends, thereby rendering complete satisfaction to offended justice, presenting himself as a vicarious

sacrifice in their room, and place, and stead, that so they might be reconciled to God, and might be "accepted in the Beloved." We are quite sure about this truth. We do not gather it from this particular verse which I have selected for my text, but from the whole run and tenor of Scripture, and especially from such a passage as this, "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." This doctrine of redemption tallies with the types of the old Jewish dispensation, and corresponds with the prophetic descriptions of the promised Messiah, especially those wonderful chapters in Isaiah and Ezekiel in which his character is so accurately foretold. This view of Christ dying as the great substitutionary sacrifice for sinners cannot be dispensed with for a single moment; it seems to us to be the very essence of the gospel. Cloudiness with regard to this great central truth involves mistiness concerning everything else; and the poet was quite right when he wrote,—

"You cannot be right in the rest  
Unless you think rightly of him."

If you have any question about that great truth, you will have your brain more or less muddled concerning every other doctrine in the Word of God; and I would take this doctrine, just as I would the doctrine of justification by faith, as being the test of a standing or falling church, and of a God-centred ministry.

Yet, brethren, there are other aspects of the death of Christ beside the one I have mentioned, and a Christian man's eyes should see both the greater objects and the smaller ones also. I am always glad that a painter does not merely give us the foreground of his picture, but gives us the background too; and even when his painting is a portrait, and he desires to have all our attention fixed upon the portrait, yet he does not neglect the little accessories of the picture. They may be unimportant; but if they are properly painted, they will not distract attention from the main subject of the picture, but will rather help to point to it. Now, the death of Christ was the greatest possible display of the love of God to men. Never forget that it was not merely infinite justice that blazed forth from the cross, but also infinite affection too. Indeed, the cross displayed all the attributes of God, and they can still be plainly perceived by those whose eyes have been divinely opened. God revealed himself there, through the dying Saviour, in a very wonderful way. If I may use such an image,—and I think I may,—through the smoked glass of the humanity of Christ, the Deity of God in all its fulness can be better seen by us than if we could, with our naked eye, gaze upon the excessive brightness of that glory. Indeed, blindness must follow upon a vision of absolute Deity, if such a vision were even possible. To dwell long upon the doctrine of the Trinity, and to vex your mind with the various theories of that mysterious subject which men have imagined, is the sure road to Socinianism or some other heresy; but to see God

veiled in human flesh, and especially to see him revealed in the person of the dying Mediator, is to see God in the only way in which he can be seen by mortal men. We do not, therefore, for a moment forget that Christ's death was the greatest possible display of God's love to men.

It was, doubtless, also needful to complete the perfect example of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He would have set before us a grand example of self-denial and disinterested love even if he had not died for us, for it was no little thing that he should make himself of no reputation, and take upon himself the form of a servant, and be made in the likeness of men, and humble himself, as he did. Still, becoming "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," was the crown of his life. It was because he "endured the cross, despising the shame," that Paul wrote to the Hebrews, "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." We also may remember that we "have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin;" but Christ has done this, and more than this; he knows what it is to be made perfect through sufferings. I have no doubt that they speak the truth who say that the death of Christ was the climax of his example, but I am going to call your attention to another aspect of his death, namely, as a display of his own love to his own people: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This is, I believe, what Christ meant, that his love to his friends was to be most clearly made manifest by his dying for them.

There is no need, with such a subject as this, for the use of grand periods and eloquent language, even if I ever indulged in that kind of thing; but I shall just give utterance to a few simple truths which you already know, trying to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance. And, first, *let us contemplate the love of Christ resplendent in the act of death, laying down his life for his friends.* Secondly, *let us see that love enhanced by a consideration of the friends for whom he laid down his life;* and then, thirdly, *let us see the love of Christ reflected and reproduced by his friends.* This, however, will have to be done outside this place; I can only make the rough outline of the picture which is to be drawn by all of you who are the friends of Christ. My text reminds us of one of the strongest reasons why we should love one another even as Christ has loved us: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

I. Let us, then, first SEE CHRIST'S LOVE RESPLENDENT IN THE LAYING DOWN OF HIS LIFE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

When he says, "Greater love hath no man than this," he seems to me to imply that there are manifestations of his love which are not so great as this. The love of the Lord Jesus Christ to his people is always great. I may truly say that it is always greater than any other love; I might even say that it is always in the superlative degree,—the greatest love there ever was, or is, or can be. Yet there are displays of that love which can be rightly described as great, greater, greatest. Our Lord had already displayed his love



to his people in the great and the greater forms of it; now he was about to display it in the highest and greatest of all ways.

*It was great love that made him come to this earth, and he incarnate here.* Have you ever thought of the greatness of the love of Christ in being a child, a youth, a man, and of his love in being willing to live in obscurity and retirement as the Son of Mary for thirty years? Wondrous love was there in that arrangement by which he was able, from his own experience, to sympathize with retiring Christians, and with young believers whose duties do not cause them to be conspicuous in the world. The thought of God in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth is to me very wonderful. As Moses put off his shoes from his feet at the sight of God in the burning bush, we may well manifest our awe and reverence as we see the Son of God, the express image of his Father's person, in the midst of the implements used by the village carpenter. That was truly great love.

Then, when the time arrived for him to come forth from his obscurity, he showed great love to his friends in calling them to him one by one. His mind was altogether unique—he had the tenderness of a woman, yet he was to the highest degree manly; indeed, all the attributes of a perfect man and a perfect woman appear to have been blessedly blended in his perfect humanity. We might have supposed that he would have looked out companions somewhat like himself, though I know not where he could have found them; but he seems to me to have looked for those whom, in a wondrous way, he could make to be like himself, rather than for those who were already like himself. So he finds some fishermen,—very rough fellows to be associated with the gentle Jesus. He finds a tax-gatherer, commercial, grasping,—a strange companion for him who cared not for farthing for gold or silver. The apostles, as a whole, were a motley crew. Speaking after the manner of men, one could almost account for Jesus choosing John, and there are some points in Peter that are very lovable; yet, as a band of men called to such exceptional service, they were rough and coarse. We might have thought that Christ would have looked for more refinement in those who were to be his daily companions for three years, and had he been thinking only of himself, he might have sought others than he did seek. Certainly, brethren, in my own case, I have often felt that I could adopt the language of Faber, which we sang just now,—

“How many hearts thou might'st have had .

More innocent than mine !

How many souls more worthy far

Of that pure touch of thine !

“Ah, Grace ! into unlikelyst hearts

It is thy boast to come ;

The glory of thy light to find

In darkest spots a home.”

So Jesus Christ showed his love to his friends in the very act of calling them to be his friends; and he also showed his love in fitting them for the position to which he had called them. He laid himself out

to teach them, to train them, to build up their characters up on a firm foundation, and to infuse into their minds right principle and noble sentiments, so that they should be fully qualified to be the servants of the churches, and the glory of Christ;—vessels to be used no longer for merely worldly purposes, but to be meet for the Master's use. With what singular wisdom he trained them! With what patience he bore with them! Had they had any other master, they would, many a time, have been liable to be discharged for their stupidity; but he simply said, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?"

This was a proof of great love on his part, yet he seems to me to have shown even greater love when, towards the end of his life, *he bade these friends of his sit and eat and drink with him at his table*, and expressed his desire that his friends should continue, in all after ages, thus to remember him. Then, after the supper, he rose from the table, laid aside his outer garment, took a towel, and girded himself, poured water into a basin, and washed his disciples' feet. Oh, this was great love indeed!

Still, our text talks about a greater display of Christ's love than this; so we conclude that, while to choose and call, to instruct and edify, to entertain and refresh was proof of very great love on Christ's part; *to die for his friends was evidence of still greater love*. There are, in this world, many persons who will lay themselves out to help their fellow-creatures to resist temptation, and to struggle out of the ways of vice into the path of virtue, and who would, with heroic self-denial, bring themselves well-nigh to the grave's mouth to accomplish these ends, but they will not lay down their lives for their fellows. If they did, it would be the greatest thing they could possibly do for them, for the text is true, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

But our Lord was willing to die for his friends. Some people might lay down their lives for their friends, but it would be quite unwillingly that they would do so. They might make the supreme sacrifice under the force of some strong compelling passion, yet they would escape if they could. But look at our blessed Lord and Master. When the time came for him to go out of this world unto his Father, he did not make the slightest effort to escape from death. Judas knew the place where he was wont to go for private meditation and prayer, and to that very place our Master went, as he had often gone before, although he knew that he would meet the traitor there. When the officers and men from the chief priests and Pharisees came thither with lanterns and torches and weapons, a word from him made them fall to the ground. He could, therefore, in an instant, have driven them all out of the garden, and have escaped from them; but he did not do so. He could never have been delivered up to be put to death, either by Jews or by Romans, if he had not been perfectly willing to die. From the time when they took him to Annas to the moment when they nailed him to the cross, one solitary wish on his part would have scattered all his foes, and he could have gone wherever he pleased; but he would not express such a wish, or even cherish it. Admire the wonderful

reticence of Christ. That he did not speak in his own defence, was marvellous; but that he did not even wish to escape, or think of escaping, is more wonderful still; for a thought would have been sufficient to have procured his release. How wonderfully omnipotence held in omnipotence! How majestic doth that almighty attribute appear when it proves its power over itself by not using the power which it manifestly possesses!

More than that, remember that *our Lord Jesus Christ was under no sort of necessity to die*. When a man lays down his life for his friend,—and how seldom has that been done!—he only anticipates the debt of nature which, in any case, he has to pay before long. If you were to die for me, or I were to die for you, to-morrow, we should, either of us, only do a little earlier what we must both ultimately do. Death will, ere long, claim every one of us, and to the sepulchre we must all descend unless our Lord should speedily come. But He possessed inherent immortality. No sentence of death was written across his brow; he could live on for ever. Even when he was in the grave, corruption could have no dominion over him. He could say, with an emphasis that the psalmist could not use, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." So Jesus Christ's laying down of his life for his friends was, beyond anything that could ever happen in any other man's life, a voluntary act, and, consequently, a more wonderful display of love than could ever be given in any other case. "Greater love hath no man than this."

We must remember also, that *our Lord Jesus Christ had been accustomed, for many years, to contemplate the laying down of his life before he actually did so*. Nay, I must not speak of years; doubtless, from eternity he had foreseen that terrible time when he would have to do battle, on his people's behalf, with all the powers of darkness. He had looked forward to that hour with the strong glance of the eyes that could weep for sorrow, but could not grow dim with fear. And, often, when he was here below, he seemed to long for the time when he could make the master-sacrifice of his life. He said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" His face was set, not merely once, but in very deed always, steadfastly to go unto Jerusalem, knowing well all that would befall him there. Now, what man is there who could look death in the face, for the sake of his friend, year after year, and even contemplate it with ardent desire? We might, in an outburst of strong affection, in a moment of unusual excitement, be willing to leap into the gulf of death in order to rescue a sinking friend; but as for the quiet resolution that could calmly think it all over, and weigh every circumstance, and ponder over every detail, and then deliberately give oneself up to death,—where could you find such a spirit as that? It is only to be seen in him who has given the grandest display of love that was ever manifested on earth or even in heaven, and whose death was the grandest manifestation of that love.

Let me also further remind you that *our Lord Jesus Christ did*

## ONE ASPECT OF CHRIST'S DEATH.

*actually die for his friends.* He was not merely willing to do so, and long contemplated dying, but he did really die, and he died under circumstances that rendered the laying down of his life for his friends the more remarkable. He died for them, yet they had all forsaken him in the hour of his greatest need, after having fallen asleep, and left him to endure in utter loneliness the agony of bloody sweat. When he was arraigned before his enemies, Peter, the boldest man in his little band of disciples, was so cowed with fear that he denied, with oaths and curses, that he even knew him. These "friends" of his were quite unworthy of his love, yet he died for them. Do men generally die for such "friends" as they proved themselves to be? No; but they have often cried, with Job, "Miserable comforters are ye all." Yet Christ died for his friends though they forsook him when he most needed their sympathy and support.

*And he had to die for them under a criminal charge.* I believe that there are many of us who would not be nearly as much startled by death itself as by a criminal accusation. When I have seen some good man, whom I have highly esteemed, charged falsely, as I think, with high misdemeanours, I have felt that I would sooner die than be guilty of the crime of which he has been accused. But here is our gracious Lord and Master willingly giving himself up to death although he is innocent of the crimes laid to his charge,—sedition against the State, and blasphemy against God. It is a felon's death that he must die;—not merely a death like that of a felon, but the death of a felon, for the verdict of one tribunal after another is that he is worthy of death; and the popular voice applauds the verdict, and cries, "Let him be crucified." O thou blessed Son of God, wast thou thus numbered with the transgressors? Yes, he was; and this was the greatest manifestation of even his love.

Let us not forget, too, that *Christ's death was attended by cruelties of the grossest sort.* I will not harrow up your feelings with any description of that terrible flagellation which he received at the hands of the Roman lictors. Yes, Christ did suffer intensely in many ways, as the prophet Isaiah had foretold that he would: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." All the sufferings of Christ—physical, mental, and spiritual,—which were attendant upon his death, are to be regarded by us with awestruck and grateful emotions, for they help to make up the perfection of his wondrous work of laying down his life for his friends.

Remember, too, dear brethren and sisters in Christ, as I have already reminded you, that *Christ, although he was absolutely innocent, did die as the Substitute for sinners.* Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "For he (that is, God) hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him;" and to the Galatians he wrote, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." To a pure mind, contact with sin in any form is truly horrible. I can

imagine the Saviour being willing to suffer, and being willing even to die; but his holy nature must have revolted at the thought that he must stand in the sinner's place, that he must be reckoned as the sinner, that against him the sword of divine justice must be drawn, and that in his heart it must find a sheath. The great terror of Christ's death upon the cross must have been that it was the penalty for sin, the execution of the righteous judgment of God against unrighteousness and iniquity. None of us can even guess—perhaps the lost souls in hell cannot tell—what it must have been for Christ to have come thus under the wrath of God because of the sins of his people. When we have been deeply convinced of sin, we may have had some slight conception of what it was; but our most vivid imagination must have been dim and feeble compared with the terrible reality.

Above all else, let us remember that *our Saviour died forsaken of his God*. Even the martyrs were not obliged to do that; they stood at the stake, and clapped their hands; they even sang songs of triumph amidst the fury of the flames; but Jesus had to cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" That is the pitiful wail of a broken heart and a sinking spirit. It does not surprise us that "the earth did quake, and the rocks rent;" it would have been a greater wonder if they had not been stirred at the sound of such grief as his. O beloved, greater love hath no man than this, that he will even dare to die forsaken of his God! I thank God that *we* are not asked to do this; but Jesus did it for us, his friends. Oh, what amazing love is his! There is much more that might be said upon this stupendous theme, but I must ask the Holy Spirit to lead you into the mystery\* of those unknown deeps of suffering by which Christ manifested his love to his friends.

II. Now, secondly, I want to show you that **THE LOVE OF CHRIST, IN LAYING DOWN HIS LIFE, WAS GREATLY ENHANCED BY THE CHARACTER OF THOSE FOR WHOM HE LAID DOWN HIS LIFE, NAMELY, "HIS FRIENDS."**

Let it never be forgotten by us that this sacred title is one which our Lord himself gave to his disciples. "I have called you friends." If we are his disciples, we also are his friends. Our original title would have been enemies, for that is what we were. But he has transformed us into his friends; for "when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son." The text would not be true if you were to put the emphasis in the wrong place: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends;" for Christ manifested greater love than that in laying down his life for his *enemies*. It is indeed surprising that he should have laid down his life for those who were his enemies, and who are only his friends because he has made them so. You scorned him, you despised him, you crucified him, your sins were the nails and the spear that pierced his hands, and feet, and side; yet he died for you! He was the sandal-wood tree, and yours was the hand that held the axe that wounded him, yet he perfumed the axe, and also the hand that wielded it, and healed that hand of all its leprosies; yea, healed your whole being of whatsoever disease it had. Thank God for love like that.

Then, putting aside the fact that we were once his enemies, think of the greatness of his love in laying down his life for such insignificant people as we are. I have heard the argument used by unbelievers that it is not feasible—considering the immense size of the universe, and the inconceivable number of starry worlds in it, that this little inconsiderable speck of a globe, which, in proportion to the rest of the universe, is as a single atom of dust to the entire chain of the Alps,—to think that Christ should come to redeem the inhabitants of such a poor little world as this is, and that, if he came to the earth at all, many of the poorest and meanest of the people should be the peculiar objects of his choice. Well, it is marvellous! It is a marvellous instance of the condescension of Christ; and while it may stagger the faith of some, it certainly inflames the love of others. We feel that, if he condescends to choose us, our love shall rise to the utmost heights that it can reach, and we will bless and magnify the name of the Lord in that, while he took not up angels, he took up the seed of Abraham; while he left the fallen angels to perish without hope, he has come to save us, the fallen sons of Adam, and has laid down his life for us.

There is, however, a truth that is even more significant and instructive than that. It is not merely true that we were once Christ's enemies, and that we were also utterly insignificant, and unworthy of his notice; but it is wonderful that he should lay down his life for such unworthy friends, even as friends, as we are. There are some professing Christians who can speak of themselves in terms of admiration; but, from my inmost heart, I loathe such speeches more and more every day that I live. Those who talk in such a boastful fashion must be constituted very differently from me. While they are congratulating themselves all upon the good things that they find within themselves, I have to lie humbly at the foot of Christ's cross, and marvel that I am saved at all, for I know that I am saved. I have to wonder that I do not believe Christ more, and equally wonder that I am privileged to believe in him at all; to wonder that I do not love him more, and equally to wonder that I love him at all;—to wonder that I am not holier, and equally to wonder that I have any desire to be holy at all considering what a polluted, debased, depraved nature I find still within my soul notwithstanding all that divine grace has done in me. If God were ever to allow the fountains of the great deeps of depravity to break up in the best man that lives, he would make as bad a devil as the devil himself is. I care nothing for what these boasters say concerning their own perfections; I feel sure that they do not know themselves, or they could not talk as they often do. There is tinder enough in the saint who is nearest to heaven to kindle another hell if God should but permit a spark to fall upon it. In the very best of men, there is an infernal and well-nigh infinite depth of depravity. Some Christians never seem to find this out. I almost wish that they might not do so, for it is a painful discovery for anyone to make; but it has the beneficial effect of making us cease from trusting in ourselves, and causing us to glory only in the Lord.

Why should Christ ever have loved us? Why should he ever have loved *us*? Even at his table, we often have wandering thoughts; even in our faith, we often find a mixture of unbelief; even when we love him, we grieve that we do not love him more; even when we are closest to him in communion, we have to smite upon our breast, and mourn that we do not enjoy the nearness we might have, and ought to have; for, after being so greatly loved by Christ, we ought to be sinless; under such obligations to Christ as we are, we ought to be wholly sanctified, spirit, soul, and body, and never have a wandering thought, or one unholy desire. But that we are not what we ought to be is very clear; and the wonder is that Jesus Christ should ever have laid down his life for such miserable "friends" as we have proved ourselves to be. Beauty, you know, will often win affection against a man's better judgment, for there is something about it which is so attractive that it overcomes him; but Christ's love to us was not won by any beauty that he saw in us. When he says to us, as the Bridegroom in the Song of Solomon says to his bride, "Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me," and when he says, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee;" I think he must see himself mirrored in us, and that this is why he loves us; for, certainly, there is nothing lovable in us but what he has bestowed upon us by his grace. I do not know what you, beloved, say concerning this theme upon which I have been speaking, but I think you will agree with me when I say that, to me, the superlative point of the love of Christ is that he laid down his life for me, unworthy as I have been, even since I have been his friend, of such a stupendous sacrifice.

III. I must speak very briefly upon the last point, which is, that THIS GREAT LOVE OF CHRIST IS TO BE REFLECTED AND REPRODUCED BY HIS FRIENDS.

Christ is the sun in our heavens, and his Church is the moon. Why does the sun shine upon the moon? For the moon's sake? Yes, in part; but also for the sake of the earth, which would be dark at night if the moon did not reflect the light it receives from the sun. Brother, sister, the light of Christ's love has fallen upon you, not only that it may benefit you, but also that you may reflect it.

First, *reflect it upon Christ*. He has loved you, so love him in return. It is a blessed thing, sometimes, to do nothing but love Christ for a while. It is well, at least now and then, for us not to think so much of what we are going to do for Christ as of what he did for us, and what he is to us. If I ever try to secure a quiet half-hour's meditation upon his love to me, somebody is pretty sure to come and knock at the door; but if I can keep the door-knocker still, and get alone with my Lord, and only think about his love to me,—not trying to elaborate any theories, or to understand any doctrines, but just sitting down with the view of loving him who gave himself for me,—I tell you, sirs, that this thought is positively inebriating to the soul. It not merely refreshes, quickens, consoles, but it absolutely overcomes us with intense delight till we feel as though we could only fall upon our face, and worship the Lamb.

who was slain for us. At such times, we have to make our expressive silence mean his praise, for our soul is so full of his love that we cannot possibly express it. That is the first thing for Christians to do, as Christ is shining upon you with his love, shine back upon him with your love.

Then, next, he said to his disciples, *This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I loved you. As you have received the light of Christ's love, pass it on to your fellow-Christians.* Do you want to know where to find Christ? He is dwelling in his people, and especially in his poor people, in his suffering people, in his tried people—so, when your heart is full of love to your Lord, let some of the light of it shine upon them. Perhaps this is a dark time with them—and a kind word from you, or a kind action, will be like the light of the moon to them in the middle of their night, and will cause them great gladness. The moon cannot shine as brightly as the sun does, and you cannot love as much as Christ does, but you can be like the moon, and shine with borrowed light, you can reflect upon others the light of the love which Christ has shed upon your own soul.

And when you have done that remember that *your light will be even more needed in the dark world of the ungodly.* Christ died for the ungodly, and that is what you were once. O beloved, I pray you love the sons of men. Somebody has asked, How are we to convert sinners? That is not our work—it is only the Spirit of God who can do that—but what we can do is this, we can love sinners to Christ. That is the way in which God says that he worked. I drew them with cords of a man with bands of love. I will give you this message as a text for you to preach upon practically all your life, Love sinners to Christ. Love the enmity out of them if they hate the gospel. Love the prejudice out of them if they cannot bear to hear it preached. Love them out of their vices, love them up from their degradation, for love is of God, and God is love, and God dwells in love. That which is in him, and comes from him, is the best thing in the world to draw people to him. So use no other cords but the cords of a man, and no bands but the bands of love. When you really love souls, it is wonderful how wise you will be in dealing with them. I have never heard that anybody has opened a school for teaching young mothers how to manage their first babies, but, somehow or other, when love is in the mother's heart, she finds out the proper way to care for her baby, and better than any College training for the home or the foreign field of service for the Saviour is it to get your heart full of love to your Lord. Then you will know how to do his work—it will come to you by a sort of sacred instinct. You will know when you are to tell them of the terrors of the law, and when to speak of the loveliness of Christ, and just how to deal with them under all manner of circumstances. The love of Christ will teach you how to do this if it be shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto you.

Oh, that all here knew, by happy personal experience, what the love of Jesus is! I have not said much to you unconverted people



who are present, but I have often thought that, when we are preaching about Christ, even if we do not say much directly to you, the subject itself speaks to you. It is like spreading a dinner where there are hungry people near. You have only to say to such persons, "You are welcome to all there is on the table;" and there is no need of a sermon, or any eloquence. Their mouths begin to water while you are laying the cloth, and the sight of the provisions makes them begin to eat as soon as you say, "Come along;" and what big slices they take! Well, poor starving souls, here is the great gospel feast; may your mouths water for a taste of it! All I have to say is,—

"Come and welcome, sinner, come."

Come and taste the great love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. May his gracious Spirit bring you, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

## THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

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# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

THE "BEAU IDEAL" OF LIFE.

## A Sermon

SPECIALLY TO YOUNG MEN,

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, MAY 10TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAOLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Lord's-day Evening, October 17th, 1876.*

"O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."  
—Psalm xc. 14.

MOSES saw, with deep regret, that the great host which came out of Egypt would have to die in the wilderness. Every day there were many funerals, for a vast multitude of men, and women, and children, had to be buried in the wilderness; and tears of sorrow and sympathy must continually have stood in the eyes of the great leader of the children of Israel. After speaking about their days being passed away in God's wrath, Moses offered a prayer which, under the circumstances, was most natural and most wise. It was in substance this: "Lord, if we must die in this desert, if this whole generation (except Caleb and Joshua) must pass away in the wilderness, then, at any rate, give us the fullness of thy favour now, that we may spend all our remaining days, whether they are to be few or many, in gladness and rejoicing." Now, seeing that we also are all passing away, and that, whether young or old, we too must be carried to the grave unless the Lord should first return, this seems to me to be a very wise prayer for us to put up: "Lord, satisfy us with thy mercy now, that we may waste no more of our life in sinful dissatisfaction; but that, from this hour to the last moment of our life, we may be filled with thy favour, and may rejoice and be glad all our days."

I. Just for a minute or two, I want, in the first place, to show you that Moses has here set before us THE "BEAU IDEAL" OF LIFE.

If one could have just such a life as he desired, could he desire anything better than to be satisfied early with God's favour? Would it not be a very delightful thing if the whole of one's life could be spent exactly as it ought to be, and could be spent in the enjoyment of the highest degree of happiness of which we are capable? "O

satisfy us," is the prayer of the text: "O satisfy us early with thy mercy." If the young man—instead of seeking after something which he will still continue to seek after if he is spared to reach the prime of life, and will still seek after even when he grows grey,—could get that which would content him at once, if he could get something which would immediately fill his soul, and make it run over with thankfulness and joy, would it not be a great blessing to him, especially if he could get it, as Moses says, "early,"—soon,—in the very beginning of his life's day? Many men, even good men, have wasted the early morning of their days; and some have had the painful experience of looking back, in the afternoon of life, upon the best part of their day, and even the noontide, all gone; and there has been for them only the evening, and sometimes only a very short evening, to spend in complete satisfaction and real joy. It is a pity that so many Christians' lives should, for all practical purposes, be only the fag-ends of lives,—that, so far as their influence upon others is concerned, they should be merely like the candle-ends that we put upon the save-alls; but the whole candle has never been consumed in giving light in the sanctuary of God. It is a thing to be desired beyond measure that, from the first to the last of life, God's blessing should rest upon us, and that we should enjoy peace and happiness without any intermingling of the distress which is caused by sin. This, as I have said, seems to me to be the *beau ideal* of life, and I think that all Christians at least will agree with me.

It is a poor way of building a house to have a flaw in the foundation; for, however carefully we may build the superstructure, we can never make a satisfactory building because of the flaw down below. It is poor weaving, on the part of the man at the loom, when he has a flaw at the beginning of his work; however carefully he may weave the latter portion of it, he will always know that he cannot get that old flaw out, that the piece of cloth will never be perfect. In contrast to this kind of building and weaving, it would be a blessed thing to have such grace and such wisdom given that the very first course of the foundation of the house of life should be well and truly laid, and that the whole building should be to the praise and glory of God; and it would be equally blessed that the very first throws of the shuttle of the web of life should be in accordance with the right rules for weaving, so that the whole piece of cloth might be pronounced perfect after its kind. I think this is the meaning of the prayer of the text. "O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

II. Secondly, as we judge this satisfaction to be the *beau ideal* of life, let us consider HOW SOME PEOPLE HAVE SOUGHT TO ATTAIN TO IT.

I do not hesitate to say that the first part of the text is the cry of all men: "O satisfy us, satisfy us, satisfy us!" But there is a kind of horse-leech in every man's soul that is not easily satisfied. It is like death, and the grave, and the sea. Whatever may be cast into the maw of death, it is as hungry as it was before, and the sepulchre is never satisfied; and throw what you will into the sea, it is always ready to receive more. So is it with the hearts of men. "O satisfy us, satisfy us," they cry, as the heathen shout to their

idol gods, and as the priests of Baal cried to their lifeless image. "O satisfy us," is the world's cry to-day, for man's hunger is insatiable, though he disdains the only food which would satisfy his cravings. "O satisfy us," is the cry which is heard in every quarter of the globe;—alas! not ascending to heaven, as it should, but going out to the things of time and sense. Still do men seek satisfaction in that which Solomon calls "vanity of vanities."

Wise young men pray, in the words of the text, "O satisfy us *early*." They want to get that which is to be the source of their joy, not when they can no longer enjoy it, but now, so they cry, "satisfy us *early*." They do not ask for God's mercy merely as a sort of pension for their old age, but they want to have it now. At any rate, I know that I did, for I wished to obtain whatever of gladness and joy could be had even in my youthful days. There is nothing wrong in desiring to be happy, there is nothing wrong in offering the prayer, "O satisfy us *early*," so long as that prayer is completed in the way in which my text completes it: "O satisfy us *early with thy mercy*."

*Many have tried to satisfy themselves by gaining money.* This is a pursuit in which a man may lawfully engage if it be not the chief object of his life, as so many make it. They believed that they would be satisfied when they had acquired a certain amount, but they were not. I might confidently ask every man of wealth, now in this world, whether he was satisfied when he reached the amount which he had himself fixed as the limit of his desire. Did he not then feel that he must have more than that amount? Of course he did, so he set before him another sum; and he said that when he had accumulated that amount, he would be content. But was he? Is not the desire for wealth a thing which grows with that it feeds upon, so that, the more a man has, the more he still wants? There never did live, and there never could live, a man whose entire nature could be satisfied with his worldly possessions. You know that we call the man, who delights in hoarding up riches, a miser. Why do we call him by that name unless it is because he is truly miserable? The very name for the man who is engrossed with avarice signifies unhappiness; and when you want to describe somebody who is both aged and wretched, you say, "He is like an old miser." Yes, so it is. Men may amass as much wealth as they will, but if, with the money, they have not acquired something better than the best metal that ever came from the mine or the mint, they will still go on crying, "O satisfy us! O satisfy us!" The Indians of South America believed that the Spaniards' god was made of gold, and well they might when they saw the strangers' devotion to their idol. They once poured molten gold down a Spaniard's throat, saying, "Thou hast thirsted for it, now thou shalt have enough of it." But if a man could eat gold, and drink gold, and sleep with gold, and walk with gold, and be robed in gold, yet, still, what is there in that metal which could satisfy the cravings of the highest part of man's nature,—that mysterious spiritual thing which is called the soul? No, there is no solid satisfaction for the soul in all the wealth in the world.

Others have despised this gross pursuit, and *they have said that satisfaction is to be found in fame.* We all of us like respect, esteem, honour; it is false for any man to say that he does not like praise, for he does; and if anyone is pleased at being told that he does not like flattery, he is then being more highly flattered than at any other time of his life, and he is enjoying the sensation! Some men, to gain honours and distinction in various ways, have made complete slaves of themselves. They have supposed that, if they could but get these honours,—perhaps the honour of a degree at the university, or the honour of a certain rank in the profession of the law, or even in the church, they would be satisfied; but no man was ever yet satisfied with honours. They are but as a puff of wind, which can never fill an immortal soul. If you read the histories of those statesmen who have risen to the greatest heights of fame, you will, as a rule, find that the most famous man in the kingdom is generally the greatest slave. He has, from the very weight of his honours, the heavier burden of responsibility to bear. As “uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,” so, in its degree, uneasy lies the head that wears the laurel or the bay. There is no contentment to be found in fame, as those have proved who have won the most of it. There was a time when the flattery of two or three poor people in a village would have satisfied them; but, now, the plaudits of a whole nation seem as nothing to them; and when the whole world is ringing with their renown, they sit down in despondency, wring their hands in misery, and cry, with Solomon, “Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.”

Others have said, “*But surely there is something solid and satisfying in learning.*” Well, there is more to be said for this than for either of the other two things that I have mentioned; and, as far as I am concerned, I would sooner seek satisfaction in my library than in the marble halls of the wealthy or in the courts of kings. To study, to learn, to make discoveries, to furnish the brain, to enrich the mind,—there is something worth doing in all this; yet Solomon, who carried out this idea as far as it could be carried out in his day, recorded his very emphatic verdict concerning it, “Much study is a weariness of the flesh.” “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity,” is very apt to be your utterance also with regard to study, for you always have the dreary thought that, even if you could know more than all other men in the world, when your turn came to sleep in the grave, there would be no difference between you and the peasant of whom Wordsworth wrote,—

“A primrose by a river’s brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.”

If the peasant rises no higher than that, however learned any of us may be, we have only risen a little above him for a time, and in the common dust we too shall sleep with him. If there were no eternal future, what would all the joys of earthly knowledge be worth to us?

*Others seek satisfaction in pleasure.* I may be addressing some

young man who says, "I do not care for wealth; I shall never trouble myself to hoard it. On the contrary, I love to spend it. I do not want to use a rake; give me a shovel, and I will soon scatter all my father's substance." There are some men who are very proficient in scattering what others have with great diligence gathered. These people say concerning study, "Let us get out of these crowded rooms into the pure, fresh air; we mean to go in for pleasure, and to enjoy ourselves while we can." This looks, at first sight, as if it were a prudent thing to do; and, certainly, there is a deal more sense in enjoying ourselves in a rational fashion than there can be in pinching and starving ourselves in order to hoard up money for heirs who will ridicule if they do not actually curse those who have provided so bountifully for them. Remember what Solomon says about others who seek what they call pleasure: "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? That that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." There is no satisfaction there; the merriest man who ever lived, the man who drained the wine-cup of mirth even to its dregs, has dashed it to the ground in his fierce indignation, and cursed the day in which he tried to find satisfaction there. Look at those who have gone to the house of the strange woman, and see what comes of their sinful sojourning there; even if it be only for a little while. Does not dissipation bring disease and decay upon nature sooner than need be? There is no satisfaction there, young man; so, if you want really to enjoy yourself, there is a nobler and a surer way of doing so. The way of so-called "pleasure" is a delusion and a snare, and the end thereof is sorrow, suffering, and woe. Alas, that so many should continue to walk in a way which has such a sad end!

When a man plays the fool, let him do it for something that is worth having. Some time ago, when we were looking for a place for Messrs. Moody and Sankey to preach and sing in, two of our brethren went to see whether a certain building could be hired, and while they were waiting there, a man came up to them, and presented his card,—"*Mr. So-and-so, clown.*" He thought our brethren had gone to engage the place for some amusements. They told him that they had come to engage it for religious services; and one of them said to him, "What a pity it is that you should play the fool for money!" I think the clown made a very sensible remark in reply, for he said, "You had better go and talk to those who play the fool, and make nothing by it; for there is some sense in playing the fool for money." To play the fool, and make nothing by it, is a very mild description of the folly of which I have been speaking; but how many *play the fool, and lose money by it!* What is it that clothes so many people in rags? What is it that makes so many have red eyes, and trembling limbs, and even *delirium tremens*? What is that but playing the fool, and losing by it? And what will it be when such a man comes to die,—a man who has lived without God, and without Christ, and who will be without hope in his death? That will be playing the fool with a

vengeance, and the truth will come home to him that the eternal ruin of his soul is the cost of his folly.

If you were to realize what this kind of "pleasure" means, you would have nothing to do with it. When Mount Vesuvius suddenly began pouring forth its lava upon Pompeii, most of the inhabitants were assembled in the amphitheatre; I have seen the ruins of the place where they were gathered. I do not know what spectacle was on at the time; but however interesting it may have been, there was not a man, or woman, or child, who did not run, as fast as ever they could, wherever they hoped they might find a place of refuge. A few persons remained in their habitations, or were unable to escape, and there they are to this day. Some of their bodies have been lately discovered in the very positions in which they were overtaken by the eruption. If man were wise, the merriest play that ever was acted upon the face of the earth, the richest golden gains that ever lay before a merchant, the choicest pleasures that ever tempted the human heart, would never induce them to tarry till they were lost for ever; but they would be up and away, and never rest till they had escaped from the wrath to come.

*Some seem to have no real object in life.* I think I hear someone say, "Well, I have cared for none of those things that you have mentioned." Where then, my friend, have you tried to find satisfaction? "Oh, I have not troubled my head about that; I just plod along from day to day, working hard to earn my daily bread; I do not know that I have any ambition, in this world, except to pay my way, have enough to eat and to drink, and raiment to put on, and bring up my children as well as I can." Rest assured, my friend, that I do not despise you for having such desires, at the same time, I do think that it is a pity for an immortal soul not to have some aim and object higher and brighter than that, for it is pretty nearly the object of a mill-horse that goes round and round in its daily course, and never aims at anything higher. Your object is very like that of a swallow, or a sparrow, which builds its nest, and lays its eggs and hatches them, and sees its young flying off on their own account. Your ambition might be suitable for a dog, or a horse, or a cat, but it is not worthy of you, a being of a higher order. When I look at you, and remember that you were made in the image of God, I think that, surely, there must be something worth living for, something nobler than this poor ambition of yours. I ask you honestly to say whether you have found satisfaction there, and I am fully persuaded that you have not.

*There are some who argue that the gospel cannot bless them.* I frequently hear this kind of talk from poor working people. One says, "Well, sir, if I were well-to-do, then I think I ought to be a Christian; but religion is not for the poor." That is in direct opposition to the declaration of Christ himself, that "the poor have the gospel preached unto them;" and to the inspired question, "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith?" Yet many people will have it that the gospel is not for them because they are so poor.

I have also heard some say that they are so ignorant that they

cannot be saved. One says, "I cannot read," and another says, "I can read, but I cannot understand what I do read in the Bible; and when I go to hear a sermon, I cannot make out what is meant by it." They make out that they are almost idiots with regard to spiritual matters; yet, on any other subject, they would stick up for themselves, and try to prove that they are almost philosophers. Yet their plea that ignorance prevents them from being saved is directly contrary to Scripture; for the apostle Paul, inspired by the Holy Spirit, wrote to the Corinthians, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."

Then, again, others say that they are too busy to be saved; at least, that is the practical meaning of their excuse. One says, "Now, do not bother me about religion, for I really have not time to think about such things as that. See, I have to be up early in the morning, and to work hard till late at night." Another says, "My business cares are so numerous that I cannot get away from the counting-house to go to a prayer-meeting." Ah, dear friends, but how many people, who have not been able to find time to pray, have had to find time to die; and how very frequently do we see that the very people, who say that they have not had time to think about the things of God, have found plenty of time for indulgence in vice and sinful pleasures! That excuse, like the others I have mentioned, will not avail any of those who make it. There is time enough for the most hard-worked man to lift his eye to heaven, and to cry, "O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake, accept me, for I come to thee trusting in his atoning sacrifice!" With many, the excuse is only an excuse, for they do not want Christ, and they do not believe that there is anything for them in Christ, and therefore they make these vain excuses.

I have known some even say that they are too sinful to come to Christ,—other people may be saved, but they could never be;—they have gone too far into sin, and they are too much involved in sin, they are so old, and they have so many friends and connections on the side of evil. Perhaps they are in a business that is not honest, and they are so interlaced with bad men that they cannot get out of it,—so they say; and they will say anything so as to hide that which is really at the bottom of their hearts,—which is, that they do not want Jesus Christ to save them. They would rather that he should let them alone, to go quietly on their own way, even although that way will inevitably lead them to everlasting destruction.

III. Now, in closing my discourse, I want to tell you WHERE REAL SATISFACTION CAN BE FOUND. It comes in answer to the prayer of the text: "O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."



Let me try and teach you, as plainly as I can, the way to find solid satisfaction. Friend, thou art young, and life is before thee. Thou wouldst fain make it a whole life, altogether happy. Begin, then, by realizing that there is need for thee to seek satisfaction from God. If thou wert a mere animal, thou couldst be easily satisfied. Sheep and oxen are perfectly satisfied if you turn them into a field where there is plenty of grass; they never stand and cry, "O satisfy us," but they eat as much as they want, and then they are perfectly content. But you, though placed in a world of wondrous beauty, and though, as a man, you are made capable of great happiness, have not obtained it, and *you may as well begin your search for it by the confession that you are a fallen creature.* You have lost the peerless jewel of innocence. Your first father, Adam, lost it as your representative; and you have also lost it on your own account. If you had not lost it, you would not need to pray to God, "O satisfy us early with thy mercy," for you would be satisfied already. Adam was satisfied so long as he kept from sinning against God, and you also would be satisfied if there were no sin in you. Let this confession be made by each one of you, "Lord, I am unsatisfied because I am unholy; I have not attained to satisfaction because I have not attained to perfection."

Then, remember that, *if you are ever to get satisfaction, you will have to get it from God,* and it must come from him as the gift of his mercy. The text says, "O satisfy us early with thy mercy." God has so made us that we cannot get on without him. It is both a blessing and a curse that it is so;—it is a blessing that we cannot be satisfied without God, for that necessity helps to draw us to him; but it is a curse if we continue to try to be satisfied without God. As the planet needs the sun, so man needs his God. As the eye is nothing without light, so your spirit is nothing without God. You must have God; yet, up till now, some of you have not even thought of him. Getting what you needed here below has occupied all your attention; but as for God, perhaps you have not thought of him, or if you have thought of him, you have only done so to wish that there were no God. The thought of God has been a troublesome subject to you; you wished you could dismiss it altogether from your mind. But, my friend, if you are ever to get satisfaction, this state of things must be altered. You must recognize that, as a creature, you must be at peace with your Creator. I do not ask you to take my word for this assertion, but I do urge you to search the Scriptures to see whether it is not so. There you will learn that, until the quarrel between you and God is ended, until you submit to God, and are at peace with him, your soul cannot find rest any more than Noah's dove could find rest as she flew over the wild waste of waters, and discovered no place for the sole of her foot to rest upon. Do not forget that you cannot come back to God unless God shall display his mercy to you. If you appeal to divine justice, you will find that it must punish you, for, young as you are, you have broken God's holy law. You have committed sins which have provoked the Lord to anger and jealousy; and ~~and~~ you can be reconciled to him, and have his love shed abroad in your

heart, these sins of yours must be forgiven. They can be forgiven, for God delighteth in mercy. They can be forgiven now, for he waiteth to be gracious. They can be forgiven without money and without price, for he freely pardons all those who put their trust in Jesus Christ his Son.

But suppose your past sins were all forgiven, you could not even then get satisfaction, because *there would still be in you a natural tendency to sin*. You can all of you sin without being taught to do it. There is no need to found an institution for the purpose of teaching the practice of vice, or to employ agents to excite men to commit crime, because the natural bias of the human heart is all in that direction. Now, as long as you love sin, and your heart has a bias towards evil, God and you cannot walk together. Thousands of years ago, he asked the question, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" It is needful, therefore, that there should be a complete change in your nature, for it can never be contented as it is. Whatever God might give it,—even if he were to give it heaven itself,—your nature would never be satisfied while it remained as it now is. Your nature is diseased, and must be healed, else it will be with you as it would be with a sick man if you piled up his room with gold, or heaped up learned volumes all round him, and bade him study them. They would not take away his pains; it is the disease itself that needs to be cured.

So is it with the malady of your spirit. You must be made right with God; or, as Christ himself put it, *you must be born again*. Now, if you could be made a new creature, with a will perfectly conformed to God's will, with a heart that loved what God loved, and hated what God hated, with a spirit within you pure as God himself is, with a mind which sought only after purity, and abhorred everything that was evil, and if, in addition to that, all your past sin could be forgiven, would not that be a grand and a blessed thing? There is many a man who has lived a life of crime and shame, who, when he sees a little curly-headed boy kneel down to say his prayers at his mother's knees, remembers when he did the same, and wishes that he could be put into a mill, and be ground young again. That is the kind of thing that would give you satisfaction, and that is just what Jesus Christ came to do for those who believe in him, for he has come into the world to "save his people from their sins;" that is, not merely to save them from being punished for sin, but to deliver them from the sin itself. He can give you, my brother, a new heart and a right spirit. He says, "Behold, I make all things new," and those who believe in him are made new creatures in Christ Jesus.

"Oh!" says one, "I wish I were a new creature in Christ." Why should you not be? He that believeth in Jesus hath the witness of the Spirit within his heart, and this is a sure sign that he is a new creature in Christ Jesus, for the first result of regeneration is true saving faith; so, if you trust in Jesus, that is a positive proof that you are born again. Then see what will come of this great change. You will begin your new life with a new nature, a nature that loves God, and hates evil, a nature that longs for conformity

with the will of God. You will begin your new career "accepted in the Beloved," with a life within you that can never die, and with a pardon granted to you that can never be reversed. You shall be so completely saved that you shall never return to the old follies and sins in which you formerly lived, because you will not be saved because somebody has persuaded you to live in a different fashion, but because you have been made a new creature altogether.

"What!" asks someone, "shall I be perfect when this change comes?" No, there is a nature in you which will still remain, and with which you will have to fight and wrestle; but the new life, which Christ will give you, will enable you to overcome it. "Well," says one, "I do not see how that is to bring me satisfaction." But it will; this is a great mystery, but it is a great truth. Possibly you are dissatisfied because you cannot bring the contents of your pocket up to the height of your wishes; but if you bring your wishes down to the level of the contents of your pocket, you will be satisfied with what you now have. You cannot get all that you want, but suppose that your wants are reduced to your actual needs, how will it be then? You cannot, at present, expect to have all that your heart desires; but suppose your heart is renewed by grace, so that you do not desire what God does not see fit to give you, will not that be the way for you to obtain satisfaction? If the mountain cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet had better go to the mountain; and if we cannot change our outward circumstances, we had better be content with such things as we have. We have been born into a world where there is much sin and much sorrow, where no man can have all that he wishes; and it is a grand thing when our wishes get changed, our desires get altered, and we become altogether different from what we used to be. This is the path that leads to satisfaction. Some people seem to think that, if they had what I have, they would be perfectly content; but I am quite certain that, if they had it, they would be utterly dissatisfied with my portion. Yet I am perfectly satisfied with it;—not perfectly satisfied with myself, for that I never shall be while I am down here; but I am perfectly satisfied with what God does for me and with me. That satisfaction is what every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ has a right to enjoy; and when he lives as a believer should live, he does enjoy it, and he can sing, with good Dr. Watts,—

"I would not change my blest estate  
For all that earth calls good or great;  
And while my faith can keep her hold,  
I envy not the sinner's gold."

The garden of such a man as I am just now describing is a very little one, but he walks in his rich neighbour's park, and he thanks God that it does not belong to him, for he has not the trouble and expense of keeping it in order, yet he can enjoy it probably quite as much as its owner can. He goes to the top of a hill, and he knows that all he can see is in a certain king's dominions; but he is glad that he is not the king, for he does not want the trouble of ruling a kingdom. He thanks God for the beauties of nature,

which are all his; he knows that the mountains and the valleys, the sea and the sky, are all his because they are his Father's, so he may enjoy them to the full. He thanks God that he does not want to put the sun into his pocket, nor to keep the moon in a cupboard all to himself; all things in the world are his as much as he needs them, but he rejoices to know that his fellow-creatures may also enjoy them as much as he does. He is brought, by the grace of God, into such a state of mind that the joy of others is his joy, and that the sorrow of others is his sorrow; and he would not wish to forego this enlargement and expansion of his mind. The grace of God has put him into such a condition of heart and soul that, on the land or on the sea, on a bed of sickness or walking about with the elasticity of health, he says, "It is all right, for my Father has ordained it all. He gives or he takes away, he kills or he makes alive; and as he does it, all is well, and I am perfectly satisfied with it; and as long as I live, I will bless his holy name." Now, that is the truly happy man, and this is the only way to be really happy. Trust in Jesus, rest wholly upon him; and he will renew your spirit, and change your heart, and with that change of heart he will give you capacities for happiness which you never can have in any other way.

My dear young friends, I want to speak these last few words specially to you. If my older friends here are not yet converted, I pray that they may soon be saved, and I thank God that we have seen many such saved. No old man or old woman has any need or reason to despair; I have seen people of seventy and eighty years of age, and more than that, converted to Christ. He does not limit his grace to any age. If you were five thousand years old, I should be bound to preach the same gospel to you as if you were a little child;—whatever your age, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved. But, at the same time, we cannot make you old people begin life again, we cannot take you back to the years of youth; possibly, you wish that we could; but as for you young people, we long for you to be early satisfied with God's mercy, that you may rejoice and be glad all your days. Are you fifteen, or sixteen years of age? There was a time, I daresay, when you thought your brother was wonderfully old because he had got into his teens; but you do not feel very old now, do you? But you think you will have reached a great age when you get to be forty; perhaps, then, you will think that it is the people of sixty, or seventy, or eighty, or ninety years of age, who are getting old, and not you; but let me assure you that now, *now*, now is your time.

I would not, God knoweth, deceive you about this matter for all the wealth there is in the world. I have known the Lord, blessed be his name, since I was fifteen years of age, and there has never been a moment, since then, in which I have regretted putting my trust in him. A great many times I have mourned that I did not trust him sooner, and that I have not trusted him better; but never once have I wished to go back to my former condition, and leave my dear Lord and Master. You know that we sometimes hear servants speak well of their master before other people's faces, when they

think their master will hear of it; but when they get together, a lot of them round the fire, I do not know what they say about their master then. But when you gather round the fire, or when you meet with any of my particular friends, ask them whether they ever heard me say a word, in public or in private, against my Master. On the contrary, I love to tell everybody how kind and good he has been to me, and to my most intimate friends I delight to relate all that I know about him. I can tell you one thing; if a man serves a master who treats him badly, he will not be likely to bring his boy to that place of business; but it is my greatest delight to see my two boys serving my dear Lord and Master. If he had been a bad Master to me, I should have said to them, "Now, boys, do not, either of you, make the mistake that I have made in serving the Lord Jesus Christ as I have done." Oh, no! they have never heard me talk like that. They know how I rejoiced when I found them believing in Jesus Christ, and afterwards beginning to do what they could in his service. Young people, your godly mothers and fathers would not be anxious to make you miserable; you have no idea that they want you to be wretched and sad, have you? No; but it is because they have found such supreme delight in the service of God that they want you to find your delight in it too. I have gone up and down this country, and travelled a good deal in other countries too; and I think I may say, without exaggeration, that I have talked with many thousands of Christians, and I have heard some strange things from some of them; but, up to this moment, I have never met with any Christians who have said to me, "We are all mistaken, after all; there is no solid satisfaction to be found in Jesus Christ." I have seen some of these Christian people at the time when men's hearts speak out, if ever they do; I have seen them die. I have visited the dear consumptive girl in her last hours; and I have been with the grey-headed saint, who has passed his fourscore years, when the time came for him to die. It has been my lot to stand by many death-beds, and I can honestly say that, if I wanted to enjoy the most intense pleasure that is possible on earth, I would seek out some dying saint, that I might witness his rapturous joy, and hear his gladsome and cheering testimony to his Lord and Saviour. A man usually speaks the truth when he comes face to face with death, and eternity is opening before him. Most men put off their masquerading then, and appear in their true colours; and it is then that Christians speak best concerning Christ, and, often, the loudest songs and the sweetest praise that they have ever given to him, they lay at his feet then, just before they pass away from earth to go to be with him for ever. Dear young friends, the way of the highest happiness is the way of absolute trust in Jesus, giving up yourself to the renewing of the Holy Ghost that you may become new creatures in Christ Jesus. May God, of his infinite mercy, grant that this great work of grace may be wrought in every unsaved soul in this assembly, ere you leave this building; and it will be if you simply rely upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, who will then take you by the hand, and make all things new to you. God grant it, for his dear Son's sake! Amen.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

GREAT PARDON FOR GREAT SIN.

## A Sermon

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DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE, NEWINGTON,

*In the year 1862.*

"For thy name's sake, O LORD, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great."—Psalms xxv. 11.

THIS striking prayer is hemmed in, as it were, between two promises. It looks like a fossil embedded in a mass of stone. What means it there? Why is it put in such a peculiar position? The psalmist is both praising and preaching; how is it that he turns to praying? Beloved, I think it was to teach us that prayer is never out of place. When the apostle Paul was writing the most doctrinal of his Epistles, he sometimes paused in the midst of them to offer a supplication, as when he said, "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." When engaged in any holy duties, you may even refrain from praise for a moment in order to present a prayer to God. Nor would it be amiss for us sometimes to break the thread of a sermon, that the people might pause, and join with the preacher in asking God's blessing upon the message of mercy, and upon all that hear it. Certainly, my dear friends, you will never find any time inopportune for prayer, if your heart be true and your faith in full force. The Mohammedans have their fixed hours for prayer; and when they hear the signal from the minaret of the mosque, wherever they may be, in the street or in the market-place, they bow their heads to Allah, and repeat their form of prayer. Without their ostentation, you may "pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." We need not be confined to special seasons when a summons is given; but, at all times, and in every place, we may "continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving." When your hands are measuring out your goods, when they are pushing the plough, or driving the nail, when you are driving the plough, or threshing the corn, if you are speeding along the iron way, or walking among the cornfields, your heart may have fellowship with him—

"Who is within no walls confined,  
But habiteth the humble mind,"—

who counts all places holy where men are holy, and all spots suitable places for prayer when the heart is in a prayerful frame. My soul, wait thou upon God in thy daily calling, and think not that thou canst ever approach him at an unseasonable hour, or lift up thy cry to him when he is otherwise engaged, so that he cannot attend to thy petition.

Were it necessary to my present purpose to explain the connection of this prayer with the scope of the Psalm, it would not be difficult. The promise that the psalmist had just recited is "unto such as keep his covenant." It was the besetting sin of Israel to break the covenant. Do you not see that the condition here mentioned would shut the door of hope to many? The greatness of the promise often stirs up our deepest anxieties, lest any of us should seem to come short of it. Depend upon it, brethren, that the prayer for pardon, which is never unfitting at any time, can never be more fitting than when our hearts are lifted up with the loftiest apprehensions of God's covenant.

My principal aim, however, to-night, is to bring my hearers and myself, all of us, to feel with David that our iniquity is great. When I have done this, I shall very briefly try to show how the very greatness of our iniquity may become a plea with God: "Pardon mine iniquity; for it is great." And I shall close with some earnest entreaties to those who have never sought pardon for sin to seek it now.

#### I. Well then, first, DAVID DECLARED THAT HIS INIQUITY WAS GREAT.

The word used in the original conveys the idea of quantity as well as of quality. Not simply was his sin great in its atrocity, but there was very much of it; any one sin was great, but it was not merely one, but ten thousand times ten thousand in multitude. His sin was as great in its bulk as it was black in its heinousness. Now, I do not know, although David had one very terrible fall, that any humble-minded person here would consider himself to be superior to David. He was a man after God's own heart; and notwithstanding the great blot upon this sun, we would not hesitate to say he is a sun for all that. For David presents a character so admirable, so all but matchless in the harmony of the different graces, that we think he certainly approaches very near to his great Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Certainly, if David felt his iniquity to be great, it would be very foul presumption in any of us to think ours to be little. At any rate, we must come out one by one, and say, "I reckon myself to be a better man than David was," or else we ought to subscribe heartily with our hand to the truth that our iniquity must be great too if David's was.

But leaving David out of the question, not comparing ourselves with others, we will draw some few pictures by which the greatness of our iniquity may be seen. Our sin is great *when we consider against whom it is committed*. In an army, if a soldier shall strike his comrade, it is, of course, a misdemeanour; but if he should have smitten some petty officer, it is considered to be a more grievous offence; and if he should have struck the commander-in-chief, it would become so great a crime that I know not what penalty short

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of death might be awarded to it. Now, in the world of morals, as God sees it, there is much difference in sin when we consider the difference in the person against whom it is committed. You and I think it is the worst sin that hurts us the most.

We have heard, I daresay, the story of the lawyer, who was waited upon by a farmer, who asked him what would be the penalty for a man whose horse was always getting into his neighbour's field, and eating his corn; he had warned him several times, and told him it was the result of his broken fence, which he ought to have mended. The lawyer said, "Of course, there would be a considerable fine, no doubt." "Well, sir," said he, "it is your horse that has done this." "Oh!" said our friend the solicitor, "that is quite a different question; I did not know it was my horse before I gave my opinion." So it is, generally, with regard to anything that is done amiss, if it hurts you, or if it hurts me, we feel very indignant about it; but if it only offends the Majesty of heaven, we make light of it. What fools we are! If it shall offend such puny, insignificant creatures as we are, there is something seriously wrong in it; but if the divine Majesty be insulted, we pass it by as though it were a mere trifle.

There really is a difference in the sin according to the person against whom it is committed. I will put it thus. A man has just now been striking another, striking him with an intent to do him hurt. "That is bad," say you. "Yes, but it was his own father that he struck." "Ay," now you say, "that is far worse for him to have injured the man whom he ought to have loved and honoured."

So, since God is our Creator, any attack that is made upon his government, any wilful violation of his law, is aggravated by the fact that we owe to him such unbounded allegiance. "It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture." Sinners, did you ever think of this? You have offended against him who made you, in whose hand your breath is, and under whose control are all your ways. When you have used profane words, it has been against the High and Lofty One, against Jehovah, who rides upon the sky, and launches abroad his thunderbolts, and shakes heaven and earth with his terrible voice; against him, before whom the holy angels veil their faces, and humbly bow themselves, unworthy to lick the dust of his feet; it is against God that you have offended. Sinner, thou thinkest this is a little matter, but I tell thee that it is this fact that makes thine iniquity great.

Yet further, sin derives some degree of its sinfulness from the fact that it is an offence against a most just and equitable law. We sometimes read, in the newspapers, that persons are severely punished for offences against the game laws of our country. Well, I suppose it is a very wicked thing to shoot another person's hares and pheasants and partridges. Were I a preserver of game, I daresay I should consider the offence of the tenant farmer, who shot a bird that was feeding on his corn, to be very aggravated. As I am not, I do not particularly see its flagrant character. No doubt it is wrong, though it looks to me more like a misdemeanour than a felony.



When a law is proved to be harsh and severe, there always will be some mitigation in our judgment of the culpability of breaking it. If we consider such-and-such a law hard and tyrannical, not suited to the times, and out of keeping with the age, then we say, when a person breaks it, "Well, he had better not have done it; it is an offence against statute law, and he ought not to have committed it;" still, we do not think it to be so black as when the offence is against a just, equitable, proper, and righteous law, which harmonizes with strict, unvarying equity. Now, such is the law of God.

What can be more fitting than the law of the ten commandments? Infidelity itself has turned pale before those ten commandments. We have heard of men who have attempted to improve the law of God by a new commandment, and have found themselves unable to do it, for they perceived it to be so complete that it embraced all forms of criminality. Those who have abhorred other parts of Scripture have said, as they read the ten precepts, "These are just and righteous." They are, indeed, the fundamental stones of natural morality; they are such as even nature itself would approve to be right and proper for the government of the world. Well then, sirs, if you have broken these good commandments, if you have run your head against these holy, just, and righteous precepts, your iniquity is great. If you could turn to any law of God, and say, "This is harsh, this is tyrannical," there might be some excuse for you; but those commandments were made for your good. If you keep them, they will bring you their own reward, if you break them, they will bring their own penalty into your body, and mind, and heart. Wherefore, then, have you been so foolish as to violate them? Assuredly, in so doing, your iniquity has become heavy as a millstone, and if it be about your neck when you come to die, it will sink you in the floods for ever.

But, dear friends, we ought each of us to remember that *our sin is all the greater because it has been committed by us*; for, sometimes, an offence is all the worse because of the person who has committed it. When the noble Cæsar saw Brutus stab him, he said, "And thou, Brutus!" There was force in his dying words, for Brutus had been his dear friend, one who owed no little to him; and, surely, the Lord might say to us, when we sin, "And you, too; and you! You whom I have fed day by day; you who are clothed by my charity, and nourished by my bounty! You! living in this fair province of the universe which is called the world, this beautiful fair round green earth! You,—partakers of such innumerable favours,—you sin against me!" Ah, Christians, you who are heaven's favourites, you who are allowed to enter into the Lord's cabinet councils, and to understand the secrets of his covenant, you who are Christ's own spouse, the bride of the Prince of heaven, *your sin is all the blacker because of that light of his countenance in which it has been your privilege to walk!*

But to hasten on, as I throw off these hints to be worked out in your own minds rather than to be dwelt upon in my discourse, let me remind you again that *our sin is certainly very great, because of the amount of it*. Innumerable times have we transgressed. It

is not as though we had done wrong once, and then washed our hands of it. Who can count his errors? What man can tell the number of the small dust of his transgressions? As for the drops of dew twinkling in the morning light, as for the drops of the ocean making that vast flood, as for the stars of heaven, and the sand of the sea shore,—the incalculable number of all these sinks into insignificance when compared with the infinite host of our transgressions against thee, O God of heaven and earth! This very day, have there not been more sins than moments, more transgressions than heart-beats, more offences than pulses? God only knows the total of the sins of man. Only his infinite mind can reckon the iniquity that crops forth from the polluted soil, and wells up from the deep spring of depravity that is hidden in the very core of our corrupt nature. Count your sins if ye can, O ye children of God, and then fall on your knees, bow your heads, cover your faces, and say, "Our iniquity indeed is great."

Not is this all; we ought also to remember that *we have sinned and offended without any provocation*. When a poor wretch, pinched with hunger, snatches a loaf from a baker's shop, and eats it ravenously in the street, what magistrate could forbear to treat him leniently? But when a rascal does a wanton mischief without cause, or commits a wilful robbery without conscience, what defence can he set up? With such utter defiance of law and order, we have no patience, and we say, "Let the full punishment fall upon his guilty head." And that is what you and I have done; we have sinned for sinning's sake. When we spent our money in sin, it was for that which is not bread, and our labour of iniquity was for that which did not profit us. You and I have not been gainers by all that we have done amiss. There may have been times when you had the excuse of getting something by sin, but not always. For instance, what excuse is there for swearing? Lust may plead a pleasure, wine may ease a pain, avarice has an eye to gain; but the cheap swearer, from his open sluice, lets his soul run out in sorry curses, losing all the patience he possesses for the mere sake of venting forth black and ugly words that have no meaning. This is infamous; what if I say it is infernal to win for the mere sake of sinning? We heard of one, the other day, who said, when reproved for cursing, that he would continue to swear; yea, if he had an angel on each shoulder, he would still go on cursing. There seem to be some of this sort who, for the mere sake of dabbling in the mire, will do it; and, in truth, we have all, in our time, sinned in open defiance of the Almighty, and, therefore, our iniquity is heavy.

Sons of men, I put it to you, as one of yourselves, and, therefore, willing to be your advocate,—but I must rather take up the cause of him against whom we have offended,—what has he ever done to us that we should hate him? He has made us, fed us, clothed us; for which of these good works do we forget him? He has sent his Son to redeem his people; is this a cause why we should despise him? He follows us day after day with invitations of mercy, stirs up our consciences, hedges up the road to hell as though he would not let us perish; for which of these things do we requite him with evil?

What hath the Most High done to provoke you! Has he ever done you a displeasure? In what respect has he thwarted you except for your good? What pleasure that is a real pleasure has he denied you? Is his yoke heavy? Is his burden intolerable? Are his commandments like the whips of Solomon, or his laws like the scorpions of Rehoboam? Hath he made his little finger thicker than the wires of human law? Do ye not know that men, in superstition, will make laws ten times harder than God's laws ever were, and will keep them too? It cannot, therefore, be that God hath thus offended you. O wherefore then, sons of men, do we despise our God? What can there be so good in sin that we *will* have it, and God's anger with it? What can there be so sweet in hell that we choose it, and despise the glories of heaven? Verily, in this arrant folly, this flagrant malice, this frantic madness, our iniquity is great indeed.

Yet further, what if I should say that *we have gone on in sin after we have, some of us, known and felt the evil of it?* I speak advisedly when I appeal to almost all of you now present, and ask,—must not your iniquity be great, because it was not done in ignorance? Many here were nursed in the lap of godliness; your sins, therefore, are ten times heavier than other men's. The lamp of the sanctuary lit some of us to our cradles. The hush of lullaby had the name of Jesus mingled with it. Perhaps the first song we learned to sing was concerning the children's best Friend. The first Book that we began to read contained his sweet name, and many were the times when we were pressed by godly ones to think of Jesus, and to give our young hearts to him. But we put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, darkness for light, and light for darkness, and knowing the good from the evil, we did wilfully choose to do that which is wrong. Ah, for this thing, when we have sinned against light and knowledge, does not our transgression become greater than that of the people of Tyre and Sidon, who perished in their sin?

And then, when we had learned by experience, as well as by education, that sin was bitter, we went on in it still. There is a young man yonder who went astray once, and smarted for it, and he thought he would never be such a fool again. But it hath happened to him according to the true proverb, "The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." Some men seem only to get out of one ditch to roll into another. There are plenty of persons who, when they put their fingers in the fire, and burn them, run and get them bound up and healed, only to go to the next fire, and thrust in, not their fingers this time, but their arms up to their elbows. Take care that, one of these days, man, you do not have your body and soul consumed in that fire which never can be quenched. How foolish some are who have been on the spendthrift line! After they have emptied their pockets, and found themselves beggars, they have gone to their friends who used to take a glass with them,—such jolly companions, such dear friends as they used to be, but they do not know them now. "Oh, no!" they say, and give them the cold shoulder, now that their clothes begin to look a little out at elbows. I have seen these

people get employment again, and throw themselves out of it by their ill character. I have seen them get a respectable situation perhaps two or three times, and then go and ruin themselves over again, and expect their friends to set them up once more;—set them up on purpose that they may have the pleasure of tumbling down. When men do this so many times, certainly their iniquity becomes heavy.

I have put the case strongly concerning one or two delinquents; they are, however, only representatives of us all, for when we have smarted for an offence, we have committed it again. Burnt children are afraid of the fire, but burnt sinners are not; they will go to the fire again, like the moth which gets to the candle, singes her wings, and flies off a little; but she must needs go again, and if you lift her out of the melted grease around the light, she will fly back again the first opportunity she gets, as if she thought it her ambition, and her life's best glory, to be consumed in the fire. Iniquity is great indeed when it is committed against experience. Men deliberately run upon the pikes of damnation; they destroy their own souls by a sort of spiritual suicide.

At times, men's offences to their fellow-men lose some of their guiltiness by an apology. Why, sometimes, when we have been aggrieved by some little offence, and a proper apology has been promptly made, we could have wished we had never taken notice of it, for we did not like to see the good man so sorry about it. We freely forgave him, and felt as if we did not want him even to feel that he had done wrong, because he took it too much to heart; so we passed over the offence because of the repentance. But how great is the guilt of that man who, having sinned, refuses to repent! And is not this exactly the case of many here present,—sinning from your cradles, but never repenting? Repentance is hidden from your eyes; you go on from bad to worse, from dark to deeper stains. The Ethiopian has not changed his skin, nor the leopard his spots. You have sought to no physician for your healing. You have let the deadly gangrene grow yet more putrid, until the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint. Careless sinner, I would that I could play the part of Mr. John Bunyan's Captain Boanerges, and his ensign, Mr. Thunder, and run up the black colours before your eye, bearing as the escutcheon the flaming thunderbolts of God's justice. Ye, who will not repent, must incur the fierce wrath of God. Lo! he hath bent his bow, and made it ready, he hath fitted his arrow to the string, he takes aim to-night at thee, the arrow shall soon fly, and reach thy heart. Oh, that thou hadst grace given thee to repent! O Spirit of God, break the sinner's heart! Take thou hold of thy great hammer, with which thou dost cleave mountains, and dash that heart in pieces, that the sinner may cry out, "Pardon mine iniquity; for it is great."

With some men, their iniquity becomes all the greater, because *they have sinned against promises which they have made, vows which have been registered in heaven, and covenants which they have signed with the Most High.* You know who I mean. You were ill with the fever, some few years ago; you were given up, you

turned your face to the wall, and you remember how, in the bitterness of your soul, you cried, "O God, if thou wilt but spare me, mine shall be another and a better life for the future!" You were spared, but your life has been worse rather than better. You remember, too, when the cholera was abroad, and there were many falling on the right hand and on the left, you were terrified and alarmed, and you sought God after a sort, and you told him that, if he would but spare your life, that life should be spent in his service. What have you been doing since then? It is true that you sometimes go to the house of God, but it is only in the evening; when you have made your money in the morning, you do not mind giving God the rag end of the Sunday. The first two or three weeks after you got better, the shutters were up; there was no rioting, no swearing, no loose conversation; your neighbours said, "What has come over the fellow? He is quite a different man." Yes, you had another heart for the time, but not a new heart, and now you are as reckless as ever. Do you think God has forgotten your promises? Do you think that registered covenant of yours has been blotted out? No, sinner, no; it stands fast against thee to make thy guilt more infamous, and thy transgressions more heavy. Take heed! take heed! take heed! when God shall hold it up against thee, at the last tremendous day, thou wilt read thy doom in that broken promise, in that lie which has been uttered against the God of grace and goodness.

Most of us, at some time or other, have sinned thus against resolutions and promises, and consequently, our iniquities are heavy. O dear friends, I have a task too hard for me in such a subject as this! When I talk of the glories of the love of Christ, I feel at home; when I speak of the matchless grace of the everlasting covenant, my heart is well at ease; but to prove man's sin heavy, is a task too hard for me. Not that it is hard in itself. The evidence is clear, but to procure a conviction is the difficulty. The jury is not impartial. Your conscience is like an unjust judge. Oh, how hard it is to make any man believe himself to be so bad as the Word of God says he is! None but the Spirit of God can make a man call himself a sinner, and mean it. Nothing but the irresistible influence of the Holy Spirit can ever bring a man as low as the Word of God would have him lie. If thou canst feel, in thy soul to-night, that thine iniquity is great, that it deserves God's wrath, displeasure, and punishment,—if thou dost pray, from thy very heart, "O Lord, pardon thou mine iniquity, for it is great,"—I shall have hope of thee that the first sparks of the divine light have fallen into thy soul, never to be quenched, but to blaze out in the brightness of salvation for ever.

II. I shall now turn, very briefly, to the second part of my subject, to show how THERE IS A PLEA IN THE VERY GREATNESS OF OUR SINS.

Is not this a very strange text, think you? Look at it again; one needs to read it over twenty times. Is it really so written? "Pardon mine iniquity; for it is great!" Can you believe your own eyes? Imagine a prisoner at the Old Bailey pleading with the

judge that he would kindly let him off, because he was such a great offender; we should think that it would be a very legitimate reason why he should not be pardoned. The pith, however, of the whole text lies in those words which we sometimes forget to quote, "For thy name's sake." That alters it. It is an argument now; it was not before: "For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great."

Let me show you that there is a plea here. If salvation were by merit, then, supposing all men to have fallen, and none of them to have any merit, yet it would be a rule that the man who was the least offender should have the first turn at being saved. If the choice of God depended in any way upon man's condition, we should naturally expect that the man who had the least sin would be forgiven first; for, putting all on an equality in all other respects, the choice, if made at all, with reference to the man, would naturally be the choice of the man who had committed the least iniquity. But, dear friends, please to remember that, in the covenant of Christ, and the way of salvation, the choice is made upon reverse principles, not according to man's merit, but according to God's glory. The aim, end, and object of God, in salvation, is to glorify his own character; hence, if his choice may be said to be guided by any principles which we can at all understand, that choice would be guided to select those who would the most magnify his grace, and glorify his own name. Well now, if God would do that great work of pardoning sin in such a way as to glorify his own name, the most-fitting persons to be saved are the biggest sinners.

Let me put it thus. Here is a number of persons, and they are all sick; and here is a physician, who intends to get to himself a name. He is full of benevolence and kindness; but, at the same time, one part of his object is to get a name. Now, you will perceive that, in the selection of his patients, he will not pick out a man there who has a sore finger, for it will never tell very much to his credit that he healed a man who had a sore finger; but there will be, perhaps, a few cases among the sick of a very extraordinary sort. Some of them will have an affliction, a disease, quite unknown hitherto to the faculty. Medicines have been tried, but their cases have been so stubborn that the best doctors have given them up as hopeless. Now, the physician says, "These are the cases that I will select." Granting that he is able to cure whomsoever he wills, you can see that, if the object be his own glory, he would rather take those in which there is the most room for the display of the healing art than those who have the least sickness, and might be the most readily cured.

Yet again; suppose a man means to have a character for generosity. There is a number of debtors assembled, and he is determined to discharge their liabilities. There is a man there who owes sixpence, and another who owes a pound. Well now, if he pays their debts, he will never have much credit for liberality there; but another man comes in, who is over head and ears in debt. What is the sum he owes? Fifty thousand pounds; let us say a hundred thousand pounds; let us say half a million. Well,

now, here is the opportunity for the liberal man to display his liberality, because here there is room for it. So is it in grace. You, proud Pharisee, come to God, and say, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men;" and he replies, "Then there is no room in you for my grace to work." But yonder poor publican dares not lift so much as his eyes towards heaven, but smites upon his breast, and cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "There is a case for me," saith sovereign mercy, and the pardon comes to the poor sinful publican.

Mark, when I speak of sinners, I do not mean merely those who have been great sinners, or those who have been, in comparison with others, little sinners, but I mean those who feel themselves to be great sinners. I say, the more we feel our guilt, the more fit we are for mercy; the more broken down we are with hopelessness on account of our own lost estate, the more room there is for the triumphs of Christ's grace. Now, there is many a moral man here to-night, who never offended against the laws of his land, or the laws of outward propriety, yet he feels himself to be as black as hell. Well then, there is room in him for grace to glorify itself. We have noticed that men of the worst character are often the most self-righteous. There is many a Pharisee, whose morals would not pass muster, though he vaunts his piety as a harlot flaunts her broidery; and many a scamp, who would be a disgrace to the meanest society if his character were known, brazens it out as though he never had offended against a single law of God. Again I say, ye who feel that ye are the very chief of sinners, ye who groan and mourn on account of sin, be not silenced at the mercy-seat because of the greatness of your guilt; but, rather, with the inimitable skill of the Syrophenician woman, turn the very desperateness of your case into a reason why the Lord should save you.

Now to-night, upon your knees, wrestle with the God of mercy, and say, "Pardon me, for my transgression is great; and my hell will be great. But if thou wilt save me, thine honour will be great; if thou wilt redeem me, the power of thy blood will be great; if thou wilt give me a new heart, the transforming power of thy Spirit will be great. O God, save me! God be merciful to me a sinner." This is, as Luther says, to cut off the devil's head with his own sword. When the devil says to you, "You are a sinner," say to him, "I am, and Christ died to save sinners." And when he says, "But you are a big sinner, you are a Jerusalem sinner, a bigger sinner than any other," say to him, "Yes, that is true; but Jesus said, 'that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.'"

I have tried, and I am trying, to preach a wide gospel; I do not like to have a net with such big meshes that the fish get through. I think I may catch you all if the Lord wills. If the vilest are not shut out, then you are not shut out, friends; and if thou believest in Christ with all thy heart, thou shalt be saved. But oh, what if you should say, "I care not for forgiveness; I do not want pardon, I will not seek it; I will not have it; I love my sins; I love

myself"? O sinner, then, by that death-bed of thine, where thou shalt see thy dreadful sins in another light; by that resurrection of thine, where thou shalt see eternity to be no trifle; by that doom of thine; by the last dread thunders; by the awful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed," of the Judge, I beseech you, do me but this one favour! Own that you had an invitation to-night, and that it was affectionately pressed upon you. I have told you, in God's name, that your sin is not a trifle with God,—that it is not a matter to be laughed at or to be whistled over. I have told you that the greatness of your sin need not shut you out. What is wanted is that the Spirit of God should teach you these things in your heart. But do remember, if your ears refuse these truths, and if you reject them, we are a sweet savour unto Christ as well in them that perish as in them that are saved. But woe unto you,—woe unto you, who, with the gospel ringing in your ears, go down to the pit! "Verily, verily, I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah, in the day of judgment, than for you." May God save you, for Jesus' sake! Amen!

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

#### ROMANS X. 1—15.

Verse 1. *Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved.*

Let this be our "heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel." Sorrows upon sorrows have come to the Lord's ancient people even down to this day; and they have been scattered and peeled, and rent and torn in almost every land. Who does not pity their griefs and woes? Let it be our heart's desire and daily prayer for Israel that they may be saved through faith in the Messiah whom they have so long rejected.

2. *For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge.*

In Paul's day, they were most diligent in the observance of every form of outward devotion, and many of them sincerely desired to be right with God; but they did not know how to attain the desired end.

3. *For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God.*

Perhaps I am addressing some who are very anxious to be right with God; they are by no means hypocrites, but are really awakened to a sense of their danger, yet they cannot get peace of mind; and the reason is that, like the Israelites, they are "going about to establish their own righteousness." "Going about"—that is to say, struggling, striving, searching, worrying themselves to get a righteousness of their own which they never will obtain, and being ignorant of "the righteousness of God" which is completed in Christ, and which is freely bestowed upon all who believe in him. Alas! they "have not submitted themselves" unto this righteousness of God, and there is a kind of hidden meaning in the apostle's expression. They are so proud that they will not submit to be saved by the righteousness of another, even though that other is the Lord Jesus Christ himself. Yet this is the main point,—the submission of our proud will to the righteousness of God.



4. *For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.*

Christ is the ultimatum of the law; and when we go to the law, accepted and protected by him, we present to the law all that it can possibly demand of us. Christ has fulfilled the law on behalf of all who believe in him, so that its curse is abolished for all of us who approach it through Christ.

5—9. *For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, That the man which doeth these things shall live by them. But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above:) or, Who shall descend into the deep (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.) But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.*

"The righteousness which is of faith" is quite another thing from the righteousness which is of the law. It is not a thing of doing, and living by doing; but of trusting, and living for ever by trusting. What are you at,—you who would fain clamber up to the stars, or you who would plunge into the abyss? There is nothing for you to do, there is nothing for you to feel, there is nothing for you to be, in order that God may accept you; but, just as you are, if you will receive Christ into your heart, and confess him with your mouth, you shall be saved. Oh, this glorious way of the salvation of sinners,—so simple, yet so safe,—so plain, yet so sublime,—for me to lay aside my own righteousness, and just to take the righteousness of Christ, and be covered with it from head to foot! I may well be willing to lay aside my own righteousness, for it is a mass of filthy rags, fit only to be burned.

10—14. *For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed. For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed?*

How can there be true prayer where there is no faith? How shall I truly pray to God if I do not really believe in him? "For he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

14. *And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?*

We must know what it is that we are to believe; and knowing it, we shall be helped by the Holy Spirit to believe it.

14. *And how shall they hear without a preacher?*

If the Word of the Lord does not get to a man either by the living voice, or by the printing-press, which often takes the preacher's place, how is he to believe it? You see here what I have often called "the whole machinery of salvation." First comes the preacher proclaiming the gospel, then comes the sinner listening to it, then comes the hearer believing it, and in consequence calling upon the name of the Lord as one who is saved with his everlasting salvation.

15. *And how shall they preach, except they be sent?*

Here is the great engine at the back of all the machinery,—God sending the preacher,—God blessing the Word,—God working faith in the hearts of them that hear it.

15. *As it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!*

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

NEAR THE KINGDOM, OR IN IT?

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, MAY 24TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Lord's-day Evening, October 24th, 1875.*

"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark xii. 34.

IN certain respects, all men are alike,—alike fallen, and alike needing the Saviour. Hence we have not twenty gospels, but only one; and we have not the gospel graduated to scale to suit different classes of society, or different conditions of morality. We have the same Christ to set before sinners of every sort as their only hope, and the same message to proclaim to every one of them, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

At the same time, we should make a very great mistake if we dealt with everybody in precisely the same way, for all human beings are not exactly alike, and our Saviour himself drew distinctions concerning those who came to him while he was upon the earth. He uttered very strong language to some of the scribes, but he used a very different tone in addressing the particular scribe to whom he said, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

There is no doubt that there are some sinners who are very far from the kingdom of God; by their wicked works, they have gone away even further than they were by nature. They have added to the original sin, which was theirs by birth, all the corruptions which have come of evil habits; and, with their backs to the light, they have gone further and further into the darkness of the night of sin. There are others, who, through the restraining grace of God, have never done this. They are fallen creatures, it is true; but, still, there are many beautiful points in their character. Indeed, they are so amiable that even Jesus, when looking upon one such young man, loved him, though he had to say even to him, "One thing thou lackest." The lack of that one thing was fatal; still, Christ recognized the good that there was in him; and I feel sure that he would have his ministers, and all who try to bring souls to him, act in the same way. Besides, a point is gained with a man if you frankly recognize whatever there is about him that is satisfactory; and he will be the more likely to listen to you when you

point out his defects, and show him wherein his character still falls short of what it ought to be. Fully believing that I have many in this congregation who are "not far from the kingdom of God," I shall speak specially to them; or, rather, I pray that the Holy Spirit will speak to them through me, for it is he who speaks with power to the heart and conscience.

I shall first *describe the condition in which this man was*; then, secondly, *point out its dangers*; and, thirdly, *note its encouragements*.

I. First, then, let me DESCRIBE THE CONDITION IN WHICH THIS MAN WAS: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

Christ spoke thus to him; and, as he was able to read the man's heart, he could tell, with absolute accuracy, the condition in which the man was, and he is able to read all our hearts at this moment. Looking down from the throne of glory, he knows, dear friend, exactly what your position is in relation to his kingdom,—how far you have come, and how far short you still fall. Trusting in his unerring knowledge, I pray him to send his Spirit, that the word spoken may meet your particular case, and so come home to you that you may perceive that God himself is speaking to you, and calling you to come right into the kingdom towards which you have come so near.

Let us first look at this scribe's case, and see why it was that he was so near to the kingdom. I think the first hopeful sign about him was that *he had evidently been, and was, a man of candid spirit*. he was not so prejudiced as most of the other scribes were. His mind and heart were open to conviction. When he read the ancient Scriptures, he did not read them with his eyes shut, or gazing through coloured Rabbinical spectacles, as so many of the scribes read them; but he went to them desiring to know the truth that was in them, and when he saw the truth, he did not rebel against it, but yielded himself to it. It is evident that he had been a candid student of the law, for he had arrived at the conclusion that its greatest commandment was love to God and to one's neighbour; whereas I have no doubt that many of his fellow-scribes had given the first place to matters that were purely ceremonial,—something to do with circumcision perhaps, or with the eating of unleavened bread,—matters that were important enough in their proper sphere, yet not to be regarded as the weightiest things in the law; but this man had read with an evident determination to know the truth, and so far he had found it out.

He showed his candour, not only by his diligent search for the truth, but also by being a candid controversialist. He had heard the questions which had been put to Christ, and he had noted how wisely Christ had answered them: and he had also noticed that not one of the questioners had had the grace to say that Christ had answered them well. They were so ashamed of themselves for putting the questions to him that they had evidently retired into the background; but this man, as soon as he received the answer to his enquiry, seemed to recognize the wisdom of the great Teacher, and he expressed the opinion that Christ had answered him wisely. I do not know how he could have put it

better than he did when he said, "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth." You know that, when men are arguing, and their blood is hot, it very often happens that the one disputant will not admit that the other has spoken the truth. Though he is quite sure that it is so, he will not own it; and it is an evidence of a really candid spirit when, in the midst of a debate, a man confesses that his opponent has got the better of him. It shows that he is not merely fighting for the victory, but is seeking the truth; and there is always something hopeful about a man of that sort. My dear friend, I do not know who you are, nor what your particular opinions may be; but if you are firmly resolved to follow truth wherever she may lead you, I think I may say to you, as Christ said to this scribe, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." Do not be self-confident, nor rely too much upon your own judgment; but let your mind lie open to conviction. Above all, let it be open to heavenly light; and if you do so, I shall have hope concerning you, notwithstanding a thousand mistakes that you may make. An honest seeker after truth will not be long before truth finds him, and he finds truth.

Another favourable point in this scribe's character was that *he evidently had some degree of spiritual perception*;—not much, perhaps, but still, as things went, a good deal for that time. He had found out, through reading the law, that God attached more importance to matters of moral practice than to mere matters of ceremony, and much more importance to that which concerned the heart than to any outward actions. "To love the Lord with all one's heart, and soul, and strength and to love one's neighbour as oneself," said this scribe, "is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." He had advanced further than many a Romanist has, for the Romanist would hardly say as much as he did. "The outward ceremonies of the church are so exceedingly important," he would say, "that I could not put anything else before them." But this man had been taught to feel that real heart-work and true love to God were more important than all the ceremonials of the law, even though they were ordained by God himself. He had advanced further than some of our very doctrinal friends, to whom orthodoxy seems to be both the first thing and the last thing, though, as you very well know, what they call orthodoxy is simply their own doxy; but if people only hold that doxy, that is about all they care for, and all the rest is a very secondary matter to them. This scribe, however, had advanced further than that, and he would doubtless have said that, to love God with the whole of one's heart was more important than believing all the dogmas that were ever formulated by all the doctors of divinity in the world.

This scribe had also advanced further than the more moralist, who teaches that, if you do what you think is right, that is all you need trouble about. But this scribe expressly spoke of loving the Lord "with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength." He could see that the entire man must be given up to love God, for, if he were not, all the outward profession of living according to the letter of the law

would not suffice. Now, dear friend, if you have been enabled to break through your former attachment to mere external ceremonies,—if you have fully comprehended that true religion is not a matter of mere externals, you are “not far from the kingdom of God.” You are one of those who are learning that “God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him.” I hope he is seeking you, and that, before long, you will not only be near the kingdom, but actually in it. It is a grand thing when a man is brought so far as to be able, from deep inward conviction, to say, with Dr. Watts,—

“Not all the outward forms of earth,  
Nor rites that God has given,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heaven.”

There must be the regenerating work of the Holy Spirit within the soul to make it spiritual, and capable of spiritual worship, if we are to be saved; and he who really knows this is “not far from the kingdom of God.”

Another admirable point in this scribe's character was that *he evidently had a considerable knowledge of the law*. To know the law of the Lord is the next thing to knowing the gospel; it is not everybody who understands this truth, but it really is so. Old Robby Flockhart, an evangelist who used to preach in the streets of Edinburgh, sometimes said to his hearers, “I will preach the law to you to-night, and nothing but the law; for the law is the sharp needle without which I cannot get the silken thread of the gospel into your hearts;” and he spoke the truth. Paul wrote to the Galatians, “The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ.” When the law condemns a man, he flies to Christ to seek forgiveness; but until he has received the sentence of the law in his own soul, he never will fly to Jesus Christ and his atoning sacrifice, to be set free from sin. If the law is rightly used, it drives the sinner to the Saviour; and there was hope concerning this scribe, because he evidently knew the requirements of the law. He did not sum them up in a mere outward morality, but he knew that the law was spiritual, and that it made upon man demands of a spiritual character. It would not have taken any one long, I should think, to convince that man that he had fallen short of those demands; and when he had been thus convinced, he was well on the way to seeing the preciousness of the atonement that could meet the demands of that broken law; so that his knowledge of the requirements of the law helped him to be “not far from the kingdom of God.”

Once again, *this scribe was evidently teachable*: he was in such a frame of mind that he was willing to hear what the great Teacher had to say. I do not think he came to Christ as a caviller; he probably came to test Christ, but not to cavil at him after he had tested him; and having tested him, he was willing to learn more of him. It is a hopeful sign when we are willing to sit on the children's seat, remembering our Lord's words to his disciples, “Except ye be

converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Some people are much too big to go through heaven's gate. They are so wise, in their own estimation, that they are not willing to be taught even by infinite wisdom. Their judgment is so accurate, their intelligence is so clear, that they will not submit to be instructed by him who is the very wisdom of God. They think that they have within themselves the power to draw an infallible distinction between right and wrong, between truth and error; and they will not allow even the Almighty to dictate to them, and to be the Arbitrer of their lives. Ah, brethren! this is a sad state for anyone to be in; but it is a hopeful sign when we are teachable. If you are so, you are "not far from the kingdom of God."

Now I will leave this scribe, in order that I may take notice of some others who are "not far from the kingdom of God." There are many persons who, from their youth up, have always had a great horror of that which is wrong; and they have felt—not to perfection, but to a considerable extent,—a delight in that which is true and good. They do not feel themselves to be true or good, but they wish they were. Their first associations in life were with godly people, and they have always loved godly things. They do not find the family prayer to be irksome; or if they do, they realize how wrong they are for being in such a state of mind. They would be very sorry if the ordinances of religion were neglected in the place where they live. The Sabbath is a delight to them, and they love to go up to God's house. They hardly know why they feel thus, for they are afraid they have no part nor lot in the matter; still, they like to go there, if there is anything good to be heard, they wish to have a share in it. If anybody speaks against good things, or good men, they are very grieved. Horror takes hold of them if they ever hear God's name blasphemed. They have had, from their very childhood, a bias in the direction of that which is right; but it is natural rather than spiritual. They are not, as yet, distinctly out and out for Christ; they have not believed in him as their Saviour, they have not yielded themselves up completely to him. I am persuaded that we have large numbers of young people who are very accurately described by that expression, "not far from the kingdom." Of course, I am speaking of their best side, and I am well aware that there is another side to their character; but there is much about them that is hopeful.

I know some who are even nearer to the kingdom than those whom I have been describing, for they are under a very deep sense of their sinfulness. No one of them would ever be so foolish and so wicked as to say, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." Often, while they are sitting here, listening to a sermon that is full of comfort, they feel that they are not entitled to take it to themselves. Oh, how they wish they could believe, and that they were really saved! One thing they do realize; that is, that they are lost, and ruined, and undone. This fact has caused them much sorrow of heart, but they are not yet sufficiently aroused to make the desperate effort which decides the matter. Realizing that

they are condemned, they cannot feel at ease; and, sometimes, floods of tears flow down from their eyes because of their transgressions. Ah, my dear friend, if that is your condition, you are "not far from the kingdom of God."

There are others, who are in this further hopeful condition, that they are very attentive hearers of the Word. They come to the house of prayer on purpose that they may hear the gospel, and, after a fashion, they pray that the gospel may be a blessing to them. I like preaching to people of that sort. One might wish to preach all day and all night if one could only have throngs of such hearers, every one of whom would be praying, "O my God, bless me! O my God, save me!" I remember that, when I was in this condition, I used to pray all through a sermon, "O Lord, meet with me, meet with me to-night!" And, my dear friend, you are "not far from the kingdom," if that is how you are praying now.

I know some who have advanced further still, for they have kept on praying wherever they have been, though they themselves hardly know whether they have been praying aright. You know, dear friend, that you went home, last Sabbath, and fell on your knees, and cried, "Lord, save me!" and, during the past week, you have got away alone as often as you could that you might have a little time of prayer. Even when you have been at work,—you do not know whether others have noticed it or not,—there has been the heaving of a sigh or the upward glancing of the eye. Sometimes, you have almost wished that you had never been born, for you have had the dreadful fear that you might never find the Saviour. At other times, you have had a little hope that perhaps you might; and, at any rate, you are a true seeker, and I believe you are "not far from the kingdom."

Beside that, I should not wonder if you read the Scriptures very earnestly to try to find out how you can obtain eternal life, and if you also study good books with the same view,—those very books which you once thought so dull and even horrible. You read them now at every spare moment that you can get; you would rather read them than the most fascinating romance that was ever written, for you are earnestly seeking eternal life. You certainly are "not far from the kingdom of God."

II. Now, secondly, I want you to notice THE PECULIAR DANGER OF YOUR CONDITION if you are "not far from the kingdom."

The great danger of it is that, *though you are not far from the kingdom, you are not in it.* A man was in a sinking ship; he almost leaped into the lifeboat, but just missed it, and was drowned. The manslayer was flying for his life, and the avenger of blood was close behind him. He had almost reached the city of refuge, but he was overtaken by his adversary just outside the gate, and so was slain. Almost saved is altogether lost. There are many in hell, who once were almost saved, but who are now altogether damned. Think of that, you who are not far from the kingdom. It is being in the kingdom that saves the soul, not being near the kingdom. If you are just upon the border line, yet, if you have not actually entered, you are not secure. Those five foolish virgins were almost

in the banqueting-hall; there was only the thickness of a door between them and the wedding feast; but they only heard the awful sentence, "Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now." Your great danger is that you will get to be content with being near the kingdom, although not actually in it. I have known some people remain in that perilous position for months and years, till at last it got to be their chronic condition, and they made no effort to take the decisive step. They appeared to be in a very hopeful state, yet I fear that, by-and-by, we shall have to give them up as utterly hopeless. Oh, these hopelessly hopeful people, what can we do with them? They are, for a time, hopeful, yet never more than hopeful; and, at last, we have to admit that their apparent goodness is only superficial, and that all the hopes they raised within us are delusive. They mock us, and we also fear that they mock God.

We are also very much afraid that you, who are "not far from the kingdom," may get into your heads the notion that there is *something good in you*, and that, there being something good in you, it will help to save you. If so, you will be really further away from the kingdom than if you were literally far off. I know of nothing that will more effectually keep you out of the kingdom than the notion that you are good enough to keep out:—the idea that, surely, God will not condemn such excellent persons as you are! And, besides, you are so near that you can slip in any day. If you get that notion into your head, I am afraid you never will slip in, but that you will perish in your present lost condition. Oh, may God graciously deliver all of you from such fatal self-righteousness!

I should like to point out to you one thing, and that is this, *how very terrible it would be if you should be lost after having been so near to the kingdom!* The manslayer is overtaken by the avenger of blood, and falls a mangled corpse upon the very threshold of the city of refuge; does not that seem truly dreadful! One step more, and he would have been safe; but he could not take that step, so he was slain. I always feel mortified if I get to a railway station just as the train, which I want to catch, moves from the platform. If it had gone ten minutes earlier, I should not have minded missing it so much; but to be so near as to see it go seems to aggravate my disappointment; and, certainly, it will be the greatest aggravation of all to you if you are lost after having been so very near to the kingdom. I can almost imagine other souls that are lost speaking to you in that tone of derision which Isaiah applied to the king of Babylon: "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming . . . They shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? How art thou fallen!" What horror must have seized the guilty tyrant when he came into the midst of those whom he had oppressed and crushed! And if some of you, who have been so near to the kingdom, are lost, I can imagine the swearer in hell saying to you, "Ah! you rebuked me for my oaths, but where are you now?" And another will say, "You used to help to reclaim drunkards, but where are you now? You were one of those who



used to sit in the Tabernacle, and listen to sermons. I never went there, but you did; and how much the better are you for going?" And some of them will say, "Oh, if we had only had your opportunities, if we had but heard the gospel as you heard it, if we had been placed under the holy, hallowed influences which surrounded you, surely we should not have acted so foolishly as you have done!" I need not draw any fancy pictures of what may happen, for you know what our Lord Jesus Christ said to those who heard him, and yet repented not: "I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for you." If you have heard the gospel, and the kingdom of God has come nigh unto you, and you have come nigh unto it, and yet, through lack of the decided act of faith in Jesus Christ, you perish in your sin, your doom will be more terrible even than that of Tyre and Sidon, or Sodom and Gomorrah.

"So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack?  
So near to the kingdom! what keepeth thee back?  
Renounce every idol, though dear it may be,  
And come to the Saviour now pleading with thee.

"So near, that thou hearest the songs that resound  
From those who, believing, a pardon have found!  
So near, yet unwilling to give up thy sin,  
When Jesus is waiting to welcome thee in!

"To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost?—  
To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost?  
So near to the kingdom! oh come, we implore!  
While Jesus is pleading, come enter the door!"

III. I will not say more upon that sad part of my subject, and I feel far more at home in trying to speak, for only a minute or two, on the last point, namely, THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE "NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM." May God, in his infinite mercy, grant that you may enter the kingdom this very night! May he not suffer another morning's sun to rise from the East, and look upon you as an unconverted man or woman!

For, first, *think how much God has done for you already.* You might have been born in one of the back slums of London, or you might even have been born a Hottentot or a cannibal islander. Perhaps upon that matter of your birth depends the fact that you are sitting in this house of prayer, and are not in the gin palace, the prison, or in hell itself. It may be simply the dispensation of divine providence that has made this difference between you and the very worst of men. Be very thankful to God for what he has already done for you,—for this vantage ground on which his providence and the kind instructions of Christian parents and friends have placed you.

And, next, *as he has done so much for you, should not this encourage you to ask him for still more?* If he has, by his grace, brought you so near to the kingdom, would it not be wise for you to say him, "My God, thou hast done much for me; wilt thou not now give me that which will make all this to end in my salvation?"

Wilt thou not give me a new heart, and a right spirit? Wilt thou not give me the new birth which will enable me to believe in Jesus Christ this very night, that so I may pass from death unto life?" Do you not think that the message of the gospel should very much commend itself to you? You are a candid hearer, if I understand you aright; and you have some love to good things. Now, was there ever a diviner message than this? "God has sent his Son, Jesus Christ, into this world; he took upon himself the sin of guilty man, he suffered in the room, and place, and stead of the guilty, and he bids us now proclaim this gospel of free, sovereign grace, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Christ has endured the full penalty of sin. Jesus has bowed his back to carry the intolerable burden of human guilt, and he has carried it, and cast it into the depths of the sea, where it shall never be found to be again laid to the charge of any soul that believes in him. You are not asked to do anything, you are not even asked to feel anything; you are simply asked to trust yourself in the hands of the incarnate God. Was anything ever simpler, more full of grace, more full of pity to your lost and helpless condition? It is all put into this simple message, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." This is the message from Christ in the highest heavens. "Look, look, look," is all he bids you do,—simply look unto him, trust in him, depend upon him. Surely you cannot desire anything that is more worthy of God than this gospel of his grace which we proclaim unto you in his name.

Well, my dear friend, you have come near to the kingdom, *but is it not very clear to you that you need something more than you can find in yourself?* You have come as far as you can, yet, far as that is compared with where others are, how little it really is! I said that you had begun to pray, but what sort of prayer is yours? I said that you were an attentive hearer of the Word; so you are, yet how small a thing will take you off from the pursuit of the blessed realities of grace! You know that, although you are somewhat softened, your heart is still hard. "There is much unbelief in your soul still, though there is a gleam of what looks like faith now and then. In fact, to put the matter very plainly, you are in such a condition that you will be in hell unless the mercy of God shall prevent it, for you certainly are not yet saved. Do you know that it is so, do you really feel this? Then, can you not, (may God help you to do it,) by one desperate effort of faith, throw yourself at the feet of Jesus, and say to him, "Never will I go from thee, O thou blessed Saviour, till thou dost pronounce me clean. I put out the tip of my finger now, feeble and weak as my faith is, and I do touch thee. If thou canst save a sinner, Jesus, save me. I trust thee to do so?" Friend, you are saved! That simple touch of the finger has brought virtue out of Christ unto you, and he has bidden you go in peace.

I remember how it seemed to me, when I was under conviction of sin, as though Christ stood before me with a sharp sword in each of his hands, but I felt, "I can but be lost: I will fling myself into

his arms notwithstanding those swords." And so I did, by a desperate plunge. I felt, "I have done with all attempts at self-salvation; Christ is my only Saviour. I see that he finished my salvation on the accursed tree. I depend upon him, I lean on him with all my weight, and all my might. Guilty, and black, and vile, and foul as I am by nature, I wash in the fountain filled with his precious blood, and am clean every whit, even in the sight of the Most High God." Oh, that you, dear friend, would do the same! I believe that you are doing it, that God is helping you to do it. I feel sure that he is, and that you are letting go all your foolish confidence, all trust in your own prayers, or even in your own faith, or your own anything; and you are going just to trust yourself to the Lord Jesus Christ, whether you sink or swim. Faith is very much like learning to swim. I have often thought that I could easily swim, but I never could induce myself to take the last toe off the ground, and there is no swimming till one does that. You must trust yourself wholly to the water; so must you trust yourself to Jesus. But you are afraid to take that last toe off the ground; you cannot give up just a little confidence in yourself. Oh, for the glorious plunge of faith! You fear that you will drown, but you will not, for you will swim. The everlasting love of Jesus will buoy up the biggest sinner out of hell, if he will but rest himself upon the finished work of Jesus Christ, whom God has set forth to be the propitiation for the sins of men. Only trust him, and he will save you. May God give you the grace to trust him, and he shall have all the glory. Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

MARK XII., 12—44.

Verse 12. *And they sought to lay hold on him, but feared the people: for they knew that he had spoken the parable against them: and they left him, and went their way.*

Christ's enemies could not injure him then, partly because the people heard him gladly, and were ready to protect him, but still more because the appointed time for his suffering and death had not fully come.

13, 14. *And they sent unto him certain of the Pharisees and of the Herodians, to catch him in his words. And when they were come, they say unto him, Master, we know that thou art true, and carest for no man: for thou regardest not the person of men, but teachest the way of God in truth:*

They meant "to catch him in his words," if they could, so they baited their trap with flattery. Whenever a man begins to flatter you, be on your guard against him. If he tries to commence a conversation with you by uttering words of excessive admiration, depend upon it that he admires something that you have got more than he admires you; and, therefore, be on the watch against him. Our Saviour must, in his heart, have utterly despised men who were so foolish as to imagine that they could entrap him by their flattering words. After that preface, they asked the questions which they thought would impale him upon the horns of a dilemma:—

14, 15. *Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or not? Shall we give, or shall we not give?*

They knew very well that, if Christ said, "Do not give tribute to

Cæsar," the Romans would have taken him up, and imprisoned him for preaching sedition; but, on the other hand, if he said, "Pay tribute to Cæsar," the Jews would have said that he was their enemy, and not a true patriot, or else he would not have admitted that the chosen people were bound to pay taxes to their Roman conquerors.

15—17 *But he, knowing their hypocrisy, said unto them, Why tempt ye me? bring me a penny, that I may see it. And they brought it. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? And they said unto him, Cæsar's. And Jesus answering said unto them, Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. And they marvelled at him.*

He had answered them with matchless wisdom without committing himself in any way.

18—23. *Then come unto him the Sadducees, which say there is no resurrection; and they asked him, saying, Master, Moses wrote unto us, If a man's brother die, and leave his wife behind him, and leave no children, that his brother should take his wife, and raise up seed unto his brother. Now there were seven brethren: and the first took a wife, and dying left no seed. And the second took her, and died, neither left he any seed: and the third likewise. And the seven had her, and left no seed: last of all the women died also. In the resurrection therefore, when they shall rise, whose wife shall she be of them? for the seven had her to wife.*

No doubt they thought that they had completely entangled him: that time. How could he answer such a difficult question as that? But, you see, they had based their enquiry upon the erroneous supposition that things are to be in another state as they are here; so Jesus was able at once to answer them as effectively as he had just answered the Pharisees and Herodians.

24—27. *And Jesus answering said unto them, Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the scriptures, neither the power of God? For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven. And as touching the dead, that they rise: have ye not read in the book of Moses, how in the bush God spake unto him, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living: ye therefore do greatly err.*

His answer carried the war into the enemies' camp. They professed to believe in Moses, yet they denied the existence of spirits and the fact of the resurrection; but Jesus Christ proved to a demonstration that God cannot be the God of the dead. If, therefore, he is the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are still alive; and if he be your God, and my God, dear friends, we need not fear extinction; we must live, and we must live for ever.

28—31. *And one of the scribes came, and having heard them reasoning together, and perceiving that he had answered them well, asked him, Which is the first commandment of all? And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these. And the scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth: for there is one God; and there is none other but he: and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbour as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God. And no man after that durst ask him any question.*

He had so decidedly put all his questioners to the rout that no other man had the audacity to court defeat at his hands. The infallible wisdom of Christ had put all his accusers and tempters to flight.

35, 36. *And Jesus answered and said, while he taught in the temple, How say the scribes that Christ is the son of David? For David himself said by the Holy Ghost,—*

In Psalm cx. 1,—

36, 37. *The LORD said to my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool. David therefore himself calleth him Lord; and whence is he then his son?*

They could not answer that riddle, but we can. We know that Jesus is both David's Son and David's Lord; a man like ourselves, of the great human race, yet "very God of very God," blessed be his holy name!

37—40. *And the common people heard him gladly. And he said unto them in his doctrine, Beware of the scribes, which love to go in long clothing, and love salutations in the market-places, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts: which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: these shall receive greater damnation.*

We often hear foolish people say "You must always preach in love, and not say anything against anybody; Jesus did not denounce anybody." Oh, dear! then what about this denunciation of the scribes? Were Jesus here to-day, he would not be the molluscos creature that some people want us to be. He had a backbone, and a conscience, and a very heavy right hand, and he brought that hand down, like a sledge-hammer, upon cant and hypocrisy and error; and if we would be like Christ, we must be manly, and bold, and outspoken. They tell us this in order that we may easily glide through the world, and that all men may speak well of us. But so did their fathers to the false prophets; and do you suppose that we, who preach God's Word, are going to keep back any part of our testimony because it will bring us into ill repute with the ungodly? God forbid! We live for something higher and nobler than being fed upon the breath of evil men. If there be error in high places, if there be vice anywhere, it is the duty of the minister of Christ, in his Master's name, to attack it with all his might. Here we find our Lord and Master plainly declaring that the scribes, the great masters of the law, were a set of pretentious hypocrites, who robbed even the widow and the fatherless, and who would, in due time, "receive greater damnation." Even so must the truth still be spoken, whoever may be offended by it.

41, 42. *And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow,—*

Doubly poor, because she was not only a widow, but in poverty: "a certain poor widow,"—

42—44. *And she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance;—*

Christ measures what we really give by what we have left,—by the proportion which what we give bears to what we possess: "For all they did cast in of their abundance;—"

44. *But she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.*  
So she gave more than any or all the others did.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

THE BELIEVER NOT AN ORPHAN.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, MAY 31ST, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."—John xiv. 18.

You will notice that the margin reads, "I will not leave you orphans: I will come to you." In the absence of our Lord Jesus Christ, the disciples were like children deprived of their parents. During the three years in which he had been with them, he had solved all their difficulties, borne all their burdens, and supplied all their needs. Whenever a case was too hard or too heavy for them, they took it to him. When their enemies well nigh overcame them, Jesus came to the rescue, and turned the tide of battle. They were all happy and safe enough whilst the Master was with them; he walked in their midst like a father amid a large family of children, making all the household glad. But now he was about to be taken from them by an ignominious death, and they might well feel that they would be like little children deprived of their natural and beloved protector. Our Saviour knew the fear that was in their hearts, and before they could express it, he removed it by saying, "You shall not be left alone in this wild and desert world; though I must be absent from you in the flesh, yet I will be present with you in a more efficacious manner; I will come to you spiritually, and you shall derive from my spiritual presence even more good than you could have had from my bodily presence, had I still continued in your midst."

I. First, here is AN EVIL AVERTED.

Without their Lord, believers would, apart from the Holy Spirit, be like other orphans, unhappy and desolate. Give them what you might, their loss could not have been recompensed. No number of lamps can make up for the sun's absence; blaze as they may, it is still night. No circle of friends can supply to a bereaved woman the loss of her husband; without him, she is still a widow. Even thus, without Jesus, it is inevitable that the saints should be as orphans; but Jesus has promised in the text that we shall not be so; the one only thing that can remove the trial he declares shall be ours, "I will come to you."

No. 2,990.

Now remember, that an orphan is one whose parent is dead. This in itself is a great sorrow, if there were no other. The dear father, so well beloved, was suddenly smitten down with sickness; they watched him with anxiety; they nursed him with sedulous care; but he expired. The loving eye is closed in darkness for them. That active hand will no longer toil for the family. That heart and brain will no longer feel and think for them. Beneath the green grass the father sleeps, and every time the child surveys that hallowed hillock his heart swells with grief. Beloved, we are not orphans in that sense, for our Lord Jesus is not dead. It is true that he died, for one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water, a sure evidence that the pericardium had been pierced, and that the fountain of life had been broken up. He died, 'tis certain, but he is not dead now. Go not to the grave to seek him. Angel voices say, "He is not here, for he is risen." He could not be holden by the bands of death. We do not worship a dead Christ, nor do we even think of him now as a corpse. That picture on the wall, which the Romanists paint and worship, represents Christ as dead; but oh! it is so good to think of Christ as living, remaining in an existence real and true, none the less living because he died, but all the more truly full of life because he has passed through the portals of the grave, and is now reigning for ever. See then, dear friends, the bitter root of the orphan's sorrow is gone from us, for our Jesus is not dead now. No mausoleum enshrines his ashes, no pyramid entombs his body, no monument records the place of his permanent sepulchre.

The orphan has a sharp sorrow springing out of the death of his parent, namely, that *he is left alone*. He cannot now make appeals to the wisdom of the parent who could direct him. He cannot run, as once he did, when he was weary, to climb the paternal knee. He cannot lean his aching head upon the parental bosom. "Father," he may say, but no voice gives an answer. "Mother," he may cry, but that fond title, which would awaken the mother if she slept, cannot arouse her from the bed of death. The child is alone, alone as to those two hearts which were its best companions. The parent and lover are gone. The little ones know what it is to be deserted and forsaken. But we are not so; we are not orphans. It is true that Jesus is not here in body, but his spiritual presence is quite as blessed as his bodily presence would have been. Nay, it is better, for supposing Jesus Christ to be here in person, you could not all come and touch the hem of his garment,—not all at once, at any rate. There might be thousands waiting all the world over to speak with him, but how could they all reach him, if he were merely here in body? You might all be wanting to tell him something; but, in the body, he could only receive some one or two of you at a time.

But, in spirit, there is no need for you to stir from the pew, no need to say a word; Jesus hears your thoughts talk, and attends to all your needs at the same moment. There is no need for us to press to get at him because the throng is great, for he is as near

to me as he is to you, and as near to you as to saints in America, or the islands of the Southern Sea. He is everywhere present, and all his beloved may talk with him. You can tell him, at this moment, the sorrows which you dare not open up to anyone else. You will feel that, in declaring them to him, you have not breathed them to the air, but that a real Person has heard you, One as real as though you could grip his hand, and could see the loving flash of his eye, and mark the sympathetic change of his countenance.

Is it not so with you, ye children of a living Saviour? You know it is; you have a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. You have a near and dear One, who, in the dead of the night is in the chamber, and in the heat and burden of the day is in the field of labour. You are not orphans, the "Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," is with you; your Lord is here; and, as one whom his mother comforteth, so Jesus comforteth you.

The orphan, too, has lost the kind hand which took care always that food and raiment should be provided, that the table should be well stored, and that the house should be kept in comfort. Poor feeble one, who will provide for his wants? His father is dead, his mother is gone: who will take care of the little wanderer now? But it is not so with us. Jesus has not left us orphans; his care for his people is no less now than it was when he sat at the table with Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus, whom "Jesus loved." Instead of the provisions being less, they are even greater, for since the Holy Spirit has been given to us, we have richer fare and are more indulged with spiritual comforts than believers were before the bodily presence of the Master had departed. Do your souls hunger to-night? Jesus gives you the bread of heaven. Do you thirst to-night? The waters from the rock cease not to flow.

"Come, make your wants, your burdens known."

You have but to make known your needs to have them all supplied; Christ waits to be gracious in the midst of this assembly. He is here with his golden hand, opening that hand to supply the wants of every living soul. "Oh!" saith one, "I am poor and needy." Go on with the quotation. "Yet the Lord thinketh upon me." "Ah!" saith another, "I have besought the Lord thrice to take away a thorn in the flesh from me." Remember what he said to Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee." You are not left without the strength you need. The Lord is your Shepherd still. He will provide for you till he leads you through death's dark valley, and brings you to the shining pastures upon the hill-tops of glory. You are not destitute; you need not beg an asylum from an ungodly world by bowing to its demands, or trusting its vain promises, for Jesus will never leave you, nor forsake you.

The orphan, too, is left without the instruction which is most suitable for a child. We may say what we will, but there is none so fit to form a child's character as the parent. It is a very sad loss for a child to have lost either father or mother in its early days; for the most skilful preceptor, though he may do much, by



the blessing of God very much, is but a stop-gap, and but half makes up for the original ordinance of Providence, that the parent's love should fashion the child's mind. But, dear friends, we are not orphans; we who believe in Jesus are not left without an education. Jesus is not here himself, it is true. I daresay some of you wish you could come on Lord's-days, and listen to him! Would it not be sweet to look up to this pulpit, and see the Crucified One, and to hear him preach? Ah! so you think, but the apostle says, "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more."

It is most for your profit that you should receive the Spirit of truth, not through the golden vessel of Christ in his actual presence here, but through the poor earthen vessels of humble servants of God like ourselves. At any rate, whether *we* speak, or an angel from heaven, the speaker matters not; it is the Spirit of God alone that is the power of the Word, and makes that Word to become vital and quickening to you. \*Now, you have the Spirit of God. The Holy Spirit is so given, that there is not a truth which you may not understand. You may be led into the deepest mysteries by his teaching. You may be made to know and to comprehend those knotty points in the Word of God which have hitherto puzzled you. You have but humbly to look up to Jesus, and his Spirit will still teach you. I tell you, though you are poor and ignorant, and perhaps can scarcely read a word in the Bible; for all that, you may be better instructed in the things of God than doctors of divinity, if you go to the Holy Spirit, and are taught of him. Those who go only to books and to the letter, and are taught of men, may be fools in the sight of God; but those who go to Jesus, and sit at his feet, and ask to be taught of his Spirit, shall be wise unto salvation. Blessed be God, there are not a few amongst us of this sort. We are not left orphans; we have an Instructor with us still.

There is one point in which the orphan is often sorrowfully reminded of his orphanhood, namely, *in lacking a defender*. It is so natural in a little child, when some big boy molests him, to say, "I'll tell my father!" How often did we use to say so, and how often have we heard from the little ones since, "I'll tell mother!" Sometimes, the not being able to do this is a much severer loss than we can guess. Unkind and cruel men have snatched away from orphans the little which a father's love had left behind; and, in the court of law, there has been no defender to protect the orphan's goods. Had the father been there, the child would have had its rights, scarcely would any have dared to infringe them; but, in the absence of the father, the orphan is eaten up like bread, and the wicked of the earth devour his estate. In this sense, the saints are not orphans. The devil would rob us of our heritage if he could, but there is an Advocate with the Father who pleads for us. Satan would snatch from us every promise, and tear from us all the comforts of the covenant; but we are not orphans, and when he brings a suit-at-law against us, and thinks that we are the only defendants in the case, he is mistaken, for we have an Advocate

on high. Christ comes in and pleads, as the sinner's Friend, for us; and when HE pleads at the bar of justice, there is no fear but that his plea will be of effect, and our inheritance shall be safe. He has not left us orphans.

Now I want, without saying many words, to get you who love the Master to feel what a very precious thought this is, that you are not alone in this world; that, if you have no earthly friends, if you have none to whom you can take your cares, if you are quite lonely so far as outward friends are concerned, yet Jesus is with you, is really with you, practically with you, able to help you, and ready to do so, and that you have a good and kind Protector close at hand at this present moment, for Christ has said it, "I will not leave you orphans."

II. Secondly, there is A CONSOLATION PROVIDED. The remedy by which the evil is averted is this, our Lord Jesus said, "*I will come to you.*"

What does this mean? Does it not mean, from the connection, "*I will come to you by my Spirit*"? Beloved, we must not confuse the Persons of the Godhead. The Holy Spirit is not the Son of God; Jesus, the Son of God, is not the Holy Spirit. They are two distinct Persons of the one Godhead. But yet there is such a wonderful unity, and the blessed Spirit acts so marvellously as the Vicar of Christ, that it is quite correct to say that, when the Spirit comes, Jesus comes, too, and "I will come to you," means,— "I, by my Spirit, who shall take my place, and represent me, I will come to be with you." See then, Christian, you have the Holy Spirit in you and with you to be the Representative of Christ. Christ is with you now, not in person, but by his Representative,— an efficient, almighty, divine, everlasting Representative, who stands for Christ, and is as Christ to you in his presence in your souls.

Because you thus have Christ by his Spirit, you cannot be orphans, for the Spirit of God is always with you. It is a delightful truth that the Spirit of God always dwells in believers;— not sometimes, but always. He is not always active in believers, and he may be grieved until his sensible presence is altogether withdrawn, but his secret presence is always there. At no single moment is the Spirit of God wholly gone from a believer. The believer would die spiritually if this could happen, but that cannot be, for Jesus has said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Even when the believer sins, the Holy Spirit does not utterly depart from him, but is still in him to make him smart for the sin into which he has fallen. The believer's prayers prove that the Holy Spirit is still within him. "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me," was the prayer of a saint who had fallen very foully, but in whom the Spirit of God still kept his residence, notwithstanding all the foulness of his guilt and sin.

But, beloved, in addition to this, Jesus Christ, by his Spirit, makes visits to his people of a peculiar kind. The Holy Ghost becomes wonderfully active and potent at certain times of refreshing. We are then especially and joyfully sensible of his divine

power. His influence streams through every chamber of our nature, and floods our dark soul with his glorious rays, as the sun shining in its strength. Oh, how delightful this is! Sometimes we have felt this at the Lord's table. My soul pants to sit with you at that table, because I do remember many a happy time when the emblems of bread and wine have assisted my faith, and kindled the passions of my soul into a heavenly flame. I am equally sure that, at the prayer-meeting, under the preaching of the Word, in private meditation, and in searching the Scriptures, we can say that Jesus Christ has come to us. What! have you no hill Mizar to remember,—

"No Tabor-visits to recount,  
When with him in the holy mount" ?

Oh, yes! some of these blessed seasons have left their impress upon our memories, so that, amongst our dying thoughts, will mingle the remembrance of those blessed seasons when Jesus Christ manifested himself unto us as he doth not unto the world. Oh, to be wrapped in that crimson vest, closely pressed to his open side! Oh, to put our finger into the print of the nails, and to thrust our hand into his side! We know what this means by past experience.

And now, gathering up the few thoughts I have uttered, let me remind you, dear friends, that *every word of the text is instructive*: "I will not leave you orphans: I will come to you." Observe the "I" there twice over. "*I* will not leave you orphans: father and mother may, but *I* will not; friends once beloved may turn stony-hearted, but *I* will not; Judas may play the traitor, and Ahithophel may betray his David, but *I* will not leave you comfortless. You have had many disappointments, great heart-breaking sorrows, but *I* have never caused you any; *I*—the faithful and true Witness, the immutable, the unchangeable Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, *I* will not leave you comfortless: *I* will come to you." Catch at that word, "*I*," and let your souls say, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof; if thou hadst said, 'I will send an angel to thee,' it would have been a great mercy, but what sayest thou, 'I will come unto thee'? If thou hadst bidden some of my brethren come and speak a word of comfort to me, I would have been thankful; but thou hast put it thus in the first person, '*I* will come unto you.' O my Lord, what shall I say, what shall I do, but feel a hungering and a thirsting after thee, which nothing shall satisfy till thou shalt fulfil thine own Word, '*I* will not leave you comfortless: *I* will come to you'?"

And then notice the persons to whom it is addressed, "*I* will not leave *you* comfortless: you, Peter, who will deny me; *you*, Thomas, who will doubt me; *I* will not leave *you* comfortless." O you who are so little in Israel that you sometimes think it is a pity that your name is in the church-book at all, because you feel yourselves to be so worthless, so unworthy, he will not leave *you* comfortless, not even *you*! "O Lord," thou sayest, "if thou wouldst look after the rest of thy sheep, I would bless thee for thy tenderness to them, but *I*—I deserve to be left; if I were

forsaken of thee, I could not blame thee, for I have played the harlot against thy love, but yet thou sayest, 'I will not leave *you*.'" Heir of heaven, do not lose your part in this promise. I pray you say, "Lord, come unto me, and though thou dost refresh all my brethren, yet, Lord, refresh me with some of the droppings of thy love; O Lord, fill the cup *for me*: my thirsty spirit pants for it.

"I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me."

"Now, Lord, fulfil thy word to thine unworthy handmaid, as I stand, like Hannah, in thy presence. Come unto me, thy servant, unworthy to lift so much as his eyes toward heaven, and only daring to say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' Fulfil thy promise even to me, 'I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.'"

Take whichever of the words you will, and they each one sparkle and flash after this fashion.

Observe, too, *the richness and sufficiency of the text*: "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you." Jesus does not promise, "I will send you sanctifying grace, or sustaining mercy, or precious mercy," but he promises you the only thing that will prevent your being orphans, "I will come to you." Ah, Lord! thy grace is sweet, but thou art better. The vine is good, but the clusters are better. It is well enough to have a gift from thy hand, but oh, to touch the hand itself! It is well enough to hear the words of thy lips; but to kiss those lips, as the spouse did in the Song, this is better still. You know, if there be an orphan child, you cannot prevent its continuing an orphan. You may feel great kindness towards it, supply its wants, and do all you possibly can for it, but it is an orphan still. It must get its father and its mother back, or else it will still be an orphan. So, our blessed Lord, knowing this, does not say, "I will do this and that for you," but, "I will come to you."

Do you not see, dear friends, that here is not only all you can want, but all you think you can want, wrapped up in a sentence, "I will come to you"? "It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell;" so that, when Christ comes, in him "all fulness" comes. "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," so that, when Jesus comes, the very Godhead comes to the believer.

"All my capacious powers can wish  
In thee doth richly meet;—"

"and if thou shalt come to me, it is better than all the gifts of thy covenant. If I get thee, I get all, and more than all, at once."

Observe, then, the language and the sufficiency of the promise.

But I want you to notice, further, *the continued freshness and force of the promise*. Somebody here owes another person fifty pounds, and he gives him a note of hand, "I promise to pay you fifty pounds." Very well; the man calls with that note of hand to-morrow, and gets fifty pounds. And what is the good of the note of hand now? Why, it is of no further value, it is discharged. How would you like to have a note of hand which would always stand good? That

would be a right royal present. "I promise to pay evermore, and this bond, though paid a thousand times, shall still hold good." Who would not like to have a bond of that sort? Yet this is the promise which Christ gives you, "I will not leave you orphans: I will come to you." The first time a sinner looks to Christ, Christ comes to him. And what then? Why, the next minute it is still, "I will come to you." But here is one who has known Christ for fifty years, and he has had this promise fulfilled a thousand times a year; is it not done with? Oh, no! there it stands, just as fresh as when Jesus first spoke it, "I will come to you." Then we will treat our Lord in his own fashion, and take him at his word. We will go to him as often as ever we can, for we shall never weary him; and when he has kept his promise most, then is it that we will go to him, and ask him still to keep it; and after ten thousand proofs of the truth of it, we will only have a greater hungering and thirsting to get it fulfilled again. This is fit provision for life, and for death. "I will come to you." In the last moment, when your pulse beats faintly, and you are just about to pass the curtain, and enter into the invisible world, you may have this upon your lips, and say to your Lord, "My Master, still fulfil to me the word on which thou hast caused me to hope, 'I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.'"

Let me remind you that *the text is at this moment valid*, and for this I delight in it. "I will not leave you comfortless." That means now, "I will not leave you comfortless *now*." Are you comfortless at this hour? It is your own fault. Jesus Christ does not leave you so, nor make you so. There are rich and precious things in this promise, "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you, I will come to you now." It may be a very dull time with you, and you are pining to come nearer to Christ. Very well, then, plead the promise before the Lord. Plead the promise as you sit where you are: "Lord, thou hast said that thou wilt come unto me; come unto me to-night."

There are many reasons, Believer, why you should plead thus. You want him; you need him, you require him; therefore plead the promise, and expect its fulfilment. And oh! when he cometh, what a joy it is; he is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber with his garments fragrant with aloes and cassia! How well the oil of joy will perfume your heart! How soon will your sackcloth be put away, and the garments of gladness adorn you! With what joy of heart will your heavy soul begin to sing when Jesus Christ shall whisper that you are his, and that he is yours! Come, my Beloved, make no tarrying; be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of separation, and prove to me thy promise true, "I will not leave you orphans: I will come to you."

And now, dear friends, in conclusion, let me remind you that *there are many who have no share in the text*. What can I say to such? From my soul I pity you who do not know what the love of Christ means. Oh, if you could but tell the joy of God's people, you would not rest an hour without it! Remember that, if you sincerely desire to find Christ, he is to be found in the way of

faith. Trust him, and he is yours. Depend upon the merit of his sacrifice; cast yourselves entirely upon that, and you are saved, and Christ is yours.

God grant that we may all break bread in the kingdom above, and feast with Jesus, and share his glory! We are expecting his second coming. He is coming personally and gloriously. This is the brightest hope of his people. This will be the fulness of their redemption, the time of their resurrection. Anticipate it, beloved, and may God make your souls to sing for joy!

## Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

### JOHN XV.

Many of you know the words of this chapter by heart; you could repeat them without a mistake. May the savour of them abide in your hearts even as the letter of them abides in your memory!

Verse 1. *I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.*

We thank thee, O Saviour, for this blessed answer to the oft-repeated question, "Which is the true Church?" Are you one with Christ? Then are you a part of the true vine. If we have but real, vital, personal, saving connection with Christ, to whatever section of the visible Church we may belong, we are part of "the true vine." And we are told, in the next sentence, who is the great Caretaker of the Church? Some of us are much occupied in Christ's service, and there is a tendency with all of us to get, like Martha, "cumbered" even in serving for him. We are apt to fancy that the burden of all the churches lies upon our shoulders; but, beloved, this is a great mistake. Jesus said, "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman," or vine-dresser. He will take the utmost possible care of it, for it is very dear to him. There is not a branch in that vine which the Father does not love with infinite affection; and as for the majestic stem, even Jesus, he loves him beyond measure.

2. *Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away:*

This operation is always going on. God is continually taking away from the Church, in some way or other, non-fruit-bearers. We know that these do not truly belong to Christ, for fruit must come from vital union to him; but it is a trial to the Church to have non-fruit-bearing branches. These are taken away, sometimes by death, sometimes by judgment, sometimes by the open discovery of their secret sin, the culmination of their backsliding in overt acts of transgression. "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away:" but side by side with this action another process is constantly going on:—

2. *And every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.*

Is this, then, dear friend, one reason why you are being chastened,—because you are a fruit-bearing branch? If you bore no fruit, you would be left unpruned, because the knife would do its sterner work upon you by taking you altogether away. If you really do bring forth fruit to God, you must expect to have trial, trouble, affliction, and that full often.

3. *Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.*

That was a "word" which had sorely grieved them, and cut them to the quick, so that the Saviour had to say to them, more than once, "Let not your heart be troubled." (See the 1st, and the 27th, verses of the preceding chapter.) They had felt the sharp edge of the pruning-knife, so Jesus

said to them, "Now ye are clean (purged or pruned) through the word which I have spoken unto you."

4. *Abide in me, and I in you.*

The main thing is not restless activity, running here and there, and doing this, and that, and the other thing; it is abiding in Christ, persevering, constant cleaving to Christ, by virtue of a vital union with him: "Abide in me, and I in you."

4. *As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.*

You may hurry, and flurry, and worry; but you will lose by it. Keep close to Christ. Never let your heart be dissociated from intimate communion with him. So shall you bring forth fruit, but not else.

5, 6. *I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered: and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.*

The vine is of use for nothing but fruit-bearing; and if it does not bear fruit, it is good for nothing except to be burned. In the social economy of life, a man may be of some use however bad he may be; but a man who is in the nominal Church of Christ, and yet does not bring forth fruit unto God, is of no use whatsoever. There is nothing to be done with him but to gather him up with the sere autumn leaves, and the decaying stalks of vegetation, to be burned in the corner outside the wall. How trying is the smoke that comes from such a burning as that! We pastors sometimes get it into our eyes, and it fills them with bitter tears. I know of nothing that is more grievous to us than this putting out of the unworthy, this casting the fruitless vine branches into the fire that they may be burned.

7. *If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you,—*

You see that doctrinal vitality is necessary to true union to Christ. Some, in these days, talk about a spiritual attachment to the person of Christ, while they shoot their envenomed darts against the dogmas of Christ; but that will not do. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you,—my words of doctrine, precept, or promise, then"—

7. *Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.*

This is the secret of successful prayer. Christ listens to your words because you listen to his words. If you are conformed to his will, he will grant you your will. Disobedient children, when they pray, may expect to get the rod for an answer. In true kindness, God may refuse to listen to them until they are willing to listen to him.

8. *Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit:*

What a wonderful vine that must be whose branches glorify God! Who ever heard of such a thing? The very branches do this, and they do it by bearing fruit. How this ought to excite us to desire to bear Christian graces, and to do Christian service, and to endure with resignation the Lord's will, for those are the clusters that hang upon this vine.

8. *So shall ye be my disciples.*

For Christ is not merely a fruit-bearer, but a bearer of much fruit. If we are to be Christ's disciples indeed, we must not be content with doing something for him, but we must do everything that is possible to us; and God can strengthen us till we shall get beyond our natural possibilities into a still loftier realm.

9. *As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.*

As truly as the Father loves the Son, so truly does Jesus love us; nay, more than that, in the same manner as the Father loved the Son,—that is,

without beginning, without cessation, without change, without end, without measure,—so does Jesus love us. There are many great texts in the Bible, but I have often questioned whether there is a bigger text than this,—a vaster abyss of meaning than can be found in these few words, “As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you.”

“Continue ye in my love.” Recognize it, enjoy it, walk in consistency with it, reflect it: “Continue ye in my love.”

10. *If ye keep my commandment, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.*

I said just now that the doctrinal words of Christ were to be regarded by us. So, dearly-beloved, the precepts or commands of God must ever be regarded. It is an idle tale for men to talk of a mystical, visionary love to Christ which does not result in obedience to his will. We must keep his commandments, or we cannot truly say to him, “Thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.”

11. *These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.*

Good children are truly happy when their parents are happy in them. When they, through the good teaching and example of their parents, bring honour and joy to their parents, then they are sure to be themselves joyful. Oh, that we might so live that Christ's joy might abide in us, for then our joy would be full.

12. *This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.*

Are you doing this, brethren and sisters in Christ, really loving one another? Do you never pick holes in each other's character? Do you never judge a fellow-Christian harshly? If you do these things, chide yourself, and cease from this evil habit at once, for your Lord says to you, “This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.”

13. *Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*

“Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.” I lift you above the rank of servant, and make you my table companions, privileged to sit at the table with me in communion. I put you down on my list of associates and familiars, with whom I take sweet counsel, and in company with whom I walk to the house of God. “Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.” This condition applies to the whole range of Christ's commands. We are not to omit any one of them, nor to make a little nick in our conscience as some do, nor to neglect what seems to be a comparatively small duty; for neglected duties, even of the lesser kind, often act upon us as little stones in a boot do upon a traveller. They lame him; they may not prevent him from travelling, but they mar his comfort on the road. Be scrupulous, brethren, lest, through the neglect of what some regard as scruples, you should bring upon yourselves great sorrows.

14—16. *Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you. Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you,*

“That is where the love began,—not with you, but with me.”

16. *And ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain:*

There are some people who are very fond of quoting the first part of this verse; they are very glad to hear a sermon upon the free, sovereign grace of God. They cannot too often repeat the words, “Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you;” but they do not talk so much about the next



clause: "and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." Let us accept all God's words as he has given them to us, and keep up the due proportion of the whole.

Note that Christ is not speaking here of spasmodic piety, the religion that can only be kept up by popular preaching, and great meetings, and much excitement, and all that sort of thing; but of the religion of principle that bears its clusters to-morrow as well as to-day, and even months and years hence;—the religion that bears its fruit every month, and the leaf whereof doth not wither. May we be such branches in the true vine that our fruit shall thus remain.

16. *That whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.*

For, where the fruit remains, power in prayer will remain. If we are constantly living unto God, we shall find ourselves privileged to have the ear of God; and when we pray to him, he will grant us the desire of our hearts.

17. *These things I command you, that ye love one another.*

Our Lord repeated the command, for he knew how prone even his disciples would be to disobey it.

18. *If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you.*

It is no new thing for the ungodly to hate the godly, so let us not be surprised if that is our portion.

19, 20. *If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also.*

It ought to be quite sufficient for the servant if he is treated as his Lord was; what higher honour than that could he wish to have?

21. *But all these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me.*

They professed to know God, and some of them even thought that they were rendering acceptable service to God when they rejected his Son, whom he had sent unto them.

22—24. *If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but now they have no cloke for their sin. He that hateth me hateth my Father also. If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin: but now they have both seen and hated both me and my Father.*

Our Lord did not mean that they would have been sinless if he had not come to them, but that his coming, and their rejection of him, had enormously increased and intensified their sinfulness.

25. *But this cometh to pass, that the word might be fulfilled that is written in their law, They hated me without a cause.*

They fulfilled what had been written long before, even as they afterwards did when they put Christ to death.

26, 27. *But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me: and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.*

The witness of the Spirit of truth still continues, and Christ's disciples are still privileged to be co-witnesses even with the Holy Spirit himself; let us take care to avail ourselves of this privilege whenever we can.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

WHAT WE HAVE, AND ARE TO HAVE.

## Sermon

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DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Thursday Evening, October 23th, 1875.*

"Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work."—2 Thess. ii 16, 17.

EVERY man who is engaged in a good work desires that it may be lasting. "Establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it," was not only a very appropriate prayer from the mouth of Moses, who had led the children of Israel through the wilderness, but it is also a very appropriate prayer to be presented by every minister of Jesus Christ. We desire to build that which will endure the fire of the great testing day;—not wood, hay, and stubble, but gold, silver, and precious stones.

The apostle Paul, like all true servants of Christ, was very anxious about those who had been converted, and formed into churches by him. He desired that all the professed converts should be real converts, and that the members of the churches, in the various countries where the gospel had been preached, might be well trained and instructed, and might know the truth, and be firmly rooted in it. It somewhat saddened him that the Christians at Thessalonica had been disturbed by a rumour about the speedy coming of Christ. He was grieved that they had been troubled concerning this matter, and he was still more sorry that they had not men amongst them able to guide them at such a crisis, for they were like children carried away by novelties. The apostle wanted them to be firmly established in the faith, to know the truth, and to have it abiding in their hearts, so that they would be able to stand fast in the evil day, whatever error might be raging round about them.

I think, brethren, that this prayer of the apostle is very suitable for this present period. We have rejoiced to see a large number of persons coming out as professed followers of Christ; but what is wanted is that they should be so enlisted in the army of Christ that they will remain faithful even unto death. We do not want

our work to be shallow and superficial; we want it to be like that "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." It is heart-breaking service to sow the good seed of the kingdom upon the rocky ground, for it springs up so rapidly simply because it has no depth of earth; and then, when the burning heat of the sun shines upon it, it withers away because it has neither moisture nor root. It would be far better to have half a dozen souls really brought to Jesus Christ, and enduring to the end, than to have half a dozen thousand blazing away with a false profession for a time, and then returning like the dog to his vomit, or like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire. Our Lord's own declaration is, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." It is that endurance, that holding out to the end, which is the point to which we would direct all our endeavours on behalf of our hearers and our converts, and the point about which we would most earnestly pray to our God.

Because these Thessalonians had been somewhat fluttered and disturbed, the apostle was distressed concerning them, and he therefore exhorted them to steadfastness: "Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word, or our epistle;" but after exhorting them to stand fast, he did not feel that this was sufficient. So he stopped writing, laid down his pen, fell on his knees, and prayed to God to make them stand fast; and when we realize how feeble our utmost exertions are, we may well join fervent prayer to them; and when we remember that the flesh is so weak, and that, even when men resolve to stand fast, their feet are very soon caused to slip, we may well cry to the great Holder-up of his sailors to keep them from falling, or even from stumbling. The preacher's work is only half done when he has exhorted his hearers to stand fast; he must then fall upon his knees, and pray for them. And you, who teach others in the Sunday-school and elsewhere, must recollect that, whatever you exhort your scholars to do, you should always pray to God to lead them to do it. This is a blessed compound of preaching and praying; it makes a rich amalgam of Christian ministry when there is, first, the testimony of truth for God to men, and next, the pleading with God on the behalf of men. Regard, then, our text as the apostle's prayer for the Thessalonians, and for all of us who believe in Jesus, that we may stand fast in this evil day, and that, having done all, we may still stand steadfast whoever and whatever may oppose.

Paul's prayer is instructive, for it directs our attention to two things; first, to *what we have already*: "Our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace." And then it tells us *what we are to have*, what is the natural result of what we have already: "Comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work."

I. First, then, brethren, we are to consider **WHAT WE HAVE ALREADY.**

The apostle mentions, first, the source of all our blessings, and then the streams. "Our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even

our Father;" there is *the source of all our blessings*; and, to my mind, it is exceedingly suggestive to notice that word "our" put in twice in the early part of the text. Paul does not write, 'Now, *the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even the Father*;' but it is "*Our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father.*"

The source of our present comfort and of our future perseverance is the fact that Jesus Christ is ours. Look at him now, with the adoring eyes of your reverent contemplation, in his glorious Deity and his perfect manhood. Look at him in the manger; behold him on the cross; regard his perfect life and his redeeming death; behold him in his resurrection, his triumphant ascension, and his perpetual intercession; and look forward to his promised return from heaven. Beloved believer, he is yours,—all yours. In all those positions and conditions he has given himself to you and to me, and we may together say, "*Our Lord Jesus Christ.*" Oh, how precious is this truth to our soul! Being divine, he is omnipotent; and that almighty power he wields for *us*. Being divine, he is omniscient; and those sleepless eyes of his are ever on the watch for *us*. Being divine, he is immutable; and that eternal love of his, which knows no shadow of a change, is fixed upon *us*. All his attributes, and himself also, he places at our disposal, so let each one of us gratefully respond, "Thou art my portion, saith my soul." Enlarge your thoughts concerning the Lord Jesus; think most highly of him; extol him with your heart and with your tongue; but remember that, when you have reached the utmost heights that you can attain in your estimation of him, he is yours, altogether yours, and you can say, with Paul, "*Our Lord Jesus Christ himself.*"

"Our Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
The powers of hell are captive led—  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

"There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay;—  
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

And then the apostle adds, "And God, even *our* Father." We sometimes tremble at the thought of God our Father, as well we may. How could we ever approach him were it not for God in human flesh, our Lord Jesus Christ? But when we have once really trusted in Christ, it is an easy matter for us to look by faith to God, and to rejoice in him; and, with the deepest reverence of soul, let us know that God,—the ever-blessed God,—the terrible God,—the omnipotent God, who shakes both heaven and earth with his voice, who toucheth the hills, and they smoke,—this God is our God; and all his attributes of power, as well as those which we usually consider to be more full of grace, are exerted on our behalf. I do not know anything that is more comforting in times of trouble than this great truth. I met, yesterday, a gentleman, who told me that he was converted, some thirty years ago, through the instrumentality of a great-uncle of mine, with whom he lived as an apprentice. He said,

"There was a terrible thunderstorm, and the old gentleman was sitting by the fireside, and we youngsters were afraid, the flashes of lightning were so vivid, and the thunder pealed out so terribly; but," he added, "the old gentleman rose from the fireside, went to the window, and as he looked out, he began to sing,—

"The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas :

"This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love ;  
He shall send down his heavenly powers  
To carry us above."

The gentleman said to me, "I never forgot the impression I then received of that good man's quietude of mind, and of the evident delight which he took in that display of the divine omnipotence. There seemed to him a sweetness in the eloquence of his Father's voice, though it made every timber in the old house to shake."

Yes, brethren, the apostle brings these things to our minds so that we may realize that, in saying "*our* Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even *our* Father," we have on our side those who will be true to us for ever, and therefore we ought to continue to be comforted in heart, and established in every good word and work. If you had trusted only to a dead Saviour, you might well go and weep over His tomb;—if you had such gods as the heathen have, then might all consolation be withholden from you; but with an almighty Saviour who ever liveth to make intercession for you, and with an omnipotent and omniscient Father who ever liveth to watch over you as his dear children, you must not so much as think of being disquieted in spirit, nor even dream of being moved from the firm foundation of your faith, and hope, and love.

While still thinking of this source of our consolation, it will help us if we notice, next, that the apostle specially mentions the person of Christ: "*Our* Lord Jesus Christ *himself*." Why did he put in that word "*himself*" just there? It would have sounded all right if he had written, "Now our Lord Jesus Christ, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us." Ah, but he wanted to call our very particular attention to the real personality of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to make us feel that, in him,—not merely in what he does, and what he bestows, but in "*himself*" is the source of our comfort: "*Now* our Lord Jesus Christ *himself*." O brethren, is there any surer source of joy to a Christian than Jesus Christ, the incarnate God? John writes, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth;" and, from the inspired Word, I know that God has taken humanity into union with Divinity, and that he, who stands at the right hand of God, even the Father, is the Son of Mary, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. Why, there is comfort in the knowledge that he is there as the representative Man who has taken redeemed human nature right up to the

throne of God,—picked up human nature as it lay, all bruised, and mangled, outside the gate of the earthly paradise, and taken it up into the heavenly paradise, from which it never can be expelled. There must be, in the heart of God, thoughts of love to man, since his only-begotten and well-beloved Son is a man. When you think of your Saviour, you are not to think exclusively of him as God, but also to think of him as man, for he was born into this world, and lived in it; he ate, and drank, and slept, and walked, as we do; and he also died, as we do; and in his humanity, as well as in his Divinity, he has gone into the glory. Leaving out, for the moment, what he has done for us, we may well rejoice in what he is himself as Immanuel, God with us. There is music in the very sound of that sweet name, and there is the very essence of music in "our Lord Jesus Christ himself."

But look at his person, not merely as man, but as the God-man who has offered a complete atonement for his people's guilt. Up yonder, enthroned in glory, is your Saviour, not merely as man, but as the Mediator between God and men, who has completed his great sacrifice, accomplished all his Father's purposes, and fulfilled his Father's will, so that he could truly say, 'It is finished.' Look at him by faith, as the glorified man, glorified because, having descended into the grave bearing his people's sin, he came up out of the grave without sin. He 'was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification;' and his resurrection was the proof that he had—

"To the utmost farthing paid  
Whatsoever his people owed."

Surely it should bring the sweetest consolation to you to think of Jesus Christ, as the Representative of his people, gone up into the glory, and soon to come to this earth again to reign "before his ancients gloriously," when the bodies of all his saints shall be fashioned like unto his glorious body, and so shall be 'for ever with the Lord.' Brethren and sisters, may our Lord Jesus Christ *himself* manifest himself unto you with those dear upraised hands of his, with the scars still visible; and as you gaze upon him, may you realize that he is giving to you 'everlasting consolation and good hope through grace,' and therefore may your heart be comforted, and may you be established in every good word and work! How can you be moved from your steadfastness so long as you can see him? How can you ever depart from him who has won your affection, and holds your soul fast with cords of a man, and bands of love? Surely you must cling to him for ever and ever. I feel that I must say with the poet,—

"A very wretch, Lord! I should prove,  
Had I no love for thee:  
Rather than not my Saviour love,  
Oh, may I cease to be!"

The apostle, however, does not let us forget that, in union with our dear Redeemer, at one with him in every purpose of grace, is "God, even our Father, which hath loved us," and he bids us think,

not so much of his person, which we cannot comprehend, as of his love. So, beloved, let us try to view God our Father in the attitude of loving us. Truly, this is a boundless and unfathomable sea. We can neither fly across it, nor dive into its depths. Remember, believer, that the Lord loved you long before the foundation of the world. You are so insignificant in the scale of being that, if he had quite forgotten you, you might not have wondered; and yet, or ever the mountains were created, or he had kindled the morning star, in the glass of his decrees he beheld you, and even then he loved you. Recollect how Jeremiah was inspired to write, "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee. Dwell on that wondrous truth, that God has loved you with an everlasting love. Suck the honey of consolation out of that glorious fact; surely, if your faith is at all in exercise, you will find much sacred sweetness there.

God loved us, as Paul wrote to the Ephesians, "even when we were dead in sins." God loved you when you resisted his Spirit, loved you when you despised his Son, loved you out of the horrible pit and the miry clay, loved you into a state of grace, and so loved you into loving him. And he has loved you ever since with an unabating love; though he has sometimes chastened you for your profit,—for his love is wise and discriminating,—he has never deserted you, but his love for you has been constant and true. He has often been grieved with you when you have sinned against him, for his love is a holy love which cannot endure iniquity, yet he has forgiven you, for his love is a gracious love. He has always loved you, and is loving you at this moment. Surely, this fact ought both to comfort the believer's heart, and to hold it fast; and this is what the apostle was aiming at when he wrote our text. What can bind a Christian to his God so well as a sense of love divine? If it be but shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost, you will not be tempted away from your Heavenly Father's house, neither will you be weary of your Heavenly Father's work, nor tired of your Heavenly Father's words. That which comes to us perfumed with love is always sweet and precious, so let us rejoice to remember "God, even our Father, which hath loved us."

And, beloved, do not forget that, having once loved you, he always will love you. When this great world has passed away, and, like a dream, has vanished into nothingness, you will still live, because Jesus will still live, and you will still be loved by "God, even our Father," because Jesus will still be loved by him. As you are in him, you shall be for ever in him, and for ever be the object of the Father's love. These are simple matters to speak of, but they are sublime truths to live upon. Bread is a common thing, but a hungry man thinks it very precious. O ye hungry children of God, cut large slices from the loaf that is set before you now, and gratefully feed upon it! Here is "our Lord Jesus Christ himself," in his complex person as God and man, as a fountain of comfort to his people, and here is "God, even our Father," in his everlasting love to us, as the same fountain under another aspect.

Then the apostle, having pointed out to us the divine source of all our blessings, bids us survey *the streams which flow from that source*: "which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace." Beloved, the consolation which God gives to us is not temporary, but eternal; such consolation is worth having, and when we get it, we may well rejoice over it.

What are the consolations which God gives to his people? I need not mention all the forms of consolation, for, to meet each separate case of distress, there is a special message of comfort, and every promise that God gives you is part of the everlasting consolation with which he has enriched all his chosen people. The potent "shalls" and "wills" of Jehovah stand fast like his throne, and never can be changed. Hath he given you a promise, and shall he not fulfil it? Ay, and fulfil it again, and again, and again, as long as you shall need to have it fulfilled, for his promises are inexhaustible, and full of manifold riches of blessedness to the believing soul. God's promise of consolation is based upon the "everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." God has entered into a covenant with Christ on the behalf of all his people, and from the provisions of that covenant he never will depart, for he has "confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us."

"His oath, his covenant, and his blood,  
Support me in the sinking flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay:  
On Christ the solid rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand."

Pardoned sin is, to my mind, one phase of the "everlasting consolation" which God hath given to us; for, be it known unto you that God does not forgive your sin to-day, and then lay it to your charge again to-morrow. Little children give presents, and then want to have them back again; and fickle men often play fast and loose with one another; but, when God forgives, he forgives for ever, "for the gifts and calling of God are without repentance;" that is to say, he never repents, and takes back the gift which he has bestowed. Hast thou received absolution from the lips of thy God? Then, thy sins shall never again rise up against thee in judgment, for they have been cast into the depths of the sea. "In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah and they shall not be found: for I will pardon them whom I reserve."

What "everlasting consolation" there is also in the great doctrine of adoption! We become the children of God when we are born again; "and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." A man's child is always his child, and God's child is always his child. A man cannot unchild his own son or daughter; and if thou art a child of God, thou shalt be a child of God throughout eternity. The life that God has put into thee is not



transient, as Jesus said concerning his sheep, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." What rich consolation there is for you in this blessed truth! The very life which becomes yours by your adoption into the family of God is an everlasting life; it must, therefore, yield you "everlasting consolation."

Time would fail me to remind you of all the various forms of consolation which the Spirit of God applies to the heart of the believer; and every phase of it is everlasting. Therefore, brethren, let us not be moved away from the hope of the gospel. Let us not cast away our confidence, "which hath great recompense of reward." Let us not be disturbed or disquieted; let not our hearts be troubled. If we have everlasting consolation, let our joy also be perpetual.

And then the apostle, still further to comfort our hearts, and establish us in every good word and work, tells us that God has given us "good hope through grace." You know what that good hope is,—the hope that he will preserve us unto the end,—the hope that we shall be raised from the dead in God's good time,—the hope that we shall be accepted in the day of Christ's appearing,—the hope that we shall be with him where he is, and shall behold his glory, and share it with him for ever and ever. This is a good hope because it has a good basis to rest upon. God has given this hope to all who believe in his Son, Jesus Christ; and as God is true, the hope is a good hope. A hope that is founded upon a lie is a vain hope, but a hope that is founded upon a promise of God is a good hope. It is a good hope because it is a hope of good things,—so good, my dear friend, that you cannot find anything to match them in the whole world. It may well be called a good hope, for it is the hope of perfection, the hope of being transformed into the image of Christ, the hope of everlasting delight. It is the best of all hopes, and we cannot say more of it than that. It is a good hope because of its operation on the heart. "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as Christ is pure;" for the man who has a good hope through grace longs to be purged from sin, to be waiting and watching for his Lord's appearing, and to have an abundant entrance into the kingdom of God.

Now, brothers and sisters, since so much of what God has given to you is at present the subject of hope, do you not see how bound you are to remain in the posture of waiting and hoping, and neither to be discouraged, nor yet to turn deserters? May the Lord "comfort your hearts, and establish you in every good word and work," because you are saved by hope, and the realization of that hope is not visible at present; for, if you saw it, you would not continue to hope for it. You are expecting greater things than you have ever realized yet; it is better on before, for your faces are toward the sunrising. We were told, some time ago, by a philosopher, that our nation had been shooting Niagara, and taking a leap in the dark. Well, that may be, or may not be; but this I know, believers in Christ are not descending Niagara, for they are ascending; and their leap, whenever they do leap, is not into the

dark, but into the light, and into light that is brighter, and brighter still. Our progress is away from evil up to good, from good to better, and from the better to the best of all, in infinite progression, by the divine impulse of the grace of God; for it is by grace: "good hope through grace." We do not get this good hope through nature, or through our own free-will; but we get it through grace. Grace has given us what we have already received, and grace also gives us the hope of what we have not yet received. Grace lets us see the things that are ours at present, and grace enables us to realize the things that shall be ours in the future.

I hope you understand what the apostle meant in setting all this before you. If I had the tongues of men and of angels, I could not tell you the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of these gracious words. Let me read them to you again: "Now our Lord Jesus Christ *himself*, and God, even *our* Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace." That is what we already have.

II. Now I want to clinch the nail by speaking of WHAT WE ARE TO HAVE as the result of what we already have.

Paul prayed for the Thessalonians, first, *that the Lord would comfort their hearts*; and, brethren and sisters in Christ, may the Lord comfort your hearts! God does not wish you to be sad. A certain Persian king would allow no one to wait upon him if he had a sad countenance. It is not so with our Lord, for he looks with a tender eye upon those who are heavy of heart, and he does not forbid them to come into his presence. At the same time,—

"Why should the children of a king  
Go mourning all their days?"

If you have everlasting consolation, my dear sister, what reason have you for such constant fretting? If you have a good hope through grace, my dear brother, why did you say, the other day, that you were tempted almost to give up all hope? May the Lord comfort your hearts! Perhaps you think it is a small thing for the Lord's people to be comforted; but God does not think so. He said to his servants, the prophets, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith you: God." It was not one alone whom he told to do this, but he said, "Comfort *ye* my people," as though he summoned all his servants, and said to them, "Whatever you do in denouncing sinners, and in stirring up my people to work for me, never forget this part of your duty: 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem.'" Our Lord Jesus Christ did not think that it was a small thing for his people to be happy; for, on the very night in which he went forth to his passion, among the last words that he uttered were those blessed ones which have cheered millions of mourners: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."

The normal condition of a child of God—I mean, his healthy condition—is one of repose, rest, comfort, and delight. Certainly, the Lord has given special promises to those who reach this state of mind; such as this, "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he

shall give thee the desires of thine heart." He means, then, to give great things to those who honour him by trusting him so that they cease to be troubled, and are comforted, whatever happens. What aileth thee, daughter of sorrow? Art thou poor? So was thy Lord; yet I never read that he complained at what his Father willed. Why shouldst thou complain of the dispensations of providence? Art thou sick, my dear brother or sister? Thou wilt not be the first child of God who has pined away into heaven if that should be thy lot. Perhaps the Lord means thus gradually and gently to take down thine earthly tabernacle; but, if so, remember what Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "Ah!" say you, "but it is one who is very dear to me who is dying." Yes, but when the Lord lent you your husband, or your wife, or your child, he did not tell you that any of them would live for ever. Be thankful that you have had these loans so long; after all, they are not really yours; and if the Lord takes back what he lent to you for a while, why should you be so cast down? "I have lost all," cries one. Have you lost your God? "No." Then you have not lost your all. May the Lord comfort your hearts, my dear friends, because, if you are unhappy, you dishonour your God by your doubts and fears, and you often hinder those who would enter into the kingdom. They see your sad face, and they say, "Christ's yoke must be a heavy one, and his burden must be intolerable. Look at the face of that Christian man or woman." I would rather that they should say to you, "We would fain go with you, for there is a brightness about your face that we would like to have." We perceive that your Master is a good Master, and that he cheers and comforts your hearts."

I believe that thoroughly happy Christians, those who really enjoy the things of God, are also amongst the most stable Christians; I think that is why Paul was guided to put the truth as it is in our text. You cannot get a man to give up that which is his daily delight. I never wonder when I hear of some professors giving up Christianity, for they have never experienced the joy of it; it was only a burden to them. When a poor fellow has a load on his back that does not belong to him, and does not yield him any comfort, but only galls his shoulders, you are not surprised if, when he gets to one of those rests for porters in the City, he lays down his load, and walks away and forgets it, and is very glad to forget it. But if it was his own property, his own treasure, you would not find him forgetting it, or going away and leaving it behind. The thing out of which you get the most joy will, in the long run, be the dearest thing to you; and if you continually rejoice in the Lord, your joy will greatly help you in resisting the many temptations to scepticism and superstition to which others will yield. You will stand fast in the Lord because you will be held there by the golden rivets of joy which God has given you in communion with himself.

Then the apostle adds, "and stablish you in every good word and work." *He wants God's people to be stablished in every good word.*

I suppose he means that he would have us firmly fixed in our belief of the doctrines of the gospel; and, beloved, you may very well say that you will keep to them till somebody shows you something better, just as I have read that, when the people of the State of Massachusetts wanted a set of laws, and they had not time to make them just then, they passed a resolution that they would be governed by the laws of God until they had time to make better ones. We may believe the doctrines revealed in the Word of God until we find better ones, and that we never shall do. Have those doctrines converted you? Then, be established in them. Does your experience confirm the truth of them? Then, cling to them. It is one of the characteristics of the doctrines of the gospel that, the older a man gets, the more he loves them. I always find that the older saints become more Calvinistic as they ripen in age; that is to say, they get to believe more and more that salvation is all of grace; and whereas, at first, they might have had some rather loose ideas concerning free-will, and the power of the creature, the lapse of years and fuller experience gradually blow all that kind of chaff away. Old saints get what is called "a sweet tooth." They love the sweet things of the covenant; they like their meat to have a rich savour. I am not old yet, but I confess that I get more and more fond of the sweet things of the gospel of grace, and cannot endure the novelties that are so current and so exceedingly popular nowadays. Oh, no, tell me of my Father's eternal love, tell me of my Saviour's precious blood, tell me of the Spirit's sacred indwelling, and my heart is glad; but tell me anything short of this, and my soul is not fed. I pray that you, brethren and sisters who are members of this Christian church, may know what you know, and hold fast to it. May you drive your roots down into the rich soil of infallible truth. May you not be as leaves of the forest, driven hither and thither by the winds because there is no life in you, but may you be "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season," whose "leaf also shall not wither." God make you to be thus "established in every good word."

The apostle would also have those to whom he wrote *established in every good work*. Sometimes, an attack of this kind is made upon us: "It is no use trying to teach the gospel to children; we cannot suppose that they can understand its deep mysteries." I heard that said only the other day. Well, I can say that we have tried it, and we have found that, whether you choose to call them great mysteries or not, children do understand the gospel, and seem sometimes to comprehend it better than their fathers do, just because they are so childlike. The qualification for entering the kingdom of heaven is not fully-developed manhood, but rather that we should become as little children; and unless we do become childlike, we cannot enter the kingdom. Dear friend, do not be turned aside from your work by anything that is said concerning it. If people say that it is no use to go down to the lodging-houses, and talk to the poorest of the poor, be established in doing it because your Master did it, and because the everlasting consolation which comes to you through the grace of God makes you feel that the most

unworthy are the fittest objects for the gospel of Jesus. Since you received consolation from God's mercy, you may well be established in the belief that there is consolation in the mercy of God for the vilest of the vile.

Do not be turned aside from any part of your work, and especially from the blessed work of prayer. Some people tell us that prayer is useless, but what do they know about it? They have never tried it; but those of us who have tried and proved it, and who still practise it from day to day, know that prayer is heard. We may send a telegraphic message, yet it may never get where we want it to go; we may post a letter, yet it may never reach its proper destination; but when we pray, we are sure that we are heard, for we have distinct answers to our petitions, and our heart is filled with delight as we recollect the hundreds and thousands of times in which the right hand of the Lord has been stretched out to help us when we have cried unto him in our time of need. Be established in every form of good work, you who are part of the Lord's great army, meeting here for drill and for battle with the forces of evil. I beseech you, brethren, let not your hearts grow faint, and do not so much as think of retreating in the day of conflict. Lo! our victorious Leader, "our Lord Jesus Christ himself," is coming; wherefore, let every one of us play the man for our coming King. The fight will not be long, and woe be to the man who turns his back in the day of battle; but blessed shall he be who is found faithful even unto death. I speak thus to you, beloved, though I am fully persuaded that he, who has begun the good work in you, will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ.

I wish that my sermon had a great deal more to do with some of you than it has, for I fear that there are many here to whom I have not been speaking. Therefore, my closing message shall be to the unsaved. My dear friend, I cannot bid you be steadfast, and I cannot talk to you of everlasting consolation, for you have not yet believed in Jesus Christ to the saving of your soul. There is an awful text of Scripture which at present applies to you. The apostle Paul, a cool-headed and warm-hearted man, who loved sinners, once wrote thus: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha," that is, accursed at the coming of Christ! O my dear friend, that is what you will be if you love not our Lord Jesus Christ, and that is what you ought to be, and what the warmest-hearted lover of his race, who also loves his God, feels must be and ought to be your doom if you love not the Lord Jesus Christ. Think of that, and I pray that the Holy Spirit may lead you first to trust in Jesus, and then to love him, and so you shall be saved, and shall bless him for ever!

"Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there."

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

GOD'S WRITING UPON MAN'S HEART.

## A Sermon

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C. H. SPURGEON,

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*In the year 1861.*

"I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts."—  
Jeremiah xxxi. 33.

THIS is not the language of the old covenant, but of the new covenant. The prospects of life held out in the law have all dissolved into a ministration of death as the penalty of disobedience. Its voice might have once captivated hearts that knew not their own weakness. How spoke it: "Do this, and live; keep my commandments, and you shall receive in return for your obedience singular blessings upon earth and rest in heaven." But that old covenant, since the Fall, no man has kept, or can keep. Surely, if any persons could have kept it, those to whom it was originally given were the most likely to do so. They were a separated people. They were removed into the wilderness, far from evil associations. They were miraculously fed out of the granaries of heaven. They received their drink in an equally marvellous manner out of the smitten rock. They had God himself in the midst of them. They had his pillar of cloud to cover them by day, and his pillar of fire to lead them by night. In all their difficulties they could appeal to Moses. If there had been any inadvertence or mistake, they could turn to Aaron, and he, by the offering of the appointed sacrifice, could set them right again. They were placed where they had not the trials and temptations of the rest of mankind. They were so cut off and separated that I may well compare them to—

"A garden walled around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground."

And yet, even in that favoured soil, which was so well tilled and so well husbanded by God, it was utterly impossible that perfect holiness could grow, and therefore the law was broken. Even the seed of Israel, circumcised and blessed with covenants and promises, and having the immediate presence of God in their sanctuary, could not keep the law,—a clear lesson to us that "by the deeds of the law  
No. 2,992.

there shall no flesh be justified." You cannot perfectly obey God; you cannot work out a righteousness of your own; you cannot do that which God commands you to do. Look to the flames which Moses saw, and sink, and tremble, and despair, if you wish to be saved by your own works.

Now that old covenant has passed away with regard to the Lord's people. As many of us as have believed in Christ Jesus are now under a new covenant, which is of quite a different kind. It does not say, "Do this, and live;" but it says, on God's part, "I will give you a new heart; I will forgive your sins; I will bless you with my presence; I will make you holy; I will keep you holy; I will preserve you in my ways; I will bring you to myself at the last." And all this is vouchsafed without any conditions that render the fulfilment precarious, for whatever conditions there were devolved not upon the sinner but upon the sinner's Substitute; as though God had said, "I will do this if my only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, will give his blood for the remission of your sins, and work out a perfect righteousness for your acceptance." That has been done; and now, as far as you and I are concerned, the covenant of grace is one of promise, pure promise, nothing but promise; and all that we have to do is, as poor, guilty, helpless, needy souls, to sit down at the feet of our gracious God, and receive from him those wondrous blessings which the covenant has secured to all the faithful.

" Firm as the lasting hills,  
This covenant shall endure,  
Whose potent *shalls* and *wills*  
Make every blessing sure:  
When ruin shakes all nature's frame,  
Its joys and tittles stand the same.

" Here, when thy feet shall fall,  
Believer, thou shalt see  
Grace to restore thy soul,  
And pardon full and free;  
Thee with delight shall God behold  
A sheep restored to Zion's fold.

" And when through Jordan's flood  
Thy God shall bid thee go,  
His arm shall thee defend.  
And vanquish every foe;  
And in this covenant thou shalt view  
Sufficient strength to bear thee through."

One of the blessings of this new covenant is heart-writing; "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts." It is of that I am going to talk to-night, and instead of having different heads to the sermon, I will just offer a few observations, which have, I think, a very intimate connection with this point of writing upon the fleshy tables of the heart.

My first observation is, that WITH THE TABLES OF STONE, CHRISTIANS HAVE NOTHING WHATEVER TO DO.

Do not be staggered or astonished at this remark. I know that

there are certain places of worship where these two tables of the law stand right over the communion table; but they have no business there, for we can never have any communion with God upon the footing of the law. If there must be anything there, if there must be any symbol at all there, then the Roman Catholic is right when he puts there the cross, or a picture of the crucifixion. We put away all symbols lest they should become a source of idolatry; but, if there must be anything over the communion table, the cross is the proper thing, not the two tables of the law. for, on the footing of the law, God never did have communion with man, and he never can have, since man has fallen. With the two tables of the law as they are written upon the stone the Christian has nothing whatever to do.

You know me too well to suspect me of being an Antinomian; yet I will not try to detract from the force of the expression which the Holy Spirit has taught us, "Ye are not under the law, but under grace." All the ten commandments the Christian loves. They are his rule of life, and he desires to keep every single word that God has ever commanded to the sons of men. But, as they stand on those tables of hard, cold rock, I have nothing whatever to do with them. Moses dashed them from his hands in holy rage; and, surely, as I see their broken fragments there, I can only say that I have done precisely what Moses did, and have broken those tables to pieces too. Even Moses could not carry those tables in his hand without breaking them, nor can I do any better than he did. God rules his people, not by law, but by love. They do not walk in holiness because they must, but because they wish to do so. The rule which governs them is not, "Do this, and live; do that, and perish;" but this, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; what wilt thou do for me?" To quote two good lines of old Master Quarles, which just give me the sense I want to convey to you,—

"Leave thou the stony tables for thy Saviour's part;  
Keep thou the law that's written in thy heart."

As for the laws written on the stone tables, Christ has kept them, and fulfilled them, and therefore they have lost their force to crush you. The table on your heart is your rule, your guidance, and your law. See to it that you be not disobedient to the revelation of "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

There are many of my hearers to-night who are always dealing with the tables of the law. You are trying to get to heaven by what you can do. O my dear friend, thou canst not keep the law; why dost thou try to do it? It is too high, too heavenly, too broad, too spiritual, for thee. It affects thee in thine imaginations, thy thoughts, thy words, thine actions. Why, thou breakest it every moment; thou hast broken it since thou hast been in this house. Think not, then, to do an impossibility. And even if thou couldst keep it in the future, it would do thee no good, for thou hast already broken it, and to try to preserve what thou hast already broken is most absurd. If thou hadst an alabaster box in thy



hand, and thou hadst broken it to shivers, however careful thou mightst be of the broken fragments, yet thou couldst not put them together again. Thou hast most effectually cut the throat of all thy hopes of ever being saved by the law. O man, wherefore dost thou try to do this when Christ has kept the law for all who trust him? Dost thou think that Christ would have come all the way from heaven to keep the law for thee if thou couldst keep it for thyself? If thou couldst be thine own saviour, what need was there for him to be stretched upon the cross, and to bleed, and agonize, and die? Does Christ do that which is not necessary? O proud soul, proud soul, to think to do what only a Saviour can accomplish! Come now, and leave thy doings, for all thy righteousnesses are but as filthy rags. Come now, and leave thy virtues, and all thy boasted deeds, and look away to where he hangs who has woven a garment without seam from the top throughout, and has dyed it in the crimson of his own blood. Put this on thee, and thou wearest heaven's court-dress, and thou shalt one day stand among the peers of Paradise; but without this, thou art naked, and poor, and miserable. I counsel thee, therefore, to buy of him fair raiment, the fine linen which is the righteousness of the saints.

With the law as engraved on stone, then, the believer has nothing to do, but his business is with the law as written with the Spirit of the living God upon his heart.

My next observation is, that **THE OLD HEART IS NOT FIT FOR GOD TO WRITE HIS LAW UPON.**

Somebody said once that the human heart, in infancy at least, was like a piece of white paper, and that there might be anything written on it which we pleased. Little did that person know, little had he even guessed the truth concerning a human heart; for the heart is blotted, blurred, blacked, smeared, smudged, fouled, stained through and through, even at the very beginning. Every one can say, with David, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." There is no such thing as a white surface upon the natural heart, and God never did try to write a sentence on the natural heart yet, and he never will, because he knows right well that that heart is not a fit place for his holy law to be written. If it should be possible for him to put it upon that black heart, I think he would not do it, for it is an impure thing, and God will never write his perfect law upon an imperfect parchment like a depraved heart. It is too vile, too abominable for God to touch. All that can be done with the old, natural, human heart, is for God to mortify it, to pierce it through and through with the spear which pierced the side of Christ. "Death to the old Adam! Death to the old Adam;" is the cry of the gospel; but as for modifying him, it never tries to do it, for the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor can the leopard change its spots. The old nature is looked upon as hopeless, and is given up to die; and the sooner it dies, the better for you and for me. God will not write his law upon it, for it is foul, and blotted, and too abominable for him to touch.

Equally impossible is it for God to write upon the old heart

because it is stony. He did write once on stone, and the tables were broken, and he will not write on stone a second time. The first tables of stone were broken, and as to the second tables of stone, I know not where they are, they are lost, as if the very thought of goodness had been lost to man by nature. And if God should write upon a stony heart, this would be the result, that the heart with the law written upon it must soon be broken and destroyed. What! shall he write on such an untable, treacherous, deceitful thing as an unrenewed heart? As will might you write upon the sand or, worse still, go write your name upon the treacherous billow, and expect to find it handed down to fame. But God writes not on water thus. He will not take his great pen into his hand to write on such a medium as the heart which is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. "You must be born again." God's promise is, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." "Create in me a clean heart O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Let that prayer be breathed by you as you realize the unfitness of the old heart for God to write upon.

The old heart, then, being put out of the question, there is a new heart produced by the Holy Spirit. Transcending the greatest wonders in nature is this bestowment of a new heart. You know, dear friends, that a tree, if it has had some of its branches cut off, may have new branches; and there are some crustaceous animals which, when they lose a claw or a foot have fresh ones grow, but you never heard of an animal losing its heart, and then having a new one. The thing is impossible in nature, but this wonder of wonders God works in us. He gives a new core to our very being, a fresh life-fountain to the whole of our existence.

Well, when this new heart comes unto us, it must have something written on it. A heart with nothing on it would be too preposterous for imagination. Look at all God's works, they all have something written on them. Even the black brow of tempest has God's name of terror written upon it in letters of lightning. Do not the thunders roll like drums in the march of the God of armies? Is not the Eternal himself mirrored in tempest upon the bosom of the stormy sea? Even the fields, whether they be white with winter's snows or golden with autumn's crown of glory, still bear the impress, either of divine power or of divine love. God has written the whole world over, there is not a slab in the great palace of creation which is left unsculptured. Everywhere there are great hieroglyphs, which skilful men and initiated spirits love to read. And shall there be nothing on the heart, when God has taken the trouble to make it twice over, when he has made that heart anew? If there were nothing on the heart, it would be no heart. A heart without something in it is just a dull, dead vacuum, and not a fit heart for such a creature as man. What was the new heart made for, to what end, and to what purpose, if it was not to bear some divine inscription? The devil would soon attempt to write on it if God did not write. Is it not the very best way to keep a man from filling a bushel with chaff, to fill it full of wheat

first? So, for God to write on the new heart, is not this the safest method to keep that heart pure for himself, so that no word of the language of hell shall be written there? If that heart were left empty, what would happen? Is it not written, concerning the man's house that was swept and garnished, that the evil spirit came back to it? Why? Because it was empty; if there had been a tenant in it, if the strong man armed had kept the house, the old tenant could not have gone back. And so, when God has thoroughly written out the whole of his law upon the tablet of a sanctified heart, there will be no possibility that sin shall ever be written there. I know it is an incorruptible seed that cannot sin, because it is born of God; but that very thing which makes it an incorruptible seed, the very life that is in it, makes it swell, and grow, and germinate. As the heart is God's heart, and a renewed heart, there must be God's writing upon it. God does not send books into the world which are but blank paper. He does not produce, as his epistles, that are to be known and read of all men, mere empty sheets. No, there must be upon the new heart some of the handwriting of God.

Pray the Lord to give thee a new heart, poor soul; or if thou hast it already, ask him now to write upon it. Say, in the words of that verse,—

“There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,  
And deep engrave his law;  
And every motion of our souls  
To swift obedience draw.”

NEXT, IS NOT THE NEW HEART THE VERY BEST PLACE IN WHICH TO WRITE THE LAW OF THE LORD?

I cannot conceive of a better place to put it in than the new heart. A certain minister, preaching from that text, “Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee,” had three heads to his sermon: first, the best thing, — “Thy word;” secondly, in the best place, — “have I hid in mine heart;” thirdly, for the best of purposes, — “that I might not sin against thee.” That was a well-divided sermon. The heart is the best place, because, you know, it is in his heart that a man carries his jewels. When Little-faith was met down Dead Man's Lane by those three villains, they robbed him of most of his spending money, but they did not steal his jewels. The reason was because he carried them in the casket of his heart. Some men wear their religion as men wear their hats, where it can be snatched off by a thief, or be blown away by the winds of temptation, or be laid aside to suit their own convenience when they get into the devil's drawing-room. But the true Christian carries his religion in his heart; and as his heart is always safe in the very centre of his being, so is his religion. Fair weather or foul weather, good company or bad company, it is all the same; in a losing market or in a winning market; whether men cry “Hallelujah” and “Hosanna,” or whether they cry, “Crucify him, crucify him!” the man is still the same, because he has got his principles in his heart, which is the best place for God's law.

Putting the law of the Lord into the heart signifies that it is put where it will be loved, and where it will control the whole man. If you can put a thing into a man's heart, you have put it at the very centre of his being. We have heard of a certain shepherd, who had a flock of sheep in a meadow. A stream of water, that ran through the meadow, was very foul and muddy, so the shepherd dug some new channels; but after he had dug them, the water was still not very clear. He cleared out the channels again and again, but still, after a little time, the water was again impure. It was better than it had been before, when flowing through the muddy channel, but still it was not such as he could wish it to be. At last, someone said to him, "Why do you not clear the water up upon the hill? There is a mass of mud and filth there, and the water comes down the hillside laden with all this impurity: purify it there,—purify it near the fountain head." So, when man gets purified at the fountain, when he gets the law of the Lord in his heart, then it is that he is sure to be all right as to the streams of his actions. You cannot put the law, then, in a better place than in the heart, because there it will be preserved, and there it will influence the entire man. Lord, grant to me and to mine that we may have thy law thus safely locked up in the golden casket of a renewed heart!

Still, it must be admitted that IT IS VERY HARD TO WRITE ON HEARTS.

That same old poet whom I quoted just now,—Quarles,—pictures God as saying,—

"What I indite  
 'Tis I alone can write,  
 And write in books that I myself have made.  
 'Tis not an easy trade  
 To read or write in hearts.  
 They that are skilful in all other arts,  
 When they take this in hand,  
 Are at a stand."

It is not easy to read hearts, and it is harder work still to write on hearts. We can sometimes write on people's heads: that is comparatively easy. You may get a thing into the intellect, you may get it into two brains by sheer dunning and argument, but to get a thing into the heart is not so very easy.

"He that's convinced against his will  
 Is of the same opinion still;"—

and, though convinced, he still goes on in the same path, pursuing the thing which he knows to be his own worst enemy. There are no slaves like those who serve their enemies, and those are the greatest slaves who are slaves to their own soul-destroying lusts. It is not an easy thing to write on hearts. When there are many conversions, certain simpletons are apt to think that there is something in the preacher to account for them. Suppose someone had gone to that ancient battlefield, and had picked up the stone with which David smote Goliath's head, and said, "Well, it must be a

very wonderful stone that could have killed a giant;" and then, after turning it round, and looking at it a little while, he would say that it was very like any other smooth stone that might be put in a sling, and very likely he would throw it down in contempt, and think nothing of it. Well, that is how some people do with God's ministers. They first say, "Well, there are so many conversions, the preacher must be a very wonderful man," and then they find him wonderfully like any other common-place talker, and so they think nothing of him. Ah, simpleton! dost thou not know that it is not the stone but the sling, and not even the sling, but the God who directs the stone to the giant's brow? And so it is not the man, but the man's Master, and it is the Spirit of God that makes the Word effectual. But what would you think if that stone should talk thus, "Oh, what a fine stone am I! I killed thee, Goliath! What a fine stone am I! The daughters of Jerusalem ought to rejoice over me in the dance, and they ought to 'sound the loud timbrel,' and say, 'Glory be unto thee, O Stone, for thou hast smitten the giant's brow'?" What would the Angel of Wisdom say but, "O foolish pebble of the brook! Son of the dirt and of the dark and miry sea-bed! There is nothing in thee any more than in thy fellow-stones that slept with thee in the flowing crystal; had David picked any other stone, the work would have been done just as well; and inasmuch as he chose thee, boast not of thyself as though there were aught in thee." Beloved, when you and I are privileged to do anything for Christ, let us recollect that we are only like the poor stone out of the brook, that there is nothing in us, and that unto God must be all the glory. This writing upon hearts is hard work. I confess that I never could—and I never expect to be able to write God's holy law on a human heart. No, beloved; the heart is locked up too tightly for us to get at it: but God has the key, and he opens it as a man would do his own writing-desk, and he knows how to open the sheets one after another, and begin to write with his own pen the blessed commandments of his new and perfect law. Jesus is the great Writer, for Jesus knows hearts. He is divine and omniscient; and therefore he knows hearts. But he is a man; every pang that rends the heart has rent his heart. He had a pierced heart, and there was a terrible writing upon his heart when the spear wrote there this great word,—“WRATH”—“the wrath of God on account of sin.” He knows what heart-writing means. Deep on his heart are inscribed his people's names. He understands heart-writing, and he can do for his disciples what has been done in him. He has such a gentle hand, such loving fingers, such a great heart to move that hand, that he is the great Heart-writer, and there is none that can match him in writing upon human hearts.

**FURTHER, WHEN GOD WRITES UPON THE HEART, HE WRITES BY HIS HOLY SPIRIT, AND USES HIS WORD AS THE PEN.**

There are several pens that God uses, and one is his Written Word. This is a gold pen, with a diamond point. It is marvellous how God can sometimes write on the heart with a text of Scripture, a promise, a threatening, a word of doctrine, of exhortation, or of

rebuke. When he writes with that diamond pen, there is never any mistake, never any scratching or catching in the paper, but all is well written then.

Then he sometimes writes on human hearts by his ministers. Mr. John Berridge once preached a sermon upon a different text from mine, but I may quote from his sermon. He says that ministers are like pens. There are some University ministers, he says, and they try to make them the same as people make steel pens nowadays, they make them by the gross; and though they have their excellences, and many of them are highly educated men, yet they also have their deficiencies. John Berridge compared himself to an old goose quill. He said that he could not make such fine lady-like up-strokes as the University steel pens could, but he thought that God often made heavier down-strokes on the heart by him than ever he did by the University gentlemen. And that is the case with some of us. We have to be nibbed several times before we are fit to write with at all, and when we do write, we sometimes make a sorry blotch of it; yet the Lord does help us, rough and ready as we are, to make some heavy down-strokes on the sinner's conscience; and if this be done, it is a reason for thankfulness, and we will bless the Lord for it. Pens, however, must sometimes be nibbed, and so ministers must sometimes feel the sharp knife of affliction so as to make them more fit to preach God's Word.

Now I remind you, beloved, that a pen cannot write of itself? Just take that pen and lay it down on the paper. Can that pen write "Paradise Lost"? Why, it cannot even stir, it cannot write a single letter of the alphabet, much less can it write a poem. And so is it with the minister; he can write no truth in the sinner's heart and conscience except his Master holds him in his hand; but when the Master begins to write, oh, then, how well it is done, and how the white paper of the new heart receives the divine handwriting, and it remains indelibly there!

Neither would it avail for writing that there be the best pen in the world without ink; and the analogy in this case is with the Holy Spirit. The minister must be dipped in this ink. He must have the Holy Spirit with him, or else it is no matter what he may be;—he may be a goose-quill, or he may be the polished steel; he may have been well-nibbed, he may have written much in his time; but he can write nothing now without the ink. Mr. Joseph Irons used to pray, as he went to his pulpit, "Oh, for an unction from on high! Oh, for an unction from on high!" And methinks this may be the preacher's prayer whenever he goes to preach, "Oh, for an unction from on high! Oh, for much of this divine ink,—much of the Holy Spirit!"

Surely we may praise and bless the Lord whenever we see his law written upon a human heart; because it is God's law, because it is God who writes it, and because it is the Spirit of God who is the Agent, through the Word, by whom that writing is put there. Let us join in hearty thanksgiving to Father, Son, and Spirit, the covenant-keeping God, who writes his law in our hearts.

And it may be well to make a special note of this fact, **IT IS GOD'S LAW WHICH IS WRITTEN UPON THE NEW HEART.**

I do not think it is the law as it stands in the letter, either in Exodus or in Deuteronomy, but it is the spirit of the law that is written upon the Christian's heart. With regard to the law as a letter, we may say, "The letter killeth;" it is the spirit, the essence of the law, which the Christian is to mind, and which is written on his heart. Under the old law, the Jew was often put to much inconvenience. For instance, the law of the Sabbath-day, as it then stood, was, "In it thou shalt do no manner of work." Now, some Christians read it in that way even to this day; but when the Saviour was on earth, his disciples rubbed the ears of corn together in the fields, and ate thereof, on the Sabbath-day. The Pharisees complained of this, but the Saviour replied to them that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." The Sabbath was never meant to be a fixed and tight bond to crush us, and make us feel like slaves during the time it lasted; but it was made for our use, to be devoted to the best and highest of purposes. The Pharisees would never have healed anybody on the Sabbath; that, they thought, was dreadfully wicked; but Jesus Christ hallowed the Sabbath-day by acts of mercy. And now he gives to the Christian a day of rest, not, indeed, such a day of rest as it was to the Jew; but he gives us this, that we may perform works of mercy, works of piety, and works for necessary uses. These we do perform, and when we do so, there are some who cry out that such-and-such a Christian is not a Sabbatarian. No, and the Christian man has no need to be. His law of the Sabbath is not the old law, as he finds it in Deuteronomy or Exodus, but the law of the Sabbath as he finds it according to Christ, which is this, that the day is a day of rest and holy pleasure, a day in which we are to serve God with all our might; and any kind of work which is wholly God's work, and in which we can serve God, is a work which we are permitted, nay, which we are enjoined to perform.

So it is with all the law. The Christian man does not go back to the law of Moses, and say, "I feel very angry; I should like to know whether I may kill my brother." No, he has the law of God in his heart, and he does not want to kill anybody. He knows that he that is angry with his brother is a murderer, so he turns round, and says, "I forgive you; I forgive you freely." Sometimes persons come and ask us questions which involve some degree of lust, but a Christian has the law of God in his heart, and he does not want to know whether this and that may be permitted as a sin of the flesh, but he remembers that "whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart," and so he spurns the sin. The law written on his heart is enough for him, and he delights in the law of God after the inward man, without needing to go to the letter,—the killing letter,—and reading in that the condemnation of offences rather than the promptings of holy motives. The law of God is perfect; let us say nought against it; but it is not so glorious as the law which Christ has brought in, and which he exhibited in his own person.

The glory of the law was great, but the glory of Christ's gospel is far greater. Remember, Christian, that there is to be written on your heart the whole of God's law, but it is the spirit of that law, and not the letter of it, which is to be written there, and what that spirit is ye know, for our great Teacher epitomized it in one word, and that one word is "Love"; love, that furnishes the impulse while it prescribes the duty.

The man who has God's law written in his heart will go right without a book,—he will go right without having somebody at his elbow to nudge him. And why will he go right? Why does the steam-engine go? Because it has steam within it, and the proper machinery, so it must go. You do not see twenty horses dragging a steam-engine along, do you? There are some folks who want to make laws to make other people good. That is not the way in which Scripture goes to work; but Scripture just alters the man's heart, puts new machinery in him, and the heavenly steam, and then he cannot help going right. You are not to have a law with twenty policemen behind it to drag a man to do right; that is not the thing to do. The man must be renewed by divine grace, and made a new creature in Christ Jesus; and then, by the force and strength of that new nature, the law being written in his heart, he hates that which is evil, and cleaves to that which is good. Some people cannot understand this; they know that they will not themselves do what is right except they are flogged to it, while they do what is wrong at every opportunity from an evil bias. But the Christian is a different man; he has been born again, and now he would want flogging to do evil and even then he would not do it; but he wants no driving to that which is good, for the ways of God are his pleasure, and the pleasures of sin he hates. May we all in this sense have the law written on our hearts! And what will that law be? Why, this word "Love." Love is the law of the gospel. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbour as thyself." This is the law of the Christian, and this is the law which is written on his heart. This is the sum and substance, the distilled essence of all the ten commandments. You may forget those ten commandments, O believer, if you will but remember this new law which is written on your heart, "Love, love, LOVE!"

Last of all, THE WRITING PRESERVES THE HEART, AND THE HEART PRESERVES THE WRITING.

Some of us who have a large correspondence sometimes have a grand burning. "There are a lot of letters on my table, very possibly written by some of you, which will never get answered: but if people will write ten times as many as anybody can answer, they must not expect to get replies. Still, there they are, and sometimes there comes to be a general blaze, and while we are burning the letters up, every now and then we say, "Ah, I'll keep that!" Why? Well, it is in the handwriting of somebody we loved, but who is now dead, and we say, "Yes, I'll keep that; just put that away in one of the pigeon-holes, and there let it lie amongst the interesting letters." So, when God comes at last to look at all



the writing of the universe, there will be a general burning; but he will come to one heart; and he will say, "Yes, keep that, that has my law written on it; and wherever I see my law, I see my dear Son's handwriting; he himself died upon the cross that this heart should not be burned; I will keep that." If you have God's law written on your hearts, it will preserve you.

So, too, the heart preserves the writing. The Pharaohs have written wonderful inscriptions in Egypt upon their stone tombs, yet some of these have become defaced through the lapse of years.

"Time has a mighty tooth,  
And bites the granite through."

But when a thing is written upon an immortal heart, no time can change it. The heart that had God's law written on it years ago had it still written there in the last expiring moments, as the believer talked with his God upon his dying bed. The flesh has been committed to the grave, but the handwriting is not gone, for the heart on which it was written has soared aloft, and there it is now before the eternal throne; and when the sun has grown dim with age, and the moon has waned never to wax again, and the stars have quenched their tiny lamps, when—

"The great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind,"—

just as a moment's foam dissolves into the waves that bears it, and is lost for ever; when all the universe that God has made, except the heaven which is to exist for ever, shall have passed away, then the handwriting of God upon that heart will be as clear and as legible as it is now. Ay, and if you can fly on seraph's wings far, far away, till time seems a spot too small to be discerned by the keenest eye; if you have sped on till God has made and destroyed as many worlds as there are grains of sand by the seashore; till he has piled up, and dashed to pieces again, as many mighty universes as there are drops in the ocean;—changeless even then, the imperishable writing of the divine hand shall still glitter on the immortal, eternal hearts that God has made and quickened, that they might be the pillars on which he might write the memorial of his love and holiness. Oh, that my heart might have this writing on it! Brethren, I pray that it may be the case with you, and with all of us. But, remember, the old heart must be broken, and the place to get a new heart is at the foot of the cross. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shall be saved. "Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed." He that trusts in Jesus builds upon a rock; he builds for eternity, and his happiness shall be secure.

The Lord send you away with his own blessing, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

"THAT KING AHAZ."

## A Sermon

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DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Lord's day Evening, March 8th, 1864.*

"And in the time of his distress did he trust, ~~pass~~ yet more against the LORD: this is that king Ahaz."—2 Chronicles xxviii. 22.

It is absolutely certain, dear friends, that whatever our personal characters may be, we shall have to know, by practical experience, the meaning of the word trouble. "Saint or sinner, "man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." The road to heaven is rough, and the path to hell is not always smooth. There are some tribulations which belong specially to the people of God, yet it is also true that "many sorrows shall be to the wicked." If a man, trying to escape from sorrow, should take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, he would find that sorrow was even there upon the sea. Should he go to the frozen regions of the North, he would find sorrow there, for there have some of the fondest human hopes been wrecked. Let him journey to the sultry South, and trouble shall pursue him there, for plagues, fevers, and miasma haunt that region, and the gates of death are near. Until we mount to heaven, we shall never be able to escape from sorrow and sighing; only there shall we obtain joy and gladness, when our sombre companions shall have fled away for ever.

Since, then, dear friends, the stream of sorrow is here, and we cannot make it flow in any other direction, what shall we do with it? Let us try to put it to profitable uses; let us lift up our hearts in prayer to God that all our sorrows may be sanctified, that, with all other things, they may work together for our lasting good, and that we, who are the children of God, may be perfected in the image of Christ according to the divine purpose. Let us remember, however, that sorrow will not of itself be beneficial to us. It is possible to endure afflictions on earth, and afterwards to endure eternal damnation in hell. Sinners may go from beds of languishing to beds of flame, from toil and poverty here to torment and

despair hereafter. There is nothing at all in sorrow that can burn out sin; there is no power in human suffering to remove the wrath of God.

I. I shall commence my discourse with this very simple remark, that, IN THEIR TIMES OF DISTRESS, GOD'S PEOPLE HAVE OFTEN FOUND VERY GREAT PROFIT.

Suffering is one of the things which is written in the covenant of grace as a blessing. The rod was promised to us when we became the children of God, and we cannot escape it; and I think the poet Cowper was right when he said that "the true-born child of God" would not escape it if he might. The distress of believers, when it is sanctified to them, *loosens their hold upon this world*. Trials cut the ropes which fasten our souls to earthly things, and so enable us to mount; they file the chains which, as on the eagle's foot, will not let her spread her wings, and soar upward toward the sun. Trouble, like a sharp spade, digs up the earth that is about our roots, and then we bring forth the more fruit. Were it not for the thorns in our nest, we should be so content with its soft lining that we should sit in it till we died; but the sharp thorns prick our breasts, and then we turn our eye aloft, and learn to try our wings, ready for the time when they shall have fully grown, and we shall mount to joys above.

Afflictions also are often to the benefit of believers *in leading them to search for sin*. Our trials should be search-warrants, sent to us from God that we may search and find out the secret evil that is within us, the offence that we have hidden, the lie that is in our right hand. You know, beloved, that it is not an easy thing to bring us to self-examination. We are afraid of it; we are too apt to take things as they seem to be, without testing and trying them to see what they really are; but when the consolations of God grow small with us, then we say, "Is there any secret sin within us?" A rough wind blows through the forest, and the rotten branches creak, and are torn from the oak, where else they would have become a nest for all sorts of destructive insects, and a centre of decay for the whole tree. So, our afflictions often drive away some besetting sins, some darling propensities, which otherwise we might have carried in our bosom till they had done us grievous damage.

Do you not also know, dear friends, how *trials give new life to prayer*? Do we ever pray so well as when we feel the prickings of our Father's sword? He never wounds us so severely as to kill us, but he does sometimes just gently probe us to wake us up from our lethargy. Oh, what fervent prayers we offer when in the furnace; and I may add, oh, what grateful songs we sing when we come out! There is more life, I do think, in one's piety in times of sorrow than at any other season. I do not wish to be laid aside from pulpit labour, but I must confess that I have often felt unusual spiritual power when coming up to preach to you after a season of sickness; and there have been times when I have heard some of you say, "Our minister speaks more sweetly now than he did before he was laid aside." Yes, the olives must go into the press if the

oil is to be squeezed out of them, and the grapes must be trodden upon with loving feet before the wine flows forth from them. The file must be used upon us to bring out the true quality of the metal. There is no hope that we shall ever be made into the much fine gold unless we are often put into the crucible, and unless that crucible be put into the midst of the glowing coals. So I say that we get much good from our trials.

Have you not also found, dear friends, that *trials make your faith grow stronger*? We, who are but striplings in the Lord's army, enlist very readily; we put the colours in our cap, and we think that we are going to do great things,—to stir up the Church, and to rout the world, the flesh, and the devil; but we soon find that we have to be drilled by the black sergeant, Affliction, and afterwards we have to march out to the battle of the warrior, "with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood;" and, by-and-by, after many a conflict, we become hardened veterans; and we, who might have turned our backs aforetime, if it had not been for trial, become bold as lions for the Lord our God. Brethren, there is no teaching, no ministry, even of the best-taught servant of God, that can do you such good as sanctified experience will. You must learn for yourselves; under that blessed schoolmaster, Mr. Affliction, must you study the sacred science of divinity; it is good to go to his school, for the lessons to be learnt there are so beneficial. One of his scholars wrote, "Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept thy word."

We also get *our sweetest comforts in the time of trouble*. Do not mothers often give their children, in their seasons of sickness, tokens of love that they never give them when in health? I know that there are kisses of Jesus's lips for his tried children that he gives not to those who are without trial. "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom;" then I would love to be a lamb, to ride so near to his heart;—"and shall gently lead those that are with young," and it is well for us sometimes to feel those pains and weaknesses that we may have more of the gentle leadings of the tender Shepherd. I think it was Rutherford who said that, when Christ put him down in the cellar of affliction, he knew that he kept his wine there, and he groped about until he found the bottles, and then he drank, and was revived. Ah there is rich wine of comfort in the lowest cellars of affliction when Christ puts us down there; even the joys of heaven will be all the sweeter because of our experiences of trial here, where we often sing,—

"Sweet affliction,  
Thus to bring my Saviour near."

Christ is superlatively sweet to us, and the next sweetest thing in all the world is Christ's dear cross. He is himself most precious: but next to the kisses of his lips are the blows, the love-pats of his pierced hand.

II. Now I advance another step, and remind you that, VERY OFTEN, THROUGH THE GRACE OF GOD, UNGODLY PERSONS HAVE HAD REASON TO BLESS THE LORD FOR THEIR AFFLICTIONS.

Not unfrequently have I heard a story of this kind from a man who has passed the prime of life, whose garments bear evidence, though he still looks respectable, that he is one who has seen many sorrows and trials, and who carries on his brow the marks of the ploughshare of grief. He has come to unite in fellowship with the church, and he begins telling the story of his conversion, which is something like this:—"I was once a flourishing tradesman; I had a large business, and was a wealthy man; but, alas! I was foolish; worse than that, I was wicked; I misspent my time, I delighted in the ways of sin, and became a profligate. My companions thought me generous, and I did not wish to be less than they thought me to be; so I wasted my substance in riotous living. My business suffered; and, at last, there came a crash. All I had went where all must go when a man squanders his time and money as I squandered mine. I became poor; I had not previously known what it was to eat the bread of dependence, but I did eat it for a few months. Friends assisted me for a time, but they grew tired of doing so, and I was cast off by the world; and I felt, when any looked coldly upon me, that I deserved it. I have been a fool, sir, I know that I have; but it was then, one cold, pitiless night, when there was only one place where I could find shelter for my head,—that place was the pauper's last refuge;—it was then that I thought upon my ways, and lifted my eyes to heaven, and breathed the prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" The man has told me that he blesses God for his poverty, for that was the means of bringing him to Christ; and, since he has come to know the Lord, he has thought it a thousand mercies that he was thus brought very low, for if he had not been, his proud spirit would never have been broken, and he would never have been humbled before the Lord.

And some of you, my sisters, know that you have told me and the church your story. You were happy mothers in your households, but you feared not the Lord; you had your children around you, and you and your husband took what you called "your pleasure" on the Sabbath day, for you had no fear of God before your eyes. But, by-and-by, one of your little ones was taken ill. You watched, with anxious care, the pale cheek as it grew paler still, but grim Death took your darling from you. Again his shafts flew, and a second one was taken, and your soul was melted because of heaviness. There is one here who had four children taken away in succession, till, at last, the mother's agonized soul, bereaved of all earthly comfort, could go to no one else but Christ; and when she went to him, she found in him what was better than ten sons,—his love, his pardon, his acceptance, his free gift of eternal life.

Ah, brethren and sisters, there have been many who have thus, by a series of bereavements, through the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, been brought to know the Lord. I need not stay to mention instances of which I am constantly hearing, and I believe that the black angel of distress has brought as many to Christ as the bright angel of tender mercy; in fact, if you look well at the black angel, as I have called him, you will see that he is not black,

but exceedingly bright, for there is a gracious ministry in those loving sorrows, there is an angelic kindness in those loving cruelties (as some term them) by which God doth sometimes bring hardened sinners to himself.

III. But now I come to the main point of my discourse, which is that, although distress is often blessed to God's people, and is frequently sanctified to the conversion of sinners, our text is a notable proof that THERE IS NOTHING IN TRIAL ITSELF WHICH WILL NECESSARILY SOFTEN THE HEART, AND MAKE A MAN REPENT: In the time of his distress did he trespass yet more against the Lord: this is that king Ahaz."

If further proof were needed that trouble, affliction, sickness, and familiarity with death necessarily softened the heart, then those people who have most to do with these things would have the tenderest hearts; but it is not so. Think of the men who have to deal with the dead. Where will you find anywhere, as a class, a more hardened set of men than an undertaker's men often are? I know that anyone, who is well acquainted with them, must have observed how they joke over a corpse, and make mirth over the death of their fellow-creatures, regarding a fever rather as a blessing which brings them employment than as a calamity which takes away the husband from the wife, or the parent from the children. I do not speak without my book in this case, and it is very much the same with other people. I think I said, one day, that, if a man or a woman were not converted before they became pew-openers at a church or a chapel, it was probable that they never would be converted, and I am still of the same opinion. I once said that I thought even reporters of sermons, if they did not know the Lord before they undertook that work, would very likely fail to get any good out of the sermon; and, therefore, it is always a great joy to me when I know that those who have any share in the preparation of the sermons with a view to their publication have realized the power of the truth in their own hearts; so that, even while engaged in the mechanical operations connected with reporting and printing the sermons, their souls drink in something of the sweetness of the truth which is afterwards to be read by others.

Probably, however, the truth of the text will be best illustrated by a Scriptural instance. Look at Pharaoh; was any man ever more troubled than he was? All the powers of land, and water, and sky united to plague him. It seemed as if all the frogs in the world had made Egypt their *rendevous*; and the locusts, and the lice, and the flies, and the murrain, and the sore blains, and the hail, and the thick darkness;—and though all these plagues came upon Pharaoh, he still hardened his heart, and would not let the people go. Affliction did not soften him; on the contrary, it hardened him; and the case of Ahaz is another instance of the same evil spirit, for the more trials came to him, the more did he trespass against the Lord. The children of Israel, too, though they were smitten many times, yet revolted again and again. They were hunted about by marauders, and delivered up to their enemies; their crops were devoured of locusts, famine and pestilence

came upon them; but, for all that, they turned not unto the Lord, but hardened their hearts against him, and were a stiff-necked generation, even as they are unto this day.

However, I need not go on beating round the bush, for, if further proofs that sorrow does not necessarily soften are needed, there are plenty of such proofs here at this moment. There is that sailor over yonder, he knows that he is a great deal worse man than he was three or four years ago. He had more prickings of conscience then than he has now; yet it is not many months since he escaped from shipwreck. He thought the angry deep must surely swallow him up, so he cried unto God in his time of trouble, and said, "Save me, O God, for the waters have come in unto my soul!" God spared his life, but the trial he then endured had no beneficial effect upon him; and, as I have said, he is a worse man now than he was years ago. Then there is that man yonder, whose business has been going down: what effect has that had upon him? Why, he is growing harder and harder, and is even cursing God for what he calls his ill luck. In trying to improve his position, he is only plunging deeper into the mire, and he will be head over heels in the morass, presently, unless the almighty grace of God shall deliver him. But the man is not softened in spirit by all that he has had to endure. That which would have softened him had he been as wax has hardened him because his nature is like clay. May God yet have mercy on him, for I plainly perceive that his trials by themselves will be of no use to him.

And you, too, who have come creeping out to this service;—you have been so ill that hospital after hospital has turned you away as incurable; the doctors say that nothing more can be done for you; and you have come limping in here, though you can scarcely keep your seat for weariness for you are very ill and weak;—yet your unhumiliated spirit is as proud as though your ribs were made of iron and your heart were strong as steel. If you should be chastened any more, you would only revolt more and more. You have already been smitten until your whole head is sick, and your whole heart is faint; from the crown of your head to the sole of your feet there is no soundness in you, for you have become, as the result of God's chastisements, a mass of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores; yet still is sin as strongly entrenched within your soul as ever it was. What more shall the Lord do unto you? Shall he give you up as hopeless? Shall he make you as Admah? Shall he set you as Zeboim? Shall he say concerning you, "He is joined unto his idols; let him alone"? What else remaineth to be done for you when all this affliction and trial will not break your heart?

I might go on pointing out you who are like king Ahaz, for my Master knows all about you, and he knows how to direct my tongue so that I shall describe you. I feel a great yearning of heart, the throes of strong convulsions in my soul over some of you who are here. I know that I have a special message from God for some whom I am now addressing; who and where they are, the Lord knows; I do not, but I pray that my message may now be

accepted by them. As the Lord my God liveth, before whom I stand, if thou turn not at his rebuke, O soul, if this last affliction shall not humble thee, he will dash thee in pieces like a potter's vessel, and break thee with a rod of iron! "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" Why will you draw destruction down upon your own head? Why will you stain your garments with your own blood? Wherefore will you dash yourself to pieces upon the bosses of Jehovah's buckler? Why will you run upon the edge of his sword? Why will you leap into the fires of hell? Why will you ruin your souls for ever? Pause, I entreat you: a brother's love bids you pause. Thou, who art like "that king Ahaz" who, in the time of his distress, trod-past yet more against the Lord, I pray thee to stop and consider, lest, at thy next step, thy feet should hang over the awful darkness of the pit, and thy soul be precipitated into the depths eternal!

I have thus, I hope, come somewhat near the mark at which I am aiming, and I am getting to speak right home to those who have had afflictions and trials, but are growing worse, rather than better, notwithstanding all that has happened to them. I will turn from them to speak to some of you, who have the notion that you will repent and believe in Christ some day, but you will not repent and believe in Christ just yet. You have not made up your minds that you will go to hell; oh, no, you mean to be saved one of these days; you have not decided when it shall be; but, still, you do mean it to happen one of these days. Your secret thought is that, one of these days, you will be obedient to the heavenly vision. You talk to yourselves in some such fashion as this, "I shall be laid aside one day, perhaps it may not be until I grow old; and when I am ill, I shall have time to turn the matter over calmly and quietly. I have heard my friends say, concerning some who had lived very bad lives, that they hoped it was all right with them at the last; therefore, may I not hope that it will be all right with me?" Friend, I want to give you a warning word; perhaps my meeting you here, and talking specially to you for a little while, may be the means of your eternal salvation. What makes you imagine that a time of sickness is a suitable time for repentance? Do you not think that you will have quite enough to do to bear your pains of body, without having to think of the state of your soul? When your head is aching, you cannot properly attend even to your earthly business; so how can you hope to attend to your soul's business when your head and your heart will both be aching? You find that your worldly concerns need a healthy mind and body to conduct them properly; so do you think that, when the mind is becoming weak through senile decay and physical infirmity, that then will be a fitting time to think of these momentous and eternal realities?

In many diseases, I believe that repentance and faith are scarcely possible, for some of them bring such a lethargy of spirit that the mind is hardly able to act at all. There are, doubtless, many persons who are alive, but who, for all practical purposes, are dead long before they actually die. You know, too, how often the very



thought of death is so harassing to an unbeliever that he can hardly think of sin. A murderer may repent that he has been brought to the gallows, yet not repent of the murder that brought him there; just as, on their death-bed, many repent of hell, but not of sin. I fear that, often, the sense of the wrath to come gets to be so vivid, and so real, that sin hardly comes into the reckoning; and remember, friend, that it is not repentance of hell that will save you, but repentance of sin;—not repentance of the punishment, but repentance of the evil deed itself, a sincere hatred of the very pleasure which sin would bring. O sirs, take my word for it, and I think that, if there were physicians here, they would certify that I am speaking the truth when I say that there are other things to do, on your death-bed, than to talk of “making your peace with God.” I am uttering a solemn truth, but it is one that must be spoken; there may have been some few persons who have been saved on a death-bed, but my own conviction is that they have been very, very, very, very, very few. • We only read, in Scripture, of one who was saved at the last,—the dying thief on the cross; and it has been well said that there was one that none might despair, but only one that none might presume. I do not know that there ever was another besides the dying thief who was called by grace at the eleventh hour; I repeat that I do not *know* this. I do not say that there have not been any, I *hope* there have been many, but I do not know it. I have no revelation concerning it, there is nothing in this blessed Book about it; only thus I know, there was one, and therefore I *hope* there have been more; but since I only know of that one, I would warn you not to put any confidence in a repentance that may possibly come at the last. You may be saved on your death-bed; but I think there is every probability that you, who have loved sin so long, will hug it to the last. I do not see any reason why you should turn your backs suddenly on your former course; if there be any such reason, let it operate upon you now. Surely it should have as much force upon your conscience, at this moment, while you are capable of weighing the whole matter calmly and deliberately, as it will have when you lie tossing on your bed, and your judgment has lost a great part if not all of its former vigour. May God bring you to Christ now; but do not, I pray you, be dreaming about a death-bed on which you may never lie, or of a repentance which you may never experience. There was a man who was an awful swearer, and whenever anybody spoke to him about his not being saved, he used to say, “Oh, well, when my turn comes to die, I shall just say, ‘Lord, have mercy upon me,’ and that will be enough.” It happened that, one dark night, when going home on horseback drunk, his horse leaped the parapet of a high bridge, and horse and rider fell right into the water; and the last word that the man was heard to utter was an oath, so beyond all doubt he plunged into a hopeless eternity. It is quite possible that you will never have the opportunity to breathe a dying prayer; or if you could have such an opportunity, it is quite possible that you would have no inclination

to utter it. Remember that "now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." May God, in his sovereign mercy, turn you to himself now!

Now I come back to you, who have had many trials, but who have not been bettered by them. My friend, over yonder, you do not often hear a minister preach the Word; and, therefore, now that I have you here, let me deal very plainly and faithfully with you. Why do you think that your trials were sent to you? I have shown you that, often, distress has been blessed to others. Now, supposing you have had an experience which has been blessed to others, but it has been no blessing to you, what is the inference? If a man takes a piece of quartz, in which he thinks there is some gold, and puts it through the usual processes for extracting gold, and when he has done that, sees that there is no likelihood of finding gold in it, what is he likely to do with it? Why, methinks, ere long, when he has tried all the plans he can think of, he will throw it away, and have nothing more to do with it; and is it not likely that God will soon throw you away as utterly worthless? Did you not say, the other night, that you wished God would let you alone? You would not have come in to this service if you had thought that I should speak so pointedly and personally to you, would you? You would like to see every church, and chapel, and mission-hall destroyed; you would like to have no Sundays, and no religious people, because they plague you, they get in your way, they stick pins into your pillow, they will not leave you alone to sleep the sleep of death.

But do you not see that the fact that you want to be let alone is itself a proof of your reprobate mind? God is beginning to let you alone, I am afraid; inasmuch as you are wishing to be let alone, I am afraid that awful curse will come upon you; and, possibly, it will come upon you soon. Should your present condition continue much longer, I can tell you what will happen to you, you will become an avowed atheist, you will deny even the existence of God. You may even become an open blasphemer, or you may become unconscious of any spiritual emotion. Your conscience will never prick you, and you will go on sinning with a high hand until you come to die. Perhaps, even then, no alarm or terror will disturb your false peace of mind; even when you dip your feet in the chilly stream of the river of death, you will be self-deceived to the last; but oh, sir, what a change will come over you when you once get into the world of eternal realities! When, at last, you realize that you are a lost soul, and that you have for ever to anticipate the wrath to come, what will you do then? O man, how will the blood boil in your veins, and your nerves become burning tracks for the wheels of pain to travel on! God help you! God save you! Only he can do this, for I see the dread forecast of the flames of hell in you when you begin to ask God to let you alone in your sin.

"Well," says one, "like that king Ahaz, I have transgressed yet more and more against the Lord notwithstanding all my distress; but God, who knows all things, knows that I would be saved if I

could. While you were singing that hymn just now, I thought I would act upon it; I said in my heart,—

“I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try.  
For if I stay away I know,  
I must for ever die.”

Dear friend, give me your hand; I feel that I may rejoice over you, for if God the Holy Ghost has put it into your heart to say, “I am resolved to try;” or, better still, “I am resolved to trust Jesus Christ as my Saviour; though he slay me, I will trust in him;”—depend upon it, he will not slay you; he would not do so even if you were the blackest of sinners, one who had sinned till you had become the vilest of all offenders. Jesus casts out none who come to him by faith. Do, I pray you, now say in your soul, “God helping me, I will now come to him; and who can tell whether there may not be a harp in heaven even for me, and a crown of glory for me? I trust that I may yet stand with all the blood-washed host before the throne of God above, and join in singing the everlasting song of praise to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; and even here on earth, I may be among the children of God, I may be forgiven, I may be saved, I may be accepted in the Beloved.” If thou talkest thus, and meanest all that thou sayest, I say unto thee, not only that this may be the case with thee, but that it may be the case with thee this very hour.

“Oh! believe the promise true,  
God to you his Son has given.”

A loving Father waits with arms outstretched to welcome the returning prodigal to his heart. Jesus waits by the fountain filled with his precious blood to wash you from all your sinful stains. The Holy Spirit is working in you even now; ’tis he who bids you come. Let not Satan persuade you that it is too late for you to come to Jesus; it is never too late while the messenger of mercy continues to speak to you. Let not the devil convince you that you are too sinful to be saved; often, the greatest sinners are the first to be saved. If the devil tells you that you are an extraordinary sinner, tell him that Christ is such an extraordinary Saviour that he can save all sorts of sinners, ordinary and extraordinary too. Say not in your heart that you cannot be saved; for, high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are God’s thoughts above your thoughts, and his ways above your ways. My poor friend, if thou feelest thy need of a Saviour, join with me, and with all the people of God here in singing this verse; sing it from your heart, and the great transaction’s done,—

“Nothing in my hands I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.”

## Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.\*

## II THESSALONIANS I., AND II. 1—4.

Chapter 1. Verses 1, 2. *Paul, and Silvanus, and Timotheus, unto the church of the Thessalonians in God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ: Grace unto you, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.*

All nations have their special forms of salutation, and this is the Christian's greeting to his fellow-Christians, "Grace unto you, and peace." How much there is in this prayer! "Grace"—the free favour of God, the active energy of the divine power; and "peace"—reconciliation to God, peace of conscience, peace with all men. My brethren, what better things could I desire for you, and what better things could you wish for your best beloved friends than these, "Grace unto you, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ"?

3. *We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren,*

We do not feel this bond as much as we ought; we often feel ourselves bound to grumble and complain, but I question whether we think enough about being bound to praise God; and if we do not thank God as we ought for ourselves, it is little marvel if we are very slack in the duty of thanking him for others. Herein, then, let us imitate this devout apostle, and let us consider ourselves bound to thank God always for our brethren.

3—7. *As it is meet, because that your faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth; so that we ourselves glory in you in the churches of God for your patience and faith in all your persecutions and tribulations that ye endure: which is a manifest token of the righteous judgment of God, that ye may be counted worthy of the kingdom of God, for which ye also suffer: seeing it is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you; and to you who are troubled rest with us,—*

You will perhaps say that this command is more easily given than carried out; and yet, my brethren, the grace of God always enables us to perform what the precept of God commands. "You who are troubled, rest with us." If you can get even a partial glimpse of the glory that is to follow your trouble; if you can see Christ suffering with you, and realize your union with him; if the blessed Spirit, who pledges himself to be with all the Lord's people, shall be with you, you will find it no hard thing thus to rest: "You who are troubled rest with us,"—

7. *When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels,*

This rest, then, it seems, is to be given to us mainly when Christ shall come with his mighty angels.

8, 9. *In flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power;*

I wonder what those persons, who say that it is not the duty of men to believe the gospel, make of this passage. Paul writes that those who "obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ shall be punished with everlasting destruction." Then, clearly, the gospel demands and commands man's obedience, and those who will not believe it shall be punished, not only for their other sins, but for this as their chief and damning fault,

\* This Exposition belongs to Sermon No. 2,991, "What we Have, and Are to Have;" but there was not space available for it there.

that they would not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as set before them in the gospel of his grace.

10. *When he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe—*

Which passage means, I suppose, that as Christ will be admired in his own person, so his glory, reflected in all his children, will be a subject of admiration to the whole intelligent universe. The saints of God shall be so pure; so bright, such trophies of the Redeemer's power to save, that he shall be admired in them. We know that, in God's great temple of the universe, everything doth speak of his glory; and so, in the great spiritual temple of his Church, every separate saint shall show forth the glory of Christ.

10, 11. *(Because our testimony among you was believed) in that day. Wherefore also we pray always for you, that our God would count you worthy of this calling, and fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power.*

Ministers should be much in prayer for their people. When John Welsh's wife found him on the ground with his eyes red with weeping, and she found that he had been there supplicating by the hour together, she asked him what ailed him, and he replied "Woman, I have three thousand souls to care for, and I wot not how they all prosper; therefore must I wrestle with God for them all." Oh, that we felt more the weight of our ministry! It is, perhaps, the great fault of this age that so many, who do preach, yet preach with so little earnestness, and are not sufficiently alive to the value of immortal souls. Oh, that the Holy Spirit would make our ministry to be "the burden of the Lord" upon us!

12. *That the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and in him according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ.*

Chapter ii. Verses 1, 2. *Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand.*

In his former Epistle to the Thessalonians, Paul had written as if he expected Christ to come immediately, and the people seem to have taken his words so literally as to have lived in expectation of Christ's advent, and perhaps to have exhibited some degree of fear concerning it. He now calms their minds by telling them that Christ would not come until certain events had happened. The history of the world was not complete; the harvest of the Church was not ripe; neither had the sin of man and especially the "man of sin" become fully developed.

3, 4. *Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.*

If this "man of sin" be not the Pope of Rome, we cannot tell who is the antichrist. Certainly, if this description were put in the *Hur-and-Ory*, and we were police officers, we should at once arrest the Pope as the man whose character agreed with the warrant in our hands. What does he call himself? "Vicar of Christ on earth." What does he do but set himself up to be adored and worshipped as though he were divine, making himself out to be the fountain and channel of all grace. Beloved, this "man of sin" has been revealed, now we may look for the coming of the Son of man; but the day and the hour when he shall come no man knoweth; no, and not even the angels of God.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

JUDE'S DOXOLOGY.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, JUNE 28TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Lord's-day Evening, November 7th, 1875.*

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."—Jude 24, 25.

PAUL's writings abound in doxologies. You will find them in different forms scattered throughout all his Epistles. But he is not the only apostle who thus pauses to magnify the name of God. Here is "Judas, not Iscariot," but the true-hearted Jude, who has been writing an Epistle which seems all ablaze with lightning, it burns so terribly against certain orders of sinners. Almost every word that Jude writes seems to have the roll of thunder in it; he appears to be more like the Haggai of the Old Testament than the Peter of the New. Yet he cannot close his short Epistle until he has included some ascription of praise to God.

Learn from this, dear friends, that the sin of man, if we are ever called to denounce it, should drive us to adore the goodness and glory of God. Sin defiles the world; so, after you have done your best to sweep it out, resolve that, inasmuch as man has dishonoured the name of God, you will seek to magnify that name. It is true that you cannot actually redress the wrong that has been done; but, at any rate, if the stream of sin has been increased, you may increase the stream of loyal and reverent praise. Take care that you do so. Jude is not satisfied with having rebuked the sons of men for their sin, so he turns round to glorify his God.

Observe that these doxologies, wherever we meet with them, are not all exactly the same. They are presented to the same God, and offered in the same spirit; but there are reasons given for the doxology in the one case which are not given in the other. Our morning text\* told us of what God is able to do, and so does this. They both begin with praising God's ability; but while Paul spoke about the greatness of that ability in what it could do for us, Jude speaks of the greatness of that ability in preserving us from falling,

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\* See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 1,266, "Paul's Doxology." No. 2,994.

and perfecting us so that we may be presented faultless before the presence of the glory of God. Let us, in an adoring frame of mind, think over this sublime subject.

I. First, LET US ADORE HIM WHO CAN KEEP US FROM FALLING.

I address myself, of course, now, only to God's own people. When shall we ever see a congregation in which it will be needless to make such a remark as that? I cannot call upon some of you to adore God for keeping you from falling; for, alas! you have not yet learned to stand upright. God's grace has never yet been accepted by you. You are not on the Rock of ages; you have not yet set out upon the heavenly pilgrimage. It is a wretched state for you to be in, in which you cannot worship him whom angels worship. It is a sad state of heart for any man to be in, to be excluded—self-excluded—from the general acclamations of joy in the presence of God, because you feel no such joy, and cannot, therefore, unite in such acclamations.

But, to the people of God, I have to say this. Dear brothers and sisters, *we need keeping*; therefore, let us adore him who can keep us. As saved souls, we need keeping from final apostasy. "Oh!" saith one, "I thought you taught us that those who are once saved shall never finally apostatize." I do believe that doctrine, and delight to preach it; yet it is true that the saved ones would apostatize, every one of them, if the Lord did not keep them. There is no stability in any Christian, in himself considered; it is the grace of God within him that enables him to stand. I believe that the soul of man is immortal, yet not in and of itself, but only by the immortality which God bestows upon it from his own essential immortality. So is it with the new life that is within us. It shall never perish; but it is only eternal because God continues to keep it alive. Your final perseverance is not the result of anything in yourself, but the result of the grace which God continues to give you, and of his eternal purpose which first chose you and of his almighty power which still keeps you alive. Ah, my brethren, the brightest saints on earth would fall into the lowest hell if God did not keep them from falling. Therefore, praise him, O ye stars that shine in the Church's sky, for ye would go out with a noxious smell, as lamps do for want of oil, did not the Lord keep your heavenly flame burning. Glory be unto the Preserver of his Church who keeps his loved ones even to the end!

But there are other ways of failing beside falling finally and fatally. Alas, brethren! we are all liable to fall into errors of doctrine. The best-taught man, apart from divine guidance, is not incapable of becoming the greatest fool possible. There is a strange weakness which sometimes comes over noble spirits, and which makes them infatuated with an erroneous novelty, though they fancy they have discovered some great truth. Men of enquiring and receptive minds are often decoyed from the old paths,—the good old ways; and while they think they are pursuing truth, they are being led into damnable error. No only is kept, as to his thoughts and doctrinal views, whom God keeps, for there are errors that would, if it were possible, deceive even the very elect; and

there are men and women going about in this world, with smooth tongues and plausible arguments, who carry<sup>a</sup> honeyed words upon their lips, though drawn swords are concealed behind their backs. Blessed are they who are preserved from these wolves in sheep's clothing. Lord, thou alone canst preserve us from the pernicious errors of the times, for thou art "the only wise God our Saviour."

And, dear friends, we need keeping from an evil spirit. I do not know which I should prefer,—to see one of my dear Christian brethren fall into doctrinal error, or into an un-Christian spirit. I would prefer neither, for I think this is a safe rule,—of two evils, choose neither. It is sad to hear some people talk as if they alone are right, and all other Christians are wrong. If there is anything which is the very essence and soul of Christianity, it is brotherly love; but brotherly love seems to be altogether forgotten by these people; and other Christians, who, in the judgment of sobriety, are as earnest, and as true-hearted, and as useful as themselves, are set down as belonging to a kind of Babylonian system;—I hardly know what they do not call it, but they give it all sorts of bad names, and this is thought to be a high style of Christianity. God grant that the man may be forgiven who thought it to be a worthy purpose of his life to found a sect whose distinguishing characteristic should be that it would have no communion with any other Christians! The mischief that man has done is utterly incalculable, and I can only pray that, in the providence of God, some part of it may die with him.

O brethren and sisters, I charge you, whatever mistakes you make, not to make a mistake about this one thing,—that, even if you have all knowledge, and have not charity, it profiteth you nothing; even if you could get a perfect creed, and knew that your mode of worship was absolutely apostolic, yet, if you also imbibed the idea that you could not worship with any other Christians, and that they were altogether outside your camp, your error would be far worse than all other errors put together, for to be wrong in heart is even worse than to be wrong in head. I would have you true to God's truth; but, above all, I would have you true to God's love. My brother, I think you are mistaken about this matter or that; but do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? If so, I love you. I have no doubt that I also am mistaken about some things; but do not therefore withdraw your hand, and say that you cannot have fellowship with me. I have fellowship with my Father who is in heaven, and with his Son, Jesus Christ, and with his blessed Spirit; and methinks that it ill becomes you, if you call yourself a son of that same God, to refuse to have fellowship with me when I have fellowship with him. God save you from this evil spirit;<sup>a</sup> but you may readily enough fall into it unless the Lord shall keep you. Your very zeal for truth may drive you into a forgetfulness of Christian love; and if it does, it will be a sad pity. O Lord, keep us from falling in this way!

But there are falls of another sort which may happen to the brightest Christian; I mean, falls into outward sin. As you read Jude's Epistle through, you will see what apostates some professors



became, and you will be led to cry, "Lord, keep me from falling!" And if you were the pastor of a large church like mine, you would see enough to convince you that traitors like Judas are not all dead,—that, amidst the faithful, the unfaithful are still found,—that there are bad fish to be thrown away, as well as good fish to be kept; and every time we execute an act of discipline,—every time we have to bemoan the fall of one who looked like a brother,—we may thank God that we have been kept, and may sing this doxology, "Unto him that is able to keep us from falling, be glory and power for ever."

And, dear friends, there is a way of falling, out of which people are not so often recovered as when they fall into overt sin; I mean, falling into negligence as to natural or Christian duties. I have known professors who have been very lax at home,—children who were not obedient to their parents,—husbands who did not love their wives as they ought,—wives who were quite at home at this meeting and that, but very negligent of their domestic duties. And, mark you, where that is the case, it is a thing to mourn over, for the Christian ought to be absolutely reliable in everything he has to do. I would not give twopence for your religion if you are a tradesman, but not fair in your dealings. I do not care if you can sing like David, or preach like Paul, if you cannot measure a yard of material with the proper number of inches, or if your scales do not weigh rightly, or your general mode of business is not straight and true, you had better make no profession of religion. The separation of what is called "religious" from the "secular" is one of the greatest possible mistakes. There is no such thing as a religion of Sundays, and of chapels and churches; at least, though there is such a thing, it is not worth having. The religion of Christ is a religion for seven days in the week,—a religion for every place and for every act; and it teaches men, whether they eat, or drink, or whatever they do, to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to the glory of God. I pray that you may be kept from falling away from that religion, and that you may be kept up to the mark in serving the Lord in all things, and attending diligently to the little commonplace matters of daily life.

And you know, dear friends, there is another sort of falling; that is, when the heart gets gradually cold,—when the Christian wanders away little by little,—when the life becomes more or less inconsistent with the profession. Oh, how many professors get into this state! They are like people who are not as well as they used to be. They do not know when they began to feel worse; it was months ago, and every day they have got weaker, till now you can see their bones, though once they were full of flesh. Now they discover that, whereas once they could have walked ten miles without fatigue, half a mile or less wearies them. Their appetite, too, has gradually gone; they scarcely know how. Ah, these are the sick folk with whom the physician has more trouble than he has with those who are suddenly seized by some well-known disease; and that gradual decline of spiritual health, which does not come all at once, but little by little, is one of the most perilous of evils:

and we have need continually to cry, ' Lord, keep us from this ; ' and to praise his name that he is able so to keep us.

Thus I have shown you that we need keeping ; and, brethren, *none but the Lord can keep us*. No man can keep himself ; without God's grace, he will surely fail. And no place can keep us. Some people think that, if they could get into such-and-such a family, they could keep from sin, but they are mistaken. In every position which a man occupies, he will find temptation. We have heard of the hermit, who hoped to get rid of all sin by living in a cave. He took with him his little brown loaf and his jug of water, but he had hardly entered the cave before he upset his jug, and spilt the water. It was a long way to the well, and he got so angry with himself for what he had done, that he soon discovered that the devil could get into a cave as quickly as he could, so he thought he might as well go back, and face the trials of ordinary society. There is a story which they tell in Scotland of a family who were thriftless, and therefore did not succeed ; but they thought it was one of the " brownies " that kept them from getting on ; so they decided to " flit." They put all their things into the cart ; but just as they were about to start, they heard a noise that made them cry out, " The brownie is in the churn ; " so, wherever the churn went, the brownie would go too. And you may remove wherever you like, and think, " If I get into such a position, I shall escape from temptation ; " but you will find that " the brownie is in the churn " still, and he will follow you wherever you may go. You cannot be kept from falling by choosing another situation. You had better stop where you are, brother, and fight the devil there, for perhaps the next place that you select as the scene of combat may not be as suitable as the one you have now.

" Ah ! " says one, " I wish I could get to—

" A lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade ;  
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach me more."

Yes, yes ; but that is not the way to conquer sin, is it ? Suppose the battle of Waterloo is just beginning, and here is a soldier who wants to win a victory : so he runs away,—gets off to Brussels, and hides himself in a cellar ! Is he likely to be numbered among the heroes of the day ? No, brethren ; and if there is any sin to be overcome in this world, there is no credit to the man who says, " I am going to hide somewhere out of the world." No, no, my brother ; accept the lot that God has provided for you ; take your place in the ranks of his soldiers ; and whatever temptation comes, look up to him who is able to keep you from falling, but do not dream of running away, for that is the way to fail, that is being defeated before the battle begins. Nobody but God can keep you. You may join whatever church you like ; you may wear a hat with a broad brim, and say " thou " and " thee " ; you may meet with those who break bread, and preach nothing but the gospel of the grace of

God; you may dwell amongst the best people who ever lived; but you will still be tempted. Neither place nor people, neither manners nor customs can keep you from falling; God alone can do it.

But here is the mercy, *God can do it*. Notice how Jude's doxology puts it: "To the only wise God our Saviour." It is because he alone is wise that he alone is able to keep us from falling. He does it by teaching us the truth, by warning us against secret sin, and by his providential leading. Sometimes, he keeps temptation from us; at other times, he allows a temptation to come to us that, by overcoming it, we may be the stronger to meet another one. Oftentimes, he delivers us from temptation by letting affliction come upon us. Many a man has been kept from falling into sin by being stretched upon a bed of sickness. Had it not been for the loss of that eye, he would have looked upon vanity. Had it not been for that broken bone, he would have run in the ways of ungodliness. We little know how much preservation from falling we owe to our losses and crosses. The story of Sir James Thornhill painting the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's is probably well known to you. When he had finished one of the compartments, he was stepping backward that he might get a full view of it, and so went almost to the edge of the scaffolding, and would have fallen over if he had taken another step; but a friend, who saw his danger, wisely seized one of his brushes, and rubbed some paint over his picture. The artist, in his rage, rushed forward to save his painting, and so saved his own life. We have all pictured life; what a fairy picture we made of it; and as we admired it, we walked further and yet further away from God and safety, and got nearer and yet nearer to perilous temptation, when trial came, and ruined the picture we had painted; and then, though scarcely knowing why, we came forward and were saved. God had kept us from falling by the trouble he had sent to us.

God has often kept us from falling by a bitter sense of our past sin. We have not dared to go near the fire again, for our former burns have scarcely healed. I have also noticed, in my own case, that when the desire for sin has come with force, the opportunity for sin has not been present; and when the opportunity of evil has been present, then the desire has been absent. It is wonderful how God prevents these two things from meeting, and so keeps his people from falling.

Above all, it is by the Divine Spirit that God bears us up as upon eagle's wings. The Spirit teaches us to hate sin, and to love righteousness, and so we are daily kept from falling.

Brethren, join with me in adoring the Lord that *he will keep us to the end*. Have we committed our souls into the hands of Jesus? Then, our souls are safe for ever. Are we trusting to him to keep us till the day of his appearing? If so, he will keep us; not one sheep or lamb out of his flock shall by any possibility be destroyed by the wolf, or the bear, or the roaring lion of hell. They shall all be his in the day when they pass again under the hands of him that telleth them.

II. Now, secondly, LET US ADORE HIM BECAUSE HE WILL, AT THE LAST, PRESENT US "FAULTLESS BEFORE THE PRESENCE OF HIS GLORY WITH EXCEEDING JOY."

There will come a day, brethren, when we must either be presented in the courts of God as his courtiers, or else be driven from his judgment-seat as rebels against his authority. We look forward with the confident expectation that we shall be presented as the friends of Christ unto God even the Father; and that is, indeed, a cause for adoring gratitude.

Do you notice how Jude puts it? "To present you faultless." *There shall be none in heaven but those who are faultless.* There shall by no means enter into those holy courts anything that defileth. Heaven is perfectly pure; and if you and I are ever to get there, we must be pure as the driven snow. No taint of sin must be upon us, or else we cannot stand among the courtiers of God. His flaming throne would shoot forth columns of devouring fire upon any guilty soul that dared to stand in the courts of the Most High, if such a standing were possible. But we are impure,—impure as to our acts; and, worst of all, impure as to our very nature; how then can we hope ever to stand there? Yet, dear brethren and sisters, our confidence is that we shall. Why?

Is it not because *Christ is able to present us faultless there?* Come, Christian, think for a minute how faultless Christ has made you so far as your past sin is concerned. The moment you believed in him, you were so completely washed in his precious blood that not a spot of sin remained upon you. Try to realize that, whatever your past life has been, if you now believe in Jesus Christ, you are cleansed from all iniquity by virtue of his atoning sacrifice, and you are covered by a spotless robe of righteousness by virtue of his blessed life of perfect purity and obedience to his Father's will. You are now without fault so far as your past sin is concerned, for he has cast it all into the depths of the sea; but you feel that you are not without fault as to your nature.

"Oh!" say you, "I feel everything that is evil rising at times within me." But all that evil is under sentence of death. Christ nailed it to his cross. Crucifixion is a lingering and very painful death, and the culprit struggles ere he breathes his last; but your sins have had their death-blow. When Christ was nailed to the cross, your sins were nailed there too, and they shall never come down again. Die they must, even as he died. It will be a blessed hour when sin shall at last give up the ghost,—when there shall be not even the tendency to sin within our nature. Then shall we be presented faultless before the throne of God.

"Can that ever be?" asks one. Well may you ask that question, brother. Can it ever be that we shall not be tempted by one foul lust, nor be disturbed by one unbridled passion, nor feel the emotions of envy or of pride again? Yes, it shall surely be. Christ has secured this blessing to you. His name is Jesus, Saviour, "for he shall save his people from their sins." He must and will do this for all who trust him. Rejoice that he will do this, for no one but God can do it. It must be "the only wise God our Saviour" who

can accomplish this; but accomplish it he will. Does your faith enable you to picture yourself as standing before the throne of God faultless? Well then, give to the Lord the glory which is due unto him for such a wondrous act of grace as that.

This is how you are to be presented by Christ in glory. There is a great stir in a family when a daughter is to be presented at court, and a great deal is thought of it; but, one day, you and I, who have believed in Jesus, shall be presented to the Father. What radiant beauty shall we then wear when God himself shall look upon us, and declare us to be without fault;—when there shall be no cause for sorrow remaining, and therefore we shall be presented with exceeding joy! It shall be so, my brother; it shall be so, my sister; therefore do not doubt it. How soon it shall be, we cannot tell; possibly, to-morrow. Perhaps, ere the sun rises again, you and I may be presented by Christ “before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.” We cannot tell when it will be, but we shall be there in his good time. We shall be perfect; we shall be “accepted in the Beloved;” and, therefore, “unto him be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.”

III. That is the note with which I have to close my discourse. LET US, BECAUSE OF THESE TWO GREAT BLESSINGS OF FINAL PRESERVATION AND PRESENTATION BEFORE HIS GLORY, OFFER UNTO THE LORD OUR HIGHEST ASCRIPTIONS OF PRAISE.

Jude says, “Both now and ever.” Well, we will attend to the “ever” as eternity rolls on; but let us attend to the praise of God “now”—at this moment: “To the only wise God our Saviour be glory and majesty, dominion and power *now*.” Come, brethren and sisters, think of what you owe to him who has kept you to this day, and will not let you go. Think of where you might have been; and think, I may say, of where you used to be, in your unregenerate state. Yet you are not there now; but here you are, without self-righteousness, made to differ from your fellow-men, entirely through the grace of God. You have been kept, perhaps twenty years; thirty years, forty years, possibly, fifty years. Well, unto him be the glory; give him the glory, even now.

How can you do it? Well, feel it in your hearts; speak of it to your neighbours; talk of it to your children. Tell everybody you meet what a good and blessed and faithful God he is, and so give him glory now. And be happy and cheerful. you cannot glorify God better than by a calm, quiet, happy life. Let the world know that you serve a good Master. If you are in trouble, do not let anyone see that the trouble touches your spirit;—nay, more, do not let it trouble your spirit. Rest in God; take evil as well as good from his hand, and keep on praising him. You do not know how much good you may do, and how greatly you may glorify God, if you praise him in your dark times. Worldlings do not care much about our psalm-singing unless they see us in pain and sorrow, and observe that we praise God then. I like, and the world likes, a religion that will wash,—a religion that will stand many showers, and much rough usage. Some Christians’ joy disappears in the wear and tear of life; it cannot endure the world’s rough handling.

Let it not be so with us, beloved; but let us praise, and bless, and magnify the name of the Lord as long as we have any being.

I know that, in speaking thus, I am only addressing a part of my congregation. I wish that every man and woman here were now praising the Lord, and I am sure that you could not have a better occupation to all eternity. Remember that, if you do not praise God, it is impossible for you ever to enter heaven, for that is the chief occupation of heaven; and remember also that praise from your lips, until those lips are divinely cleansed, would be like a jewel in a swine's snout, a thing altogether out of place. For you, dear unsaved hearer, the first thing is not praise, but prayer,—*not* even prayer first, but faith. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;” and then, in faith, pray the prayer which God accepts. But thou must first believe in Jesus. “And what does believing in Jesus mean?” thou askest. It means this: thy sin deserves punishment, for God, who is just, must punish sin. But his Son came into the world to suffer in the stead of those who trust him; and now, God can be just, and yet the Justifier of every soul that believes in Jesus. In the person of his Son, God hangs upon a tree, and dies a felon's death: wilt thou believe in the merit of that death, and in the love of God, who spared not his own Son in order that he might spare us? Canst thou trust Jesus as thy God and Saviour? Wilt thou do it now? Then thou art saved. The first moment of thus trusting God is the beginning of a new life,—a life which will drive out the old death of sin. The moment that thou dost thus trust thy God, thou wilt be placed upon a new footing with regard to him, thy whole aspect towards God will be changed. Repentance will take such possession of thy spirit that thou wilt be actuated by new motives, and swayed by new desires; in fact, thou wilt be a new man in Christ Jesus. This is being saved,—saved from the love of sin, saved from returning to sin, saved from falling, and so completely saved that Christ shall one day present thee “faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.” May God do this for every one of you, my hearers, according to the riches of his grace! It is my heart's last, best, and strongest desire that every one of you may be saved. May we all meet in heaven, before the throne of God, never more to be parted! While I am away, listen with all earnestness to other heralds of the cross, and pray the Lord to bless their messages to your salvation, if mine have not been so blest. I pray that, by some instrumentality, you may all be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon:

#### THE GENERAL EPISTLE OF JUDE.

Verse 1. *Jude.*

That is to say Judas, not Iscariot,—

1. *The servant of Jesus Christ, and brother of James,—*

He does not say, “and brother of our Lord,” for we know that James and Judas were both of them among the Lord's kinsmen: according to the

flesh; but now, after the flesh, knoweth he even Christ no more, but is content and happy to be known as "the servant of Jesus Christ, and brother of James,"—

1. *To them that are sanctified by God the Father,*

For the decree of election, the setting apart of the chosen is usually ascribed unto God the Father.

1. *And preserved in Jesus Christ, and called:*

We have here a very blessed description of the whole work of our salvation,—set apart by the Father, joined unto Christ, and preserved in him, and then, in due time, called out by the Spirit of God.

2. *Mercy unto you, and peace, and love, be multiplied.*

Christian letters should be full of love and good will. The Christian dispensation breathes beneficence; it is full of benediction: "Mercy unto you, and peace, and love, be multiplied." May the Divine Trinity give you a trinity of blessings!

3. *Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.*

In the sense of being once for all given to the saints, the faith of Christians is not a variable quantity. It is not a thing which changes from day to day, as some seem to suppose, vainly imagining that fresh light is bestowed upon each new generation. No, the truth was delivered once for all, it was stereotyped, fixed; and it is for us to hold it fast as God has given it to us.

4. *For there are certain men crept in unawares,—*

They did not boldly avow their heresy when they came in:—they would not have been allowed to enter if they had done so;—but they sneaked in, they climbed into the pulpit, professing to be preachers of the gospel, when they knew, all the while, that they intended to undermine it. Basest of all men are those who act thus: "There are certain men crept in unawares,"—

4. *Who were before of old ordained to this condemnation,*

Proscribed by God as traitors long ago. Those who have not the courage of their convictions probably have no convictions at all, but seek to undermine the faith which they profess to hold.

4. *Ungodly men, turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Antinomians, "turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness," falsely declaring that the law has no binding force upon the Christian's life, and saying that we may do evil that good may come;—and Socinians, "denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ."

5. *I will therefore put you in remembrance, though ye once knew this, how that the Lord, having saved the people out of the land of Egypt, afterward destroyed them that believed not.*

If we have no real faith, we may appear to go a long way towards heaven, but we shall not enter the heavenly Canaan.

6. *And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day.*

See, then, the need of stability, the need of abiding in the faith, and abiding in the practice of it, lest we should turn out to be like the Israelites, who, though they came out of Egypt, left their carcases in the wilderness, or like the angels, who, though they once stood in God's presence in glory, have fallen to the deeps of the abyss because of their apostasy.

7, 8. *Even as Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities about them in like manner, giving themselves over to fornication, and going after strange flesh, are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire. Likewise also these filthy dreamers defile the flesh, despise dominion, and speak evil of dignities.*

They cast off all restraint; they claim to have liberty to do whatever they like; and when reproved, they utter railing words against those who honestly rebuke them.

9. *Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee.*

To what does this refer? I am sure I do not know. I cannot think it refers to anything recorded in the Old Testament, but to some fact, known to Jude, who here speaks by revelation, and records it. We believe it, and learn from it that, when an archangel disputes with the devil, he does not use hard words even against him, for hard words are an evidence of the weakness of the cause which they are used to support. Hard arguments softly put, are the really effective weapons, but it takes some of us a long time to learn this; and generally, in our younger days, we wear away our own strength by the violence with which we use it.

10. *But these speak evil of those things which they know not; but what they know naturally, as brute beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves.*

It is a horrible thing when a man's sin goes the full length of his knowledge, and he sins up to the degree of his possibilities.

11, 12. *Woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain, and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gainsaying of Core. These are spots—*

"These are spoilers," so it may be rendered.

12. *In your feasts of charity,*

They spoil your love feasts at the communion table, they mar your fellowship when you gather together for worship.

12. *When they feast with you, feeding themselves without fear.*

Some of the best Christians, who come to the Lord's table, come there in great fear and trembling; and I have known some, who have had an undoubted right to be there, half afraid to come. Yet those very persons, who have a holy fear lest they should come amiss, are those who really ought to come. "Feeding themselves without fear" is the mark of those who are further off from God.

12. *Clouds they are without water, carried about of winds.*

They believe according to what is said to them by the last man who speaks to them; they are easily persuaded to this doctrine, and to that, and the other.

12. *Trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit,*

They seem to be bearing fruit, but it drops off before it ripens.

12, 13. *Twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea,—*

They have nothing to say for Christ, yet they must say something, so they are "raging waves of the sea,"—

13. *Foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.*

These are the false professors of religion, the members of the church for whom there are seats reserved in hell. This is a dreadful thought: "to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever;"—not for the heathen,



not for the open refusers of the gospel, but for such as creep into the churches unawares, teach false doctrine, live unholy lives.

14, 15. *And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him.*

How Jude knew that Enoch said that, I cannot tell; it is another instance of inspiration.

16. *These are murmurers, complainers,*

You know the sort of people alluded to here; nothing ever satisfies them. They are discontented even with the gospel. The bread of heaven must be cut into dice pieces, and served on dainty napkins, or else they cannot eat it; and very soon their soul loatheth even this light bread. There is no way by which a Christian man can serve God so as to please them. They will pick holes in every preacher's coat; and if the great High Priest himself were here, they would find fault with the colour of the stones of his breastplate.

16—19. *Walking after their own lusts; and their mouth speaketh great swelling words, having men's persons in admiration because of advantage. But, beloved, remember ye the words which were spoken before of the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ; how that they told you there should be mockers in the last time, who should walk after their own ungodly lusts. These be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the Spirit.*

People who must, if they make a profession of religion at all, be continually breaking up churches, and holding themselves aloof from others, having no fellowship with anybody but those who can say "shibboleth" as plainly as they can, and sound the trumpet loudly.

20—22. *But ye beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. And of some have compassion, making a difference:*

Some of those professors, who are not living consistently with their profession, in whom you can see signs and tokens of sin, yet there may be some trace of repentance, some reason to hope that they will forsake the evil when they see it to be evil: "have compassion" upon them.

23. *And others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh.*

When you have to deal with unclean professors, there must be an abhorrence and defestation of their sin even when there is great gentleness towards the sinner. We must never be such believers in the repentance of the guilty as to be willing to wink at sin; for sin is a great evil in any case, and repentance cannot wipe it away; and though it behoves us to be tender to the sinner, we must never be tender to the sin.

How beautifully this short and sad Epistle ends! Having described the many who, after making a profession, yet turn aside, Jude bursts out with this jubilant doxology:—

24, 25. *Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.*

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

VERY SINGULAR.

## A Sermon

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C. H. SPURGEON,

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"He . . . put his household in order, and hanged himself."—2 Samuel xvii. 23.

ABITHOPHEL was a man of keen perception, and those who consulted him followed his advice with as much confidence as if he had been an oracle from heaven. He was a great master of diplomacy, versed in the arts of cunning,—far-seeing, cautious, deep. He was for years the friend and counsellor of David; but thinking it politic to be on the popular side, he left his old master that he might, like many other courtiers, worship the rising sun, and hold an eminent position under Absalom. This, to use diplomatic language,\* was not only a crime, but a mistake. Absalom was not the man to follow the warnings of sagacity, and Abithophel found himself supplanted by another counsellor; whereat he was so incensed that he left Absalom, hurried home, arranged his personal affairs, and hanged himself in sheer vexation.

His case teaches us that the greatest worldly wisdom will not preserve a man from the utmost folly. Here was a man worthy to be called the Nestor of debate, who yet had not wit enough to keep his neck from the fatal noose. Many a man, supremely wise for a time, fails in the long run. The renowned monarch, sagacious for the hour, has ere long proved his whole system to be a fatal mistake. Instances there are, near to hand, where a brilliant career has ended in shame, a life of wealth closed in poverty, an empire collapsed in ruin. The wisdom which contemplates only this life fails even in its own sphere. Its tricks are too shallow, its devices too temporary, and the whole comes down with a crash when least expected to fall. What sad cases have we seen of men, who have been wise in policy, who have utterly failed from lack of principle! For want of the spirit of honour and truth to establish them, they have built palaces of ice which have melted before they were complete. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The wisdom which cometh from above is the only wisdom; the secular is folly until the sacred blends its golden stream therewith.

No. 2,995.

I desire to call your attention to the text on account of its very remarkable character. "*He put his house in order, and hanged himself.*" To put his house in order, showed that he was a prudent man; to hang himself, proved that he was a fool. Herein is a strange mixture of discretion and desperation, mind and madness. Shall a man have wisdom enough to arrange his worldly affairs with care, and yet shall he be so sapless as to take his own life afterwards? As Bishop Hall pithily says, "Could it be possible that he should be careful to order his house who regarded not to order his impetuous passions? That he should care for his house who cared not for either body or soul?" Strange incongruity, he makes his will, and then, because he cannot have his will, he wills to die. 'Tis another proof that madness is in the hearts of the sons of men. Marvel not at this one display of folly, for I shall have to show you that the case of Ahithophel is, in the spirit of it, almost universal; and as I shall describe sundry similar individuals, many of you will perceive that I speak of you. Thousands set their houses in order, but destroy their souls; they look well to their flocks and their herds, but not to their hearts' best interests. They gather broken shells with continuous industry, but they throw away priceless diamonds. They exercise forethought, prudence, care, everywhere but where they are most required. They save their money, but squander their happiness; they are guardians of their estates, but suicides of their souls. Many forms this folly takes, but it is seen on all hands, and the sight should make the Christian weep over the madness of his fellow-men. May the series of portraits which will now pass before us, while they hold the mirror up to nature, also point us in the way of grace!

See before you, then, the portrait of AN ATTENTIVE SERVANT. He is faithful to his employers, and fulfils well the office to which he is appointed. He is up with the lark, he toils all day, he rests not till his task is done; he neglects nothing which he undertakes. I see him among the throng; I will single him out, and talk with him.

You have been engaged for years in farming. You have ploughed, and sown, and reaped, and gathered into the barn, and no one has done the work better than you, and yet, though you have been so careful in your labour, you have never sown to the Spirit, nor cared to reap life everlasting. You have never asked to have your heart ploughed with the gospel plough, nor sown with the living seed, and the consequence will be that, at the last, you will have no harvest but weeds and thistles, and you will be given over to eternal destruction. What ails you to care for the clover and the turnips, the cows and the sheep, but never for yourself, your truest self, your ever-existing soul? What! all this care about the field, and no care about your heart? All this toil for a harvest which the hungry shall eat up, and no care whatever about the harvest that shall last eternally!

Or you have been occupied all your life in a garden, and there, what earnestness you have shown, what taste in the training of the plants and flowers, what diligence in digging, planting, weeding, and watering! Often has your employer congratulated himself that

he has so careful a servant. You take a delight in your work, and well you may, for some relics of Eden's memories linger around a garden still; but how is it that you are so choicé with yonder tulip and so indifferent about your own spirit? What! care for a poor rose, which so soon is withered, and have no thought about your immortal nature? Is this like a reasonable man? You are very careful, in the winter, to keep up the heat of the greenhouse, lest those feeble plants should suffer from the frost; have you, then, no care to be protected from temptation, and from the dread storms of almighty wrath which are so soon to come? Can it be that you are diligent in ordering the walks, and beds, and shrubberies of your master's grounds, and yet are utterly careless about the garden of your heart in which fairer flowers would bloom, and yield you a far richer reward? I marvel at you. It seems so strange that you should be so good a worker for others, and so bad a carer about yourself. I fear your lament will have to be, "They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept."

It would be too long a task to dwell particularly on each of your employments, but I will hope that, in each case, you are anxious to do your work thoroughly, so as to secure approval. The horse is not badly fed, nor the carriage recklessly driven, nor the wall carelessly built, nor the wood ill planed,—you would be ashamed to be called a negligent workman. Put it then to yourself, will you watch over another man's goods, and be unmindful of your own highest good? What! do you mind the horse and the wagon, the parcels, and the errands, and all sorts of little matters, and shall that soul of yours, which will outlast the sun, and live when stars grow dim, be left without a thought? What! do you love others so much, and yourself so little? Are minor matters to absorb all your thoughts, while your own eternal concerns are left in utter neglect?

Some of you act as domestic servants, and endeavour to discharge your duties well; you have much to do from morning till night, and you would be ashamed for anyone to say, "The room is unswept, cobwebs are on the walls, the floors are filthy, the meals are badly cooked, because you are a bad servant." No, you feel rather proud that, when you have a situation, you can keep it, and that the mistress is content with you. Suffer me, then, to ask you, in the gentlest manner, Is your heart never to be cleansed? Are your sins always to defile it? Have you no thought about the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"? Do you think God made you to be a mere sweeper and cleaner of rooms, a cooker of meat, and so on, and that this is all you were designed for? There must be a higher and a better life for you, and do you altogether disregard it? Will you weary yourself, day by day, about another person's house, and have you no interest in your own soul? Have you so much care to please (as you should do) your master and mistress, and no care about being reconciled to God? I will not think that you are so bereft of reason.

I address a still larger class, probably, if I say there are many here who will go off to the City, in the morning, to fulfil the duties

of confidential accountants. You never suffer the books to be inaccurate, they balance to a farthing; it would distress you if, through your inadvertence, the firm lost even a sixpence. You have perhaps been many years with the same employers, and have their unbounded respect; from your boyhood to this day, you have been connected with the house. I have known several admirable men, of high integrity and thorough faithfulness, whom their employers could never sufficiently value, for they laid themselves out with intense zeal to promote their commercial interests, and worked far harder than the heads of the house ever did. Had the whole concern been their own, they could not have been more assiduous, and yet these very men gave no heed to their own personal interests for another world; it was grievous to observe that God was not in all their thoughts, nor heaven, nor hell, nor their own precious souls. You good and faithful servants of men, will you perish as unfaithful servants of God? What! will you never look onward to the last great reckoning? Is it nothing to you that the debts due to divine justice are undischarged? Are you willing to be called before the Lord of all, and to hear him say, "Thou wicked and slothful servant, I gave thee a talent, but thou hast wrapped it in a napkin"? God forbid that I should diminish one grain of your diligence in your secular avocations; but, from the very zeal you throw into these, I charge you, if ye be reasonable men, see to it that ye destroy not your own souls. Be not like Ahithophel, who set his house in order, and hanged himself. Set not your master's concerns in order, and then destroy your own souls, for how shall you escape if you neglect the great salvation?

Look ye now to another picture, —THE PRUDENT MERCHANT. I must briefly sketch him. He knows the ways of trade, studies the state of the market, is quick to perceive the opportunity of gain, has been cautious in his speculations, has secured what he has obtained, and is now in possession of a competency, or on the road to it. He prides himself, in a quiet way, upon the prudence with which he conducts all his worldly transactions; and, my dear friend, I am sure I am glad to see you prudent in business, for much misery would be caused to others as well as to yourself by recklessness and folly. But I want to ask you, if you are thoughtless about religion, how it is that you can be so inconsistent. Do you study how to buy, and buy well, but will you never buy the truth? Do you put all that you get into a safe bank, but will you never lay up treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt? You are wary of your speculations, but will you play so deep at hazard as to jeopardize your soul? You have been for years accustomed to rise up early, and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness; will you never rise early to seek the Lord? Will you never prevent the night watches to find a Saviour? Is the body everything? Is gold your god? Why, you are a man of intelligence and reading, and you know that there are higher considerations than those of business and the state of trade. You do not believe yourself to be of the same order of beings as the brute that perisheth; you expect to live in another state; you have a Book here, which tells you what

that life will be, and how it may be shaped for joy, or left to be drifted into endless sorrow. Am I a fanatic, my dear sir, if I respectfully put my hand on yours, and say, "I beseech you, think not all of the less, and nothing of the greater, lest haply, when you come to die, the same may be said of you as of a rich man of old, who had been as cautious and as careful as you: 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall these things be, which thou hast provided?' I charge you, if you be prudent, prove it by being prudent about the weightiest of all concerns. If you be not, after all, a mere bragger as to prudence, a mere child enraptured with silly toys, then show your wisdom by following the wisest course." I have heard of one, the stewardess of an American vessel, who, when the ship was sinking, saw heaps of gold coin scattered upon the cabin floor by those who had thrown it there in the confusion of their escape; she gathered up large quantities of it, wrapped it round her waist, and leaped into the water; she sank like a millstone, as though she had studiously prepared herself for destruction. I fear that many of you traders are diligently collecting guarantees for your sure ruin, planning to bury yourselves beneath your glittering hoards. Be wise in time. My voice, nay, my heart, pleads with you, for your soul's sake, and for Christ's sake, be not like Althophel, who set his house in order, and hanged himself. Take sure bond for enduring happiness, invest in indisputable securities, have done with infinite risks, and be assured for life everlasting.

A third photograph shall now be exhibited. This will describe a smaller, but a very valuable class of men, and if they were blessed of God, how glad should I be,-- **THE DILIGENT STUDENT.** He seeks out the best of books to assist him in the pursuit of his branch of knowledge; he burns the midnight oil, he is not afraid of toil, he cares not for throbbing brain and weary eye, but he presses on, he trains his memory, he schools his judgment, and all with the hope that he may be numbered with the learned. The examinations of his university are to him the most important periods in the calendar; his degree is the prize of his high calling. Knowledge is sweet, and the honour of being associated with the learned is coveted. My young friend, I would not for a moment abate your zeal, but I would beg space for one consideration worthy of immediate attention. Ought the best of sciences to be left to the last? Should self-knowledge and acquaintance with God be treated as of secondary importance? Should not the Word of God be the chief volume in the wise man's library? Should you not burn the midnight oil to peruse the page infallible, written by the divine finger? With all your gettings, should you not get the understanding which cometh from above, and the knowledge which is the gift of God, and which will introduce you, if not among the learned, yet among the gracious; if not into the academy of *sarants*, yet into the general assembly and church of the firstborn, whose names are written in heaven? Should there not be with you the wish to train your complete manhood, and to educate yourself to the fulness of the stature of what a man should be? Should not the noblest part have

the chief care. I speak to a wise man; I would have him be truly wise; I would not have him set his study in order, and tutor himself, and then forget the eternal life, and the destiny that awaits him. O student, seek thou first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and then shall thy temple of wisdom be built upon a rock!

I will take another character, a character which is very common in great cities,—I am not sure but what it is common enough,—THE REFORMING POLITICIAN. I value our politicians highly, but we scarcely need to be overstocked with those who brawl in public-houses and discussion rooms while their families are starving at home. Some men, who spend a great deal of time in considering politics, are hardly benefiting the commonwealth to the extent they imagine. I will suppose I am addressing a man who feels the home and foreign affairs of the nation to be his particular department. Well, my respected friend, I trust you occupy a useful place in the general economy, but I want to ask you one or two questions well worthy of a Reformer's or a Conservative's consideration. You have been looking up abuses, have you no abuses in your own life which need correcting? There is no doubt about the Reform Bill having been needed; but do you not think a Reform Bill is needed by some of us, at home, in reference to our own characters, and especially in reference to our relation towards our God and our Saviour? I think only he who is ignorant of himself will deny that; and would it not be a fine thing to begin at home, and let the Politics of our house and our heart be set quite right, and that immediately! You have in your brain a complete scheme for paying off the National Debt, elevating the nation, remodelling the navy, improving the army, managing the Colonies, delivering France, and establishing the best form of government in Europe; I am afraid your schemes may not be carried out so soon as you desire; but may I not suggest to you that your own heart needs renewing by the Spirit of God, your many sins need removing by the atonement of Jesus, and your whole life requires a deep and radical change; and this is a practical measure which no aristocracy will oppose, which no vested interests will defeat, and which need not be delayed for another election or a new Premier? I daresay you have faced much opposition, and expect to face much more in agitating the important question which you have taken up; but ah! my friend, will you not sometimes agitate questions with your conscience? Will you not discuss with your inner nature the great truths which God has revealed? Would it not be worth your while at least to spend some time in your private council chamber with yourself thinking of the now, and of the past, and of the to come,—considering God, Christ, heaven, hell, and yourself as connected with all these? I press it on you, it seems to me to be the greatest of all inconsistencies that a man should think himself able to guide a nation, and yet should lose his own soul; that he should have schemes by which to turn this world into a paradise, and yet lose paradise for himself; that he should declaim violently against war, and all sorts of evils, and yet himself should be at

war with God, himself a slave to sin. Shall he talk of freedom while he is manacled by his lusts and appetites? Shall he be enslaved by drink, and yet be the champion of liberty? He that teaches freedom should himself be free. It is ill to see a man contending for others, and a captive himself. To arrange the nation's affairs, and to destroy yourself, is as foolish as Ahithophel, who put his household in order, and hanged himself.

We will pass to another character, and how much of what I am now to utter may concern myself I pray God to teach me,—THE ZEALOUS PREACHER. The character is no imaginary one, it is not suggested by bitterness, or coloured by fanaticism, there have been such, and will be such to the end; men who study the Scriptures, and are masters of theology, versed in doctrine, conversant with law; men who teach the lessons they have gathered, and teach them eloquently and forcibly, warning their hearers of their sins, pointing out their danger, and pleading with them to lay hold on Christ, and life eternal, and yet,—for all this, they are themselves unconverted! They preach what they never felt, they teach what they never knew by experience. Brother-ministers, I allude not to you any more than to myself, but of all men that live we are most called upon to watch lest our very office should help us to be hypocrites, lest our position as teachers should bring upon us a double curse. Do not let us seek the salvation of others, and lose our own souls. To preach Christ, and not to have him; to tell of the fountain, and not to be washed in it: to speak of hell, and warn men to escape it, and yet go there ourselves;—God grant it may never be so with any of us!

But, mark you, the point of this warning comes to many here who are not altogether ministers. You are not preachers, but you are Sunday-school teachers, tract-distributors, Bible-women, or city missionaries. Then hear ye the same warning. Will you go round with those tracts from house to house, and yet have no religion in your own houses? O miserable souls! who hath required it at your hands to teach others of God when you are not reconciled to God yourselves? What can you teach those children in the Sabbath-school? I say what can you teach those children, when you yourselves are in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity? May not the very words you spoke to your classes to-day rise up against you in the day of judgment, and condemn you? Do not be content to have it so. Do not point out the right way to others, yet run in another road yourself. Do not set others in order, and slay your own selves.

I have another picture to look upon,—it represents A CAREFUL PARENT. Many, who may not have been included under other descriptions, will be mentioned here. You love your children well and wisely; so far as this world is concerned, you are careful and prudent parents. You were very watchful over them in their childhood, you were afraid that those infant sicknesses would take them to the grave. How glad you were, dear mother, when once again you could lift the little one from the bed, and press it to your bosom, and thank God that it was recovering its health and



strength! You have denied yourself a great deal for your children. When you were out of work, and struggling with poverty, you did not so much grieve for yourselves as for them, it was so hard to see your children wanting bread. You have been so pleased to clothe them, so glad to notice their opening intellect, and you have many of you selected with great care places where they will receive a good education, and if you thought that any bad influence would come across their path, you would be on your guard at once. You wish your children to grow up patterns of virtue, and good citizens; and you are right in all this. I wish that all felt as you do about their families, and that none were allowed to run loose in the streets, which are the devil's school. Now, as you have been so very careful about your children, may I ask you, ought not your own soul to have some thought bestowed on it, some anxiety exercised about it? It is a child, too, to be educated for the skies, to be nurtured for the Father's house above. Look in the babe's face, and think of the care you give to it; and then turn your eyes inwardly upon your soul, and say, "What care have I given to thee, my soul? I have left thee unwashed, unclothed, unhoused. No blood of Christ hath fallen on thee, my soul; no righteousness of Christ hath wrapped thee round. For thee, my soul, my poor, poor soul, there is no heaven when thou must leave this body; for thee there is no hope but a fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation. My soul, forgive me that I have treated thee so ill; I will now think of thee, and bow my knee, and ask the Lord to be gracious to thee." I wish I could call upon you personally, and press this matter upon you. Think that I am doing so; when you reach home, think that I am following you there, and saying to you, "If you care for your children, care for your souls." Look at the boys and girls sleeping in their cots to-night, and if you are unconverted, say to yourself, "There they lie, the dear ones, they are little sermons to me; I will remember what the preacher said when I look at them. My God, my Father, I will turn to thee; do thou turn me, and I shall be turned."

The last of my crayon sketches is one which may concern many, it is that of THE OUTWARD RELIGIONIST who yet is regardless of his own soul; it is oddest and strangest of all that there should be such people. I have met with Protestants, flaming Protestants, I might add, raving Protestants, who nevertheless know no more about Protestantism than about the Theogony of Hesiod; and were they questioned as to what it is that was protested against by the Reformers, they would guess wide of the mark. Yet are they very concerned that our glorious constitution in Church and State should be "thoroughly Protestant"—though I cannot for the life of me see what difference it would make to them. If they have no faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, what matters it to them how a man is justified? There are others, who are "Dissenters to the backbone," but yet sinners to their marrow. To ungodly men I say solemnly, What matters it what you are in these matters? The side which has the honour of your patronage is a loser by it in all probability. If you are leading bad lives, I am very sorry that

you are Dissenters, for you injure a good cause. What fools you must be to be so earnest about religions in which you have no concern!

Many, again, are very orthodox, even to being straitlaced, and yet are unbelievers. If the preacher does not come up to their weight and measure, they denounce him at once, and have no word bad enough for him. But now, my friend, though I cannot say that I am altogether sorry that you think about doctrines and churches, let me ask you is it wise that you should set up for a judge upon a matter in which you have no share? You are vociferous for setting the church in order, but you are destroying your own soul! If these things belonged to you, I could understand your zeal about them; but since you have nothing to do with them, (and you have not if you have no faith,) why do you look after other people, and let your own salvation go by default? It may be a very important thing to somebody how the Duke of Devonshire may lay out his estate at Chatsworth; but I am sure it is not important to me, for I am in no degree a part proprietor with his Grace. So it may be very important to some people how such-and-such a doctrine is taught; but why should you be so zealous about it, when you are in no degree a part proprietor in it unless you have believed in Jesus Christ?

What startles me, with some of you is, that you will cheerfully contribute for the support of a gospel in which you have never believed. There are those of you here to whom I am thankful for help in Christ's service; you put your hand into your pocket, and are generous to the Lord's cause; how is it that you do this, and yet refuse to give Jesus your heart? I know you do not think you are purchasing his favour by your money; you know better than that, but what do you do it for? Are you like those builders who helped Noah to build the ark, and then were drowned? Do you help to build a lifeboat, and being yourself shipwrecked, do you refuse the assistance of the lifeboat? You are strangely inconsistent. You keep God's Sabbaths, and yet you will not enter into his rest. You sing Christ's praises, and yet you will not trust him. You bow your heads in prayer, and yet you do not pray. You are anxious, too, sometimes, and yet that which would end all your anxiety, namely, submission to the gospel of Christ, you will not yield. Why is this? Wherefore this strange behaviour? Will you bless others, and curse yourselves?

I speak to the whole of you who as yet have not believed in Jesus, and ask,—what is it with which you are destroying your souls? Every unbeliever is an eternal suicide, he is destroying his soul's hopes. What is your motive? Perhaps some of you are indulging a pleasurable sin, which you cannot give up. I conjure you, cast it from you; though it be dear as the right eye, pluck it out; or useful as the right arm, cut it off, and cast it from you. Suffer no temporary pleasures to lead you into eternal destruction. Escape for your life. Sweet sin will bring bitter death; may God give you grace to cast it away!

Or is it some deadly error with which you are destroying your

soul? Have you a notion that it is a small thing to die unsaved? Do you imagine that, by-and-by, it will all be over, and you can bear the temporary punishment? Dream not so! Not thus speaks the infallible Word of God, though men would thus buoy up your spirits, and make your forehead brazen against the Most High. It is an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. God grant that you may not run that risk, and meet that fate!

Or perhaps some self-righteous trust holds you back from Christ. You can destroy yourself with that as well as with sin. To trust to ourselves is deadly; only to trust to Jesus is safe. I will explain that to you, and have done. Inasmuch as we had sinned against God, God must punish us; it is necessary that sin should be punished, or there could be no moral government. Now, in order to meet that case, to have mercy upon men in conformity with justice, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came into the world, and became man, and as man, he took upon himself the sins of all his people, and was punished for them; and whosoever trusts Jesus is one of those for whom Jesus bore the smart, for whom he paid the debt. If thou believest that Jesus is the Christ, if thou dost trust thy soul with the Christ of Nazareth, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee; go in peace,—thy soul is saved. But if thou puttest away from thee the Christ, who says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," you may be very wise, and you may arrange your business very cleverly; but, for all that, you are no wiser than the great fool of my text, who set his horse in order, and hanged himself. God teach both hearers and readers to be wise ere it is too late! Amen.

## Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

2 SAMUEL XV. 12—37.

Verse 12. *And Absalom sent for Ahithophel the Gilonite, David's counsellor, from his city, even from Giloh, while he offered sacrifices. And the conspiracy was strong; for the people increased continually with Absalom.*

Absalom had, by craft, insinuated himself into the hearts of the children of Israel, and led a rebellion against his father David, that he might obtain the crown for himself.

13, 14. *And there came a messenger to David, saying, The hearts of the men of Israel are after Absalom. And David said unto all his servants that were with him, at Jerusalem, Arise, and let us flee; for we shall not else escape from Absalom: make speed to depart, lest he overtake us suddenly, and bring evil upon us, and smite the city with the edge of the sword.*

It must have been a sore peril which compelled so brave a man as David to say to his servants, "Arise, and let us flee."

15. *And the king's servants said unto the king, Behold, thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my lord the king shall appoint.*

What a loyal spirit they displayed in the time of trial! Oh, that such loyalty could always be found in all the servants of King Jesus! But, alas! many of his servants pick and choose as to which of his commands they will obey. Some of them will not understand the plain letter of Scripture; and others of them know their duty, yet they do it not. There is reason to question whether we are the servants of Christ if we have not the spirit of

obedience to him. Brethren, let us search and look, in the book of the King's ordinances and see whether we are walking in all of them blamelessly. If we can say that we are, it is well; but I am afraid that there are some of his commandments which we would rather not understand; or if we do understand them, we are not in a hurry to obey them. How easy it is to make excuses for not doing what we have no wish to do! Blessed are those Christians who can say, "Behold, thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint."

16—18. *And the king went forth, and all his household after him. And the king left ten women, which were concubines, to keep the house. And the king went forth, and all the people after him, and tarried in a place that was far off. And all his servants passed on beside him; and all the Cherethites, and all the Pelethites, and all the Gittites, six hundred men which came after him from Gath, passed on before the king.*

The king's bodyguard of personal friends, who had seen long service with him in the contest with Saul, these kept close to his person.

19, 20. *Then said the king to Ittai the Gittite, Wherefore goest thou also with us? return to thy place, and abide with the king: for thou art a stranger, and also an exile. Whereas thou camest but yesterday, should I this day make thee go up and down with us? seeing I go whither I may, return thou, and take back thy brethren: mercy and truth be with thee.*

This was the manifestation of a generous spirit on the part of David, and therein he was like the Son of David, who thought more of the safety of his disciples than he did of any way of escape for himself. Let the same mind be in us which was also in David, and in Christ Jesus, great David's greater Son; and let us look, not only on our own things, but also on the things of others.

21. *And Ittai answered the king, and said, As the LORD liveth, and as my lord the king liveth, surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be.*

He was a new-comer, but he was a fine recruit: and when our young converts, who have lately joined the church, have this spirit of loyalty in them, they will make mighty men of valour in the Lord's army. Whether Christ's cause be held in honour or in contempt, we will cast in our lot with him; whether he be reigning on the earth or his name be cast out as evil, we will share his fortunes. To whom should we go but to him, and where could we find a better Master than this gracious King under whose banner we have enlisted?

22—26. *And David said to Ittai, Go and pass over. And Ittai the Gittite passed over, and all his men, and all the little ones that were with him. And all the country wept with a loud voice, and all the people passed over: the king also himself passed over the brook Kidron, and all the people passed over, toward the way of the wilderness. And lo Zadok also, and all the Levites were with him, bearing the ark of the covenant of God: and they set down the ark of God; and Abiathar went up, until all the people had done passing out of the city. And the king said unto Zadok, Carry back the ark of God into the city: if I shall find favour in the eyes of the LORD, he will bring me again, and show me both it, and his habitation; but if he thus say, I have no delight in thee; behold, here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him.*

David would run no risks with this sacred treasure, and though it would have been a great comfort to him to have had the ark of the covenant with him, yet he cared too much for it to think of his own comfort alone. How careful ought we to be of the truth of God, and of the things of God, of which this ark was but a type! Lord, let us run what risks we may, but we would not expose thy truth, or thy good cause to any risk.

"Let him do to me as seemeth good unto him." What a grand spirit

there was in David even in his exile! There was a sweet spirit of song in him before his great fall, but that fall broke his voice, and he sang more hoarsely ever afterwards; yet what depth, what volume, what melody and harmony are here; "deep calleth unto deep." What submission and subjection to the divine will; and, withal, what a holy confidence! Let the Lord do as he wills, David feels himself to be less than nothing, and submits himself absolutely to the divine purpose. It is not easy to get to that pass, but we must be brought to it; if we are the Lord's servants, we must lie passive in his hands, and know no will but his. Yet deep waters will have to be passed through ere we reach this blessed experience.

27—30. *The king said also unto Zadok the priest, Art not thou a seer? return into the city in peace, and your two sons with you, Ahimaaz thy son, and Jonathan the son of Abiathar. See, I will tarry in the plain of the wilderness, until there come word from you to certify me. Zadok therefore and Abiathar carried the ark of God again to Jerusalem: and they tarried there. And David went up by the ascent of mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up.*

David probably wept partly because of his troubles, but also because of his sin, which the thought of his troubles doubtless brought to his mind, and especially that sin which he has so deeply deplored in the seven penitential Psalms, and most of all in the 51st Psalm. He wore no royal robe on this pilgrimage of sorrow, and "he went barefoot" up the slopes of Olivet.

31. *And one told David, saying, Ahithophel is among the conspirators with Absalom. And David said, O LORD, I pray thee, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness.*

Ahithophel was David's choicest friend, companion, and counsellor, yet he had failed him in his time of need. David could use the weapon of all-prayer when he could use no other, and this is like the flaming sword at Eden's gate which turned every way. It will slay our foes if they come from hell; it will drive away Satanic suggestions; it will overcome our adversaries if they come from earth; it will sanctify our afflictions even if they come from heaven. To know how to pray is to know how to conquer. David checkmated Ahithophel when he said, "O Lord, I pray thee, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness."

32. *And it came to pass, that when David was come to the top of the mount, where he worshipped God, behold! Hushai the Archite came to meet him with his coat rent, and earth upon his head.*

Here was an immediate answer to David's prayer, for the very man, who alone could deal effectually with Ahithophel, comes to the king.

33—37. *Unto whom David said, If thou findest on with me, then thou shalt be a burden unto me: but if thou return to the city, and say unto Absalom, I will be thy servant, O king; as I have been thy father's servant hitherto, so will I now also be thy servant: then mayest thou for me defeat the counsel of Ahithophel. And hast thou not there with thee Zadok and Abiathar the priests? therefore it shall be, that what thing soever thou shalt hear out of the king's house, thou shalt tell it to Zadok and Abiathar the priests. Behold, they have there with them their two sons, Ahimaaz Zadok's son, and Jonathan Abiathar's son; and by them ye shall send unto me every thing that ye can hear. So Hushai David's friend came into the city, and Absalom came into Jerusalem.*

You know the rest of the history, how Absalom took the advice of Hushai, and Ahithophel was defeated. God does not always answer prayer quite so rapidly as he did in this case; yet, when his people are in sore straits, they often have prompt replies to their petitions, to encourage their faith, and to keep their hope alive in the time of trial.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

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ENQUIRING OF GOD.

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## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, JULY 12TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Lord's-day Evening, May 10th, 1863.*

"And it came to pass after this, that David enquired of the LORD, saying, Shall I go up into any of the cities of Judah?"—2 Samuel ii. 1.

You perceive, dear friends, what, although David knew that he was anointed to be king over Israel, yet he would not take a step towards his rightful position without first asking guidance from God; and, moreover, he was not content with a general direction, but wanted to have a particular and special indication as to where he was to go. It was not enough for God to say to him, "Go up," he wants to know precisely to which town of Judah he shall go!

Nor, mark you, was this an exception to David's usual habit. From his youth up, he had been accustomed to ask the Lord's direction in all cases of difficulty. When he fled from Saul, and went to Nob, to Ahimelech the priest, Doeg told Saul that Ahimelech enquired of the Lord for David. It was not enough for David that he had Goliath's sword, he must also have guidance from God. When he was in the town of Keilah, which he had rescued from the Philistines, after he had twice enquired of the Lord whether he should do so, he asked whether the men of Keilah would deliver him up to Saul; and, by means of the oracular response which he obtained from God, he was able to make good his escape. Afterwards, when David had become king over Israel in Hebron, before he fought with the Philistines, he enquired of the Lord, "Shall I go up to the Philistines? Wilt thou deliver them into mine hand?" The Lord's answer was favourable, and David gained a great victory; but when the Philistines came up again, David did not go out to fight with them until he had once more enquired of the Lord, and then it was that God gave him that memorable answer, "And let it be when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself; for then shall the Lord go out before thee, to smite the hosts of the Philistines." David was a man who always wanted to see God's finger pointing out the right road, to hear

God's voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" and who never seemed to be satisfied unless he could hear the sound of his Master's feet close behind him, or see a clear indication that his Master was just in front of him, or walking by his side.

I hold up David to you as a model for your imitation in this respect, although I am going to leave David, and to talk more generally of the duty of enquiring of God as to what we shall do when we are in any difficulty, and, indeed, of enquiring of him at all times, whether we are in difficulty or not.

I. My first remark is, that TO ENQUIRE OF THE LORD, AND TO SEEK GUIDANCE AT HIS HANDS, IS THE DUTY OF ALL CHRISTIANS.

*This may be inferred from God's relationship to them.* God is their Father, and they are his children, minors, who have not yet come of age. When a son is of age, it is respectful, and often very prudent, for him still to consult his experienced sire; but the child still in his minority should venture upon nothing of importance without first going to tell his father; and if that child be beset by many false friends, by those who would mislead and ruin him, it will be his privilege as well as his duty to be often running to his parent, and saying, "Father, what shall I do in this matter? What is true, and what is not? Show me what thou wouldst have me to do." If God be our Father, we are his children; and if we do not consult him, surely we are but sorry children. We lose a great blessing, and incur no small guilt, if, professing to be the sons and daughters of our Father who is in heaven, we never ask him to direct our way.

We also talk of God as our Shepherd, and an important part of a shepherd's duty is that of guiding his flock. What would you think if, in the East, where the shepherd leads the way, the sheep should all think themselves wise enough to find the road alone? Why, the flocks would soon be broken up, and the pastoral relationship would become a mere farce. If God be your Shepherd, follow him. Often say to him, "Show me the footsteps of the flock." Desire always to hear the Shepherd's voice, for this is the mark of God's sheep. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." How can you call God your Shepherd if you do not follow him, and never consult him?

Do you not know also, dearly beloved, that Christ calls us his spouse? But what sort of spouse would she be who never entrusted any of her secrets to her husband, and who asked no counsel of him even when she came into dire distress? There may be some women who are wiser than their husbands, and who can give advice rather than require to ask it; but it is not so in this case, for never did any other husband have so weak and foolish a spouse as Jesus Christ has. In fact, her only wisdom is to confess her folly, and to throw herself into her Husband's arms, and cry,—

"Lead me all my journey through."

What can be our reason for calling God our Lord if we refuse to consult him? Do not even the heathen always conclude that a god is to be consulted? Though their lying oracles have deluded them, yet have they always been right in the idea that the very

thought of godhead implied guidance; and shall we turn away from Jehovah who really can guide us? While the heathen look to stocks of wood and stone, shall we confide in human oracles, and neglect to consult God who knoweth all things?

I find *an argument for this truth in the offices of the Lord Jesus Christ*. What is our blessed Lord to us? He is a Prophet; but how can he be a Prophet to us if we never go to him? What means the sacred mantle that he wears if he is never consulted? Is not his office a mere name, an empty title, an office which has no value, if we call him Prophet, and yet never seek his face, nor say to him, "What is thy way that I am to take? Be pleased to direct me in it." He is a Priest; but is it not part of a priest's duty to use the Urim and the Thummim upon his breastplate, and to shew to those who go to him what is the proper path for them to take? But how can I call Christ my Priest if I never consult him? He is neither Prophet nor Priest to me if I choose my own way, or cut out my own path for myself.

In one place, at least, Christ is called a Counsellor: "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." But how is he your Counsellor if you never consult him? I cannot think that Christ takes upon himself empty names and titles. I read, in a Preface to our Bible, "James, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland." There is an empty title, for he was never king of France, though he was called so. But Christ has no empty titles. He is called King because he reigns, and he is called Counsellor because he gives advice to his people, and pleads their cause. If you would not, therefore, make out Christ's offices to be sinecures, and his glorious titles to be but empty words, go and consult him, for thus you shall make glad his heart, and magnify his name, and prove your love to him.

But, dear friends, there is an argument which comes closer home than this. *Our own character should teach us the duty of enquiring of the Lord*. If you know yourself aright, you know that you are very far from being wise. If I understand myself aright, I was born like the wild asses' colts, with strong passions and much wilfulness, but with no knowledge, or experience, and needing much guidance for the whole of life. What is the experience of the most experienced of men worth. I can conceive that, to the eyes of God, the greatest wisdom of Solomon was the greatest folly, and that the experience of Job was but as the knowledge of a day. One of Job's friends said, "We are but of yesterday, and know nothing;" and when we think we know the most, we generally know the least.

You have probably noticed that good men usually fail just where they think they are strongest, ay, and where they really are strongest. Noah was a preacher of righteousness, yet did he fail in righteousness when his sons saw him in a state of drunkenness. Moses was exceedingly meek, yet did he lose his temper, and say, "Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?" Look, too, at Job, one who excelled in patience, yet he failed in



patience. And you and I will find that the devil will carry our hearts by storm, not where we think the walls are weak, or the fortress is dismantled, but just where the flag waves defiantly over the strongest and loftiest part of our bastion, for Satan delights to pull down our lofty things, of which we are so proud, just as God loves to pull down the lofty things of sin. See to it then, Christian, since you are so weak, and since you cannot see a day, nor a minute before you, that you often enquire of your God. Methinks, too, your past indiscretions, and the distresses into which your wilfulness has driven you, might teach you henceforth to wait only upon God.

I shall give only one other argument here, because I need not prove what all admit, but what so few practise. *The Christian should enquire of his God for his own avowed object in life.* "We profess, though we do not carry it out as we ought, that we are living for God. Is there a man living who could truly say, with Paul, "For to me to live is Christ"? I believe there are hundreds and thousands of such men, but I do not believe that anything like one-half of the professing Christians of to-day know what that text really means: "For to me to live is Christ." If they truthfully wrote their own commentaries upon it, many of them would say, "We cannot say that; we never could be so enthusiastic or so fanatical as to say that;" and they would almost as soon give up their profession of Christianity as attempt to carry out that text as it ought to be carried out. Yet this is what we profess; and if we profess to live for God's glory, and for the extension of Christ's kingdom, how can we do it except in God's strength, and how will God give us his strength without also giving us his wisdom with which to use it? A man clothed with divine energy, unaccompanied by divine wisdom, would be one of the most dangerous persons in the whole world. A man, who can speak so as to move the multitude, and to stir the souls of men, is a very dangerous person unless piety fills his heart, and the grace of God controls his tongue. Suppose that man to have divine power given to him, as Judas had in a certain sense, but without the wisdom of God to guide him, and we might as well have a devil on earth as have such a man as that. No, if we would succeed in attaining our avowed object, in life, the glorifying of God, we must enquire of him.

II. Now I come to a second remark, which is this. IF CHRISTIANS ASK GOD TO GUIDE THEM IN EVERYTHING THEY DO, THEY OUGHT TO SEE TO IT THAT THEY NEVER DO ANYTHING ABOUT WHICH THEY CANNOT ASK GOD'S GUIDANCE.

This truth comes closely home to some people. For instance, *unlawful pleasures are manifestly forbidden to the Christian.* Those which the worldling may indulge in without any very great injury to himself are forbidden to the true Christian, because he cannot enquire of the Lord about them. I have heard of people who say that they can go to the theatre, and yet be Christians. Well now, I should like somebody to write a form of prayer to be used by Christians in theatres, something to this effect;—"O Lord,

lead me not into temptation, but be pleased to bless the play to-night to my soul's welfare; grant that, if it be thy will that I should die here, I may enter into eternal life, having gone from the pleasures of this life to the pleasures that are to be hereafter!" If I were to write such a prayer as that, you would say, "Oh, that is shocking! It is shocking for anybody even to think of praying there!" Ah, it is shocking,—not shocking to think of praying, but shocking to go where you dare not pray! Should a Christian ever be anywhere where he would be ashamed to die? I heard a lady once say that religion ought to be confined to places of worship, and that it ought not to be talked about anywhere else. So I suggested to her that we ought to have our places of worship made larger, for, of course, people would want religion when they came to die, so they had better die where religion would be in its proper place!

A Christian knows that he should not go to such places of amusement as worldlings frequent; they may go without any very great mischief, but he may not. He could not feed on the fare that is provided there, for it is not to his taste; and, moreover, he would not go there because he could not expect to have communion with Christ there, and he could not ask God's blessing upon his going there. There are many amusements in the world, and you can always tell which are right and which are wrong by this test. You may do anything upon which you can ask God's blessing; but if you cannot ask God's blessing upon it, have nothing to do with it. If there are any things about which you have any doubt, leave them alone. Another man who has no doubt about the matter, may do without sin what you must not do if you have any doubt about it. If you feel, in your conscience, that you can expect the Lord's blessing, and maintain communion with Christ in what you do, then you may do it: but if not, it is at your peril that you will do it.

Then, there are *unlawful avocations in which Christian must not be engaged*. I could not ask the Lord's blessing if I were selling gin and other spirituous liquors all day long. I do not know how some men may feel, but if I had pocketed the fools' pence, I could not pray, "Lord, be pleased to guide me where I shall open the next devil's-house, and set traps to catch poor drinking men." I should expect, if I went to ask God's guidance about that matter, that I should receive a very sharp rebuke from him for having the impudence to ask him about any such thing. There are also other trades and employments which you must not touch, as you know that they are so beset with evil customs that you cannot ask the Lord's blessing upon them. I am sure that man up in the gallery did not ask the Lord to bless him when he was taking his shutters down this morning; and as he could not ask God's blessing upon it, he ought not to have done it. There are some of you here who have your shops open still; your daughter hates the business, but she is chained to the counter now while you are here. How can you come to the house of God, and yet violate the day of God? Have you any conscience, or have you drugged it to sleep? If you

should have your house full of silver and gold gained by such trading as that, it will be a curse to you, and a curse to your children, and to your children's children. It is a curse to have that which has not God's blessing upon it, and ill-gotten gains never can have it. Old Hard-fists cannot ask God's blessing upon his action when he takes his brother by the throat, and cries, "Pay me what thou owest, even to the uttermost farthing." And the man, who grinds down the poor needlewomen who work for him, cannot ask God's blessing; neither can the man, who pays his work-people barely enough to get a crust of bread, spread out his money, and say, "Thank God that he has given me wealth!" No, the curse of the Almighty rests upon them, and God will one day avenge the blood of those whom they have cruelly put to death that they might increase their ill-gotten gains.

I pray you, members of this church, and members of Christ's body everywhere, touch nothing upon which you cannot ask God's blessing. The moment you perceive that God cannot be consulted about a thing, turn your back upon it, and say, "Let those who mean to damn their souls do the devil's work; but a Christian must not and will not touch it." I am aware that, in saying these things, I may strike some persons who are engaged in trades which they conduct lawfully; my censure is not intended for those persons who, though in a trade which I might not choose, yet do their best to conduct it honourably. Still, I would make the censure as sweeping as it ought to be, for there are far too many men merely for gain following that which they know is damnable, and must in the end ruin their own souls.

I think this rule may help to guide you through life,—Do nothing upon which you cannot ask God's blessing. Young woman, if you can ask the Lord's blessing upon your contemplated marriage, you may enter upon it. Young man, if you can ask the Lord's blessing upon the taking of that new shop, you may do it. You, who have plenty of business already, and who now give some of your time to God's cause, but who know that, if you take that next shop, you cannot continue to do so, ought not to give up the service of God's house in order to increase your worldly business. I am not always sorry when men do not get on in business as fast as they wish, for I recollect the case of good Jehoshaphat, who "made ships of Tharshish to go to Ophir for gold: but they went not, for they were broken at Ezion-geber;" and a great mercy that they were, for if they had gone, and had brought the gold to the king, I do not know what Jehoshaphat might have done with it. Was it not Mr. Cecil, who, on hearing that one of his friends had come in for a great deal of money, went to sympathize with him, and to pray for him "under the trying circumstances"? Doubtless, the more a man hath, the more is he tempted not to use it rightly; and while it is, in some senses, a high privilege to have wealth, yet it involves such solemn responsibilities that a man should never have it without enquiring of God how he can rightly use it.

III. Now, thirdly, THIS DIVINE GUIDANCE IS AS NECESSARY NOW AS EVER IT WAS, AND IT IS NECESSARY IN ALL THINGS.

Some people say, "Yes, we believe that the Lord's guidance would be a great blessing to us, and that it is our duty to seek it; but how can we get it? There is no priest to whom we can go for direction, and we cannot come to our minister, and say, 'What shall we do?' He is not able to give us the infallible answer we need." Your minister does not wish to do it, for he thinks he is better employed in preaching the gospel to you, and giving you infallible directions concerning your immortal souls. I certainly do not approve of the practice by which some people say they can tell the Lord's will by just opening the Bible, and noticing the first text which catches their eye. I know that Mr. Wesley frequently practised this plan; but, like some other good men, he had his foibles; and I know that others have imitated him, but I should think myself no more justified in seeking guidance in that way than I should in shuffling a pack of cards; I could no more expect to be guided by a text of Scripture, picked out in that haphazard style, than by a Norwood gipsy. No, no; we are above all that kind of thing.

How, then, does God guide his people? Well, there are several ways which are very clear, and the first is, *God guides them by his Word*. I will suppose there is a young woman here who is contemplating marriage, and she wants to know whether it would be right. She turns to her Bible, and she finds this text: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." The young man in question is an unbeliever, so she does not need to turn to any other passage of Scripture, for this one is decisive. If she really wants to know God's will, here it is; and she could not have it more clearly even if God were to flash it in lightning across the sky, or roll it out in tones of thunder. This is the way plainly marked out for her, and I would that she and all other young Christians—before they ruin their prospects, before they bring upon themselves life-long misery,—would hear the voice of God saying to them, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." The case is as plain as possible. Nobody need be consulted. You need not go to friends, you need not come to me, and ask, "What ought I to do?" If you are disobedient, and are afterwards made miserable, it is nothing more than you ought to expect. I single that case out because it happens to be one that often comes up, especially in a large congregation like the present, with so many in it who are young, and here, I say, God's Word becomes a faithful and unerring guide.

I have heard of a poor Christian man, who was in great difficulty; and, one day, when his wife and children were almost starving, and were shivering with cold, and he had nothing with which to make a fire, the devil said to him, "Your rich neighbour has a good stack of wood, and you may go, and take some of it, for the Bible says that, 'all things are yours.'" He was going to take it; but, all of a sudden, that old command came into his mind, "Thou shalt not steal." That was quite enough for him; he did not need anything else; he turned back at once, for God's Word was to him a sufficient guide.

The next guidance is, *our own spiritual profit and God's glory*.

You want to know whether you shall move to such-and-such a town. Well, is there a good Evangelical minister there? Can you hear the Word to profit in that town? If not, unless there are some very strong reasons why you should go there, you ought to remain where your soul can be best profited. A man would often be better off with less earnings where he could hear a faithful minister than with more money in a place where the gospel is not preached. Ask the question, too, "Can I serve God there?" If you cannot, what right have you to go there? If you have to give up a sphere of usefulness, and there is no other sphere open to you, then pause. You will always know which way to go if you have this compass in your hand, for it will always point you to the right pole; and if you use it, you will always be guided to the paths of righteousness,—Can I serve God there? Will my soul be in a more healthy state if I go there?

Then another way of guidance is *by the leadings of divine providence*. This is nothing like, so clear as the rules I have already given you, because, when you want to do a thing, you can always find a providence which seems to be in favour of it. It is remarkable how many ministers leave salaries of £200 a year, in places where they might still have been comfortable and useful, to go where they would get £250 a year, and they have said it was a providence; and it is equally remarkable how very few of them ever\* move from £250 to £200. I have but little faith in "providence" of this sort; I believe in divine providence, but I do not always believe in what people speak of as providence. They say, "There is such-and-such a thing; I know it is not quite right, but I would like to have it; and then, you see, there is so-and-so, and so-and-so, and so-and-so, and—it looks quite like a providence." Nonsense! God's providence never permits you to do wrong; but when you wish to act for the glory of God, a path cleared before you and an open door will help you to feel that you are being infallibly led by the providence and the Word of God, and by his Spirit in your heart.

Beside this, I think that *young persons would do well to seek advice from experienced and consistent Christian friends*. By stating their difficulty, it may be that God's servant will be helped to tell them just what they need; and, often, you may receive, through the lips of a preacher, who knows nothing of your case, guidance from God. Many and many a time have I known this to be the case; God has told the preacher what to say about a certain person's case although he did not even know who the person was to whom he was unconsciously speaking, and who was guided aright by what the preacher was moved to say.

Sometimes, too, but rarely, *God guides us by very vivid impressions*. I have seen so much of people who have been impressed this way, and that way, and the other way, that I do not believe in impressions except in certain cases. I was once in conversation with two friends, one of whom was guided by his judgment, while the other was swayed by impressions, and I could not help noting that the man who was guided by impressions was, as such people

always will be, "unstable as water." If I am impressed in one way one day, I may be impressed in another way, the next day, so impressions are unreliable guides. There was a young man, who was impressed with the idea that he ought to preach for me one Lord's-day; but as I was not impressed to let him do so, it stood over, and probably will continue to stand over for some little time. He had no gifts of speech, but he thought his impression was quite sufficient. When I receive a similar impression, the revelation will be a proper one, and you will have the pleasure of listening to his voice, but certainly not before that.

Occasionally, impressions do guide a man right. A Quaker, one night, could not sleep, and he had a very strong impression that he must get up and saddle and mount his horse. He did so, and rode along the streets, his horse's hoofs noisily clattering in the silence of the night. He did not know where he was to go, but there was a light in one house, and something seemed to say to him, "This is the house to which you are to go." He dismounted, and knocked at the door, and a man came down, and asked why he was there at that time of night. "Perhaps, friend," answered the Quaker, "thou canst tell me, for I do not know, but I have been moved to come here." "I can tell you indeed," said the man, with much emotion, and he took him upstairs, and showed him a short halter with which he was about to hang himself when the Quaker came to his door. Such strong impressions are not to be despised, and I have no doubt that highly-spiritual minds do become like the photographer's sensitive plate, and do receive impressions. What another man may be a fool for talking of, such men may truly speak of, for God does sometimes reveal his will in that way.

IV. And now, to close, let me say that, WHEN WE HAVE RECEIVED COUNSEL FROM GOD ABOUT ANYTHING, LET US ACT ACCORDING TO IT.

If you go and ask God about anything, do not, as some people do when they consult their minister, make up your mind beforehand as to what you will do; but having consulted your God, and learned what is his will, mind that you do it. If all the devils in hell stand in your way, mind that you do it. If friends oppose, and foes assault you, still do it. There may be a point on which I differ from you, but I shall do what I believe is right, and shall not hesitate, whoever may oppose. When God moves us, we are not to be turned aside by any man's word, or by a thousand men's words. If once we have "Thus saith the Lord," we must and will go on, over the mountains and through the seas if God so wills it.

I will finish\* with an instance of what I mean. There was a missionary, who is still living, who had given himself to God's cause, and had gone out without purse or scrip, simply depending on the bounty of heaven. He was called, in the providence of God, to go in a vessel to one of the guano islands, where a great number of ships were congregated to take away that valuable manure. He found very little opportunity of serving his Master for some time until a mutiny broke out on the island. The mariners rebelled; they fought with the men employed in moving the manure; and the most fearful scenes ensued, the men being

drunk from morning till night. The ship-masters did not know what to do, but at last they sent for one of Her Majesty's men-of-war. It came, and when the captain had landed with the marines, he told the mutineers that, unless they submitted at once, he would fire upon them. They appeared to be very humble, and seemed to be subdued at once. The vessel could not stay long, for she was looking out for slaves on the African coast, and as soon as the ship was out of sight, the mutineers were as wild and ferocious as they were before. There was one man there,—no very extraordinary man in his own esteem,—he sits behind me now, he was the missionary of whom I spoke. He felt in his heart that he had a call from God to speak to those men, so he begged the captain to send him on shore in a boat, but the captain said he was not such a fool, for the missionary would be killed directly. He asked again, but received a similar refusal. He found out another captain, and persuaded him to plead his cause, and, at last, after much talking, it was agreed that he should go, though the captain said, "You will surely not go and preach the gospel to those devils; they ought to be hung every one of them." The missionary said that he felt that God had called him to do it, and he would go. So he was rowed ashore, and down came these fiends in human shape to meet him. He felt some little apprehension, but he was sure that he was doing the right thing. He had asked counsel of God, and he knew that God would help him, so he pulled out of his pocket a Bethel flag. The great, rough fellows came crowding round him, but, holding up the Bethel flag, he began talking to them: "If he had been the coolest and most collected man in the world, though I expect his heart was beating fast all the time. He said, 'My good fellows, they tell me that you are like devils, that you won't work, and that it is no use for me to come to talk to you; but I believe that some of you had pious mothers, who used to teach you the gospel, and I know that, when you were in England you were not what you are now, besides, I have heard you sing your songs, and I should like you to sing with me now.' Then he gave out the hymn,—

"O God of Bethel by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led."

After they had sung the hymn, he went on talking to them, and when some big fellows, a little way off, looked as though they were meditating mischief, he pointed to them and said, 'If any of you attempt to disturb me, there are plenty of good fellows round me who will stop you, so you had better come, and listen to what I have to say.' The men came near, and he preached to them with fervency and power, and his Master's blessing was upon him, for, the next day, all the men were at their work again, and many of them were ready to do as they had done in their better days, and what Her Majesty's ship, with so many guns, could not do, the poor preachers word did, for it turned the lions into lambs.

Whenever any of you have anything to do which you know is right, do it. After you have enquired of God, do not stop to consult friends, but go and do it. Take your sling and your stone, and, in God's name, sling the stone into the giant's forehead, and, like David, come back victorious; for that shall be your best answer to those who would persuade you not to do it. Never ask God to guide you, and then, when he says, "This is the way," stand still, and say, "That way is too hard, too stern, too difficult, I will not walk in it." Go forward; for, if hell itself were before you, God would divide it even as he divided the Red Sea for his ancient people. Only have faith in God, for "all things are possible to him that believeth."

There is one short message that God gives for guidance to every one of us, and more especially to you who are not converted. It is this, "Seek ye my face." This very moment, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," for "now is the accepted time: behold, now is the day of salvation." When you have taken God's advice concerning your poor soul's eternal welfare; when you have believed in Jesus to the salvation of your soul; then go to him about your temporal concerns, and about everything, and you will then be able to say, with the psalmist, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and after ward receive me to glory."

### Exposition by C. M. Spurgeon.

#### PSALM LXIII.

"A Psalm of David when he was in the wilderness of Judah."

Shall we praise God in the garden and not praise him in the wilderness? No; we will sing a new song when we come into the desert; for, even if we are in a desert, that is no reason why there should be a desert in us; so let us praise God even in our wilderness experience.

Verse 1. *O God,*

Two very solemn words; never use them, I pray you, as hasty, thoughtless expressions. God's name must never be taken in vain; I fear that there are some who do this, and are not rebuked for it. When we say, "O God," there ought to be something solemn to follow.

1. *Thou art my God;*

The second word "God" signifies "my strong One, i. e. my mighty One, to whom I can bring all my weakness and all my care, for thou art strong enough to take care of me even in the wilderness."

1. *Early will I seek thee:*

That is, "at once." "I will not delay, but immediately will I seek thee. I will not so much seek to get out of the wilderness, or seek for comfort in the wilderness, as seek for everything in thee."

1. *My soul thirsteth for thee,*

This is a blessed experience. It is a sad thing to be without God in any degree, but it is a blessed thing when we cannot rest without him.

1. *My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;—*

"My flesh"—"that lowest part of me,—even that has been awakened and quickened;" "my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." "Where there is no water, no well, no cloud, no rain, I am



longing for thee, my God." "My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;"—

2. *To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.*

David remembers better times that he had enjoyed in the past, and he longs to have them back again. He wants again to know, and feel, and enjoy, all he has ever known, and felt, and enjoyed; and, blessed be God, he will grant us that boon.

3, 4. *Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live:*

"Whether I live in a sterile wilderness or in a fertile land, I will bless thee while I live."

4. *I will lift up my hands in thy name.*

"I will pluck up spirit; I will begin to pray; I will begin to work. I will look toward heaven: 'I will lift up my hands in thy name.'"

5. *My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:*

There is everything that is satisfactory in God. If we do but enjoy his presence, we cannot lack anything. Are we not put, as it were, into heaven itself when we are brought near to God? Are we not willing to remain for a while on earth, and to keep out of heaven, if we may but have the Lord with us, and constantly enjoy his company?

6. *When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.*

When one is living near to God, he is not afraid of sleeplessness. He would be glad of the rest that sleep brings; but if he cannot sleep, he finds a sweeter rest in God. I remarked, one day, to one who lives very near to God, that it was a weary and sad thing to lie sleepless, and he said to me something that stuck by me. "I do not think so," said he, "for, when I wake in the night, my Heavenly Father talks so sweetly to me that I do not want to go to sleep: and when he does not want to speak to me, I speak to him in prayer, and so the hours glide away most happily."

7. *Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.*

"If I cannot look up, and see the light of thy face, the very shade of thy wings shall make me glad, and I will sing like a nightingale, in the dark."

8. *My soul followeth hard after thee:*

The Hebrew is, "My soul is glued to thee." "I am like a dog that keeps close to his master's heels, and will not leave him."

8. *Thy right hand upholdeth me.*

We should not follow the Lord if his hand were not still underneath us to keep us going.

9, 10. *But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth. They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.*

The jackal is the creature meant here, for he haunts the battlefield, and devours the slain. So it came to pass with many of David's foes. They fell in battle, and the wild beasts devoured them.

11. *But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.*

If they cannot be stopped by reason, or by repentance, they shall be stopped with a shovelful of earth, for God will stop the mouths of all liars in one way or another.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

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"TEMPTED OF THE DEVIL."

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, JULY 19TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*In the year 1864.*

"Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.—Matthew iv. 1.

WHAT a terrible incident! Well may our hearts be moved with fear, and our blood run chill, as we read it. Our adversary the devil goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. We are taught by our Lord Jesus to pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." What we are taught to seek or shun in prayer we should equally pursue or avoid in action. Very warily, therefore, should we endeavour to avoid temptation, seeking so to walk in the path of obedience that we may never be guilty of tempting the devil to tempt us. We are not to enter the thicket in search of the lion. Dearly might we pay for such presumption. The lion may cross our path, or come to our houses; and doubtless he will, but we have nothing to do with hunting this lion. He that meeteth with him, even though he winneth the day, will find it sharp work and a stern struggle. Let the Christian pray that he may be spared the encounter. Our Saviour, who had experience of what temptation meant, thus earnestly admonished his disciples, "Pray that ye enter not into temptation."

But let us do what we will, we shall be tempted. God had one Son without sin, but he never had a son without temptation. The natural man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and the Christian man is born to temptation just as certainly and necessarily. It is our duty to be always on our watch against Satan, because we do not know when he will come. He is like a thief, he giveth no intimation of his approach; like the assassin, he will steal upon his victim. If Satan acted always above-board, if he were a bold and open adversary, we might deal with him; it is because he meeteth us unawares, and beseteth us in dark and miry places on the way, that we have need to pray against temptation, and have need to hear the Saviour's admonition, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."

No. 2,997.

Still, wise believers, those who have had experience of the ways of Satan, will have found that there is a method about his temptations, that there are certain times and seasons when he will most probably attack the child of God. It often happens that a Christian is put on a double guard when he expecteth that he is in double danger. The danger may then be averted by his preparation to meet it. Prevention is better than cure; it is better to be so well armed that the devil will not attack you, than to endure the perils of the fight, even though you do come off conqueror.

We have observed—you have all done so who know anything of the spiritual life,—that the most likely times for Satan to attack a Christian are those he deems unlikely. In carnal security you are most insecure. In such an hour as ye think not, the prince of this world cometh. Just when you would have said,—speaking after the manner of men,—“I am safe,” then it is that you are in danger. When Mr. Carnal Security has said, “There is no need for us to be in perpetual alarm; evidently the Prince Emmanuel smiles upon us, and the Holy Spirit dwelleth within us; we are the children of God, let us sit at the table and feast; let us eat, drink, and be merry;”—it is at that very time that you might hear a sound as of One who saith, “Arise, let us go hence, for this heart has become polluted; I will no longer shed abroad the conscious delights of my presence in it.” Beware, dear friends, of the devil; beware of him most when you think you have least need to beware of him.

For a key-note to our meditation to-night, I propose to take the word “Then,” as it stands in the forefront of our text. I think there will be found something of instruction here, especially to young believers, as to the times when Satan will most probably beset them; and they will, probably, be surprised to find that the very times when Satan will be likely to attack them, according to the judgment of experience and the examples of God’s Word, are the times when they would have thought him least likely to do so. I want you to observe the time of our Saviour’s temptation,—first, with regard to *the circumstances which preceded it*, and then *the circumstances which followed it*. When we have noticed those two things, we will take the whole case, and see if we do not derive some instruction from it.

I. First, OBSERVE THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH PRECEDED THE TEMPTATION OF OUR SAVIOUR IN THE WILDERNESS.

*Jesus had been in a specially devout frame of mind before he was led into the wilderness.* It is recorded by Luke that our Saviour, when he was baptized, was praying. He was ever a man of prayer. This is indeed a characteristic of the Saviour; and if we should be asked, what there was in Christ which distinguished him from other men, besides his outward holiness and his inward consecration, we should say, “The habitual exercise of a spirit of prayer.” It is recorded that Jesus, as he was baptized, was praying; and yet, after this prayer was offered, after Jesus had thus worshipped at his Father’s throne, the temptation came. So, you may have been in your closet, and had a season of especial refreshing; the Lord

may have manifested himself unto you, as he doth not unto the world, in your private devotions; but do not therefore conclude that you are rid of Satan's temptations. You shall no sooner, it may be, have passed out of the closet than you shall be challenged to the conflict. The communion shall cease, and the combat shall begin. Satan knows that you have been doing mischief to his cause in your prayers. Have you not been bringing blessings down from on high? Have you not been shaking the walls of the spiritual Jericho, and doth he not therefore hate you? Satan hath the same hatred of you that we find in evil men; and we know that all bad men are always more angry when good men are more busy. So Satan becomes the more Satanic when he knows that you have been unlocking the treasury of God to make those rich whom he would have poor. Why, your prayers, if I may use so daring a speech, have been instrumental in opening blind eyes, quickening dead hearts, unlocking the doors of spiritual prison-houses, and shaking the gates of hell; and do you not think that Satan will attack you now? Expect that Satan is at the closet doors; and if, when you are lax in devotion, you are not tempted, rest assured that, whenever you are much in prayer, you may expect Satan to be exceedingly enraged against you. Do you not see, dear friends, that it is not to his advantage to let you continue in the act of prayer? He knows that, when you grow more like your Master, you get more of the Holy Spirit in you, and, therefore, it is to his interest to spoil this spirit of prayer; so he meets you, as it were, with his great club in his hand to knock you down. "Pray! will you?" saith he. "No, that you shall not, for I will tempt you. Pray! will you?—grow strong, and laugh me to scorn? No, that you shall not," saith he; and he leaves no stone unturned to try if he can lead you away from the heavenly, soul-enriching employment of private prayer. Now, if such a thing should happen to you, do not be surprised, as though some strange thing had occurred. It was so with your Lord. He prayed, and temptation came; and when you have been in prayer, you may expect to be tempted of the devil.

So, too, *our Saviour had been engaged in an act of public obedience to his Father's will.* You will not forget that he had been baptized. He went to the Jordan's brim, and gave himself into the hands of the Baptist, that he might lie immersed beneath the Jordan's waves. "Thus it becometh us," saith he, "to fulfil all righteousness." Some persons after baptism are favoured with great joy, as the eunuch, to wit, "he went on his way rejoicing;" but this is no rule. It will often happen that, after the public avowal, after our public confession of faith, there will come a time of unusual struggling and conflict. You are not to say, dear friend, "I know I have done right because I feel so happy;" you have done right, if you have fulfilled God's command, whether you feel happy or no. The witness of the Spirit to an ordinance is not your happiness after the ordinance, for it may so happen that, instead of happiness following immediately after your obedience, you may have to enter into a terrible conflict with the prince of darkness.

Little children must have little rewards for every service that they do while they are little children, but those sons and daughters of the family who have had their senses exercised do not expect to have sweetmeats given to them every time they are obedient. Nay, they can be obedient, and take medicine from a father's hand, and consider even the bitter draught to be as real a proof of acceptance as though it had been some sweet thing, such as they had in their younger days. We are not to be always children,—not always little babes. It was because the eunuch was but a babe in grace that he went on his way rejoicing, but stronger believers will often be tried as Christ was. They will come up dripping from baptism to go down dripping into the floods of another river of deep temptations and sorrow. You must not always expect even the Lord's supper to yield to you excessive comfort; or, if it does yield you comfort, you may expect that Satan will meet you very soon after. The more soul-enriching ordinances become to you, the more probability there is that you will be tempted after them. If there is a pirate out at sea, what ship does he attack? An empty one? Nay, nay; but that which has been to the mines, and is coming home with a rich freight. Then saith the pirate, "Up with the black flag; now is our time for prize money." And when you have been to baptism, or the Lord's supper, or to prayer, and your soul has grown rich through fellowship with the Lord Jesus, "Now," saith Satan, "it is my time. I will attack the heavenly-laden ship, and see what spoil I can get."

Not only had our Saviour been devout and obedient, but *he had also been in an exceedingly humble frame of mind.* He was baptized by John. John said, "I have need to be baptized of thee;" but the Master puts it, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." Talking of what is becoming! The Son of God speaking, not only of what is right, but of what is becoming and expedient! This shows how holy was his mind as to humbleness before God; and yet he was tempted. When we are proud, we may expect to be tempted; or, rather, we are tempted already, for the devil hath at least one of the meshes of his net over us; but when we are humble, when God has been pleased to make us lie low at the foot of his throne, we perhaps think that now no temptation can come. Let us not be quite so sure. Where did Christian meet with Apollyon? Do you remember? It was in the Valley of Humiliation. Not on the mountain top, but in the valley, where the shepherd-boy said he who was down needs fear no fall. The boy was right in one sense; but there are some of us who, in another sense, need to be watchful and afraid even there. Satan doth so hate humility that he will spit all his venom on it; he doth so thoroughly abhor that sweet flower, the perfume whereof God doth delight in, the prayer of a humble and contrite heart, that he will pour all his malice upon it. If thou hast had a broken heart, Satan and thou will never be friends, for thou dost fulfil the promise, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed." God hath put an enmity, which never was in your

heart before, between you and Satan. Your brokenness of heart is an evidence that God put that enmity there; of grace alone cometh such experience. Your antagonist, seeing that enmity against him in the fact of your humiliation and contrition before God, will do his utmost to tempt you, if he can, to commit sin.

We find that *our blessed Lord* on this occasion favoured with a divine seal and token of his Sonship. From the opened heavens, the Spirit, like a dove, descended upon him, and a voice came from the excellent glory, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Will he now be tried by the arch-fiend? Did the devil hear that? He has much too quick ears not to have heard it. He therefore must have known that Christ was God's well-beloved Son, and has he the impudence to attack him? Yes, so great a fool is the devil, that he will thrust his hand into the fire, and burn it; he will attack a child of God, though he must know that he cannot overcome him. So stultified is he by sin, that he will rush upon the thick bosom of God's buckler, and stand in conflict with the Spirit, who is infinitely stronger and greater than he.

Now, beloved, you, perhaps, have had some very sweet witness with your spirit that you are born of God. "Abba, Father," has been upon your tongue all day. When you knelt down to pray, the sweet beginning of the Lord's prayer was the beginning and end of it all, "Our Father, which art in heaven;" and you took your mercies as coming from a Father's hand, and your sufferings and chastisements as from the same paternal love too. I hope you are not sitting down, and saying, "Now, my battle is over; my victory is won for ever." Beloved, if you do, you reckon without your adversary. You are thinking you are in port, while as yet you are only midway on the ocean. You are thinking about sweet fields before you have fairly crossed the swelling flood. Come then and be wise, lest that arch-deceiver take thee unawares. If thou hadst hope of thine adoption, be still on the watch-tower, lest Satan come against thee. The surer I am that I am a child of God, and the clearer that is made to appear to other people, the more the devil will make me a target for his arrows. I am borrowing many a good figure just now from one dear friend who has written upon this subject fully and largely. He says, quoting an old divine, "A man never goes forth to shoot his own fowls. When he goes forth with his gun, it is against wild birds. And so the devil never goes out to tempt his own children; that is not necessary, for they are his already, but when he knoweth that a man is a child of God, and is, as it were, a wild bird to him, then he goes out against him." The more surely, then, you are known to be a child of God, the more certainly will Satan be against you.

Again, to return to the narrative, we are told by Luke that *Jesus Christ was full of the Holy Ghost*. He was full of the Holy Ghost, yet he was tempted. Why? Because the Holy Spirit is never given in vain, and, if given to us, it is as a preparation for conflict, in order that we may have strength proportioned to our need. And again, where the Holy Spirit is given, the evil spirit

will soon labour, for the very reason I have referred to before because, where God's treasure is, there the thief will try to break in. I think it was one of my predecessors who said that nobody ever broke into a Baptist minister's house, because it was well known there would be nothing for them to get, but thieves often broke into other people's houses because they knew there was treasure there. So the devil does not go after people who are without grace. "Why," saith he, "there is nothing there for me to steal;" but if you are full of grace, then you may expect the arch-adversary to come and attack you. When old Farmer Jones went home on Friday evening, nobody went to watch for him on the road; but it was on a market night, when he had been selling wheat, and some fellow had marked him on the Exchange taking money, it was then that the foot-pad stopped him, and robbed him of his gold. The devil knows when you are getting rich, and full of the Holy Ghost. Now he thinks there is something worth his time and trouble, and so he speeds with dragon wings to the place where this rich child of God is, and he waylays him, that he may attack him, and cast him down. Well, there is never a better time to fight the devil than when you are filled with the Spirit. So the devil is a fool for meddling with you then. There never was such a fool as the devil is, and though he hears us say that now, he knows it; he is a fool, and will be to the end of the chapter, till my Master puts the bit into his mouth and the bridle to his jaws, and hurls him down to the regions where he shall dwell for ever.

Thus much, then, for the circumstances preceding our Lord's temptation. I think we may ring the alarm, and this may be a note of warning to you, even though you may have been in deep devotion, and may have performed acts of obedience in the most humble and acceptable manner, and received tokens of adoption, and are now full of the Holy Ghost.

II. Now, to change the strain, THE SUCCEEDING CIRCUMSTANCES ARE WORTHY OF YOUR SERIOUS REFLECTION.

Jesus Christ was just beginning his public ministrations. As one saith, "So long as Jesus Christ had nothing to meddle with but the chips in his father's carpenter's shop, the devil never tempted him; but now that he was beginning to proclaim glad tidings to the poor, the devil attacked him." While we have nothing to do in the cause of God, and are secret and retiring, it may be we shall escape; but no common temptation will happen to the man who is engaged in unusual labour. Satan will find some extraordinary means of tempting him whom God puts upon extraordinary service. Satan is very much afraid of all beginnings except one. He loves the beginning of sin, for it is like the letting out of water, but he cannot bear the beginning of a new life in the Christian: "Behold he prayeth!" "Ah," saith the devil, "I hate that first prayer." The beginning of repentance Satan loves not. There is the letting out of water indeed! The beginning of a holy project, the beginning of a Christian ministry, the beginning of some ardent missionary,

the opening up of some new field of Christian labour, the devil hates. If he can nip these things in the bud, he knows they cannot come to perfection. So Jesus is beginning to preach the gospel, and Satan therefore attacks him. To what may we trace the attacks of Satan just at these beginnings?

A primary cause is *Satan's malice*. No sooner is Christ acknowledged openly to be anointed of the Holy Ghost to preach glad tidings, than the devil saith, "I will shoot my arrow at him. This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours." So, in the beginning of the Christian life, and especially at the outset of the Christian minister, Satan says, "Here is another God-ordained man, here is another raised up against me," and there is another arrow directed at the child of God. It is the devil's complimen ary arrow on the earnest soul when first God launches it in life.

Another cause is *Satan's craftiness*. He can foresee where we cannot. When there is a good project in hand, many an unbeliever says, "Oh, nothing will come of it; it is a Utopian design, fanaticism projected it, and enthusiasm will carry it out for a little, but it will be all a bottle of smoke." Do you hear the devil? He is saying to himself, "I know the beginnings are good. I have crushed too many of them not to know the look of them." "Ah!" saith he, "if I leave this man alone, all Jerusalem and Judæa will go after him. I must crush him at once." There is a hellish industry about Satan. He knows that his kingdom stands upon a rickety foundation, and therefore he is always anxious. Like a man at sea in a leaky ship, who is afraid of every wind that blows, so is the devil afraid of every new good thing, and every fresh device of divine grace; and when he sees the beginnings, he thinks, "I will destroy the beginnings, I will break down the foundations, and then the walls can never be built."

We may, then, attribute temptation, at the beginning of the Christian life or Christian effort, to Satanic craft as well as to Satanic malice.

A further reason why you are thus tempted and tried is, that *God, in his wise providence, is now testing you to see whether you are a fit man for his work*. Before a firearm is sold, it is taken to the proof-shop, and there it is loaded with a charge much heavier than it will ever have to carry in the ordinary sportsman's hand. The barrels are fired, and if they burst in the proof-house, no great hurt is done; whereas it would be exceedingly dangerous if they should burst in the hand of some unskilful man. So God takes his servants. Some, of whom he will make special use, he perhaps loads with five times more temptation than he means they should ordinarily have to endure, in order that he may see, and prove to onlookers, that they are fit men for his divine service. We have heard that the old warriors, before they would use their swords, would bend them across their knees. They must see whether they were made of the right stuff or no before they would venture into battle with them; and God acts thus with his servants. Martin Luther would never have been the Martin Luther he was if it



had not been for the devil. The devil was, as it were, the proof-house for Martin Luther. He must be tried and tempted by Satan, and so he became fit for the Master's use.

Our Saviour himself became perfect through his sufferings. Through his temptations, he became able to succour those that are tempted, for he was tempted in all points like as they are. And you, Christian, will never be of great service in God's Church without temptation; you shall neither be able to strengthen the weak, nor to comfort the faint-hearted. You cannot teach the ignorant, or inspire with courage the wavering, unless you have yourself been taught in the school of experience. John Bunyan, who teaches all the ages, and will teach us till we meet in the Celestial City, must himself be taught, in five long years of dark despair, the ruin of the creature and the glory of free grace. I believe you will find it to be the case in regard to most of the preachers whom God has signally honoured,—in fact, I think, in regard to all preachers who have been of great use in the Church,—that there has been a preparatory struggle in the wilderness, a preparatory forty days' fasting, before they have come forth to labour for the Lord.

Well!" says one of my hearers, "I think I have found something out to-night. When I came into this Tabernacle, this was my state of mind. I have been lately undertaking some new project; and ever since I have thought of it, and commenced it, I have had such a gloom of heart as I have never known before." My dear friend, I think I have told you the reason of this. Take it as a favourable omen. Satan knows that your project will do a serious injury to his kingdom, and this is why he is endeavouring, with his entire strength, to divert you from it. I am sure you and I would do the same if we were engaged in the same struggle as Satan is; and as he has a vast deal more sense than we have, he will not be likely to leave that stone unturned. Go on, brother; go on. If you tread on a dog, he will bark; and you may depend upon it that you have trodden upon him when he does bark, and so you may know you have done mischief to Satan when he begins to roar at you. Go on; make him roar more. Never mind his roaring; make him roar again. Ay, stir him up if you are in God's service, and count it a triumph when you hear a growl. It is a good sign that angels are singing when devils are howling. It is a good omen that you are progressing when Satan is so endeavouring to cast you down.

III. Taking the case of the Saviour being tempted, as a whole, I may offer a few closing reflections.

First, *a holy character does not avert temptation.* Perfect, spotless, without any propensity to sin, yet is Jesus tempted. In him the prince of this world found nothing congenial to his temptations. When Satan tempts us, he strikes sparks on tinder; but, in Christ's case, when the devil tempted him, it was like striking sparks on water, yet he kept on striking. Now, if the devil goeth on striking when there is no better result than that, how much more will he do it when he knows what inflammable stuff our hearts are

made of! Expect it, then; though you become never so sanctified by the Holy Ghost, and destroy sin after sin and lust after lust, you will have this great dog of hell barking at you still.

*The greatest distance from the world will not ensure you from temptation.* When we mix with the world, we know that we shall be tempted. In our business, in the banking-house, in the farm, on the vessel, in the street, we expect that, in the world, we shall have temptation, but if you could get out of the world, you would still be tempted. Jesus Christ went right away from human society into the wilderness, and "then" was he tempted of the devil. Solitude is no preservative against temptation from Satan. Solitude has its charms and its benefits, and may be useful in curbing the flesh, and certainly in checking the lust of the eye and the pride of life, but the devil should be worsted by other weapons than that of solitude. Still he will attack you even there. Do not suppose, then, that it is only the worldly-minded who have dreadful thoughts and blasphemous temptations, for even spiritually-minded persons may have to endure the same, and with the boldest character and the holiest position there may yet be the darkest temptation.

*The utmost consecration of spirit will not ensure you against Satanic temptation.* Christ was consecrated through and through. His baptism was real. He was truly dead to the world. He lived only to do his Father's work. It was his meat and drink to do the will of him that sent him; yet he was tempted. Your hearts may glow with a seraphic or cherubic flame of love to Jesus, and yet the devil will try to throw cold water upon it, and to bring you down to Laodicean lukewarmness.

*Nor will the highest form of grace; the greatest development of a spiritual mind, prevent our being tempted:* nay, the most eminent public service and the most favoured private communion will not keep us from being assailed. Saith one, "At what time may the Christian take off his armour?" If you will tell me when God permits a Christian to lay aside his armour, I will tell you when Satan has left off temptation. Inasmuch as we are to do as the old knights did in war time, to sleep with the helmet and breast-plate buckled on, you may rest assured there is good need for it. At the very time we think not, the arch-deceiver will be on the watch to make us his prey. The Lord keep us watchful in all seasons, and give us a final escape out of the jaw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear!

Alas! there are some here who are not thus tempted, and who are, perhaps, congratulating themselves, and saying, "We were never tempted like that." Ah! you are never emptied from vessel to vessel; you are settled on the lees; and why are you left so quiet? Is it not because there is no spiritual life in you? You are dead in trespasses and sins. You are the devil's own; therefore why should he hunt you? A man doth not go forth with a lasso to catch a horse that stands in his stable ready bridled and saddled for him to ride whenever he likes, but he goeth forth to hunt the wild horse that is free. So the devil knows that he has

you bridled and saddled, and that he can ride you whenever he pleases, and he does not need to hunt you; but he will hunt the free Christian, upon whose back he cannot place a saddle, and into whose mouth he cannot fix a bit. I wish you were tempted. I wish there was something in you worth the devil's efforts, but there is not. May God renew your hearts, and give you a right spirit! Remember that the way of salvation is to trust Jesus. Do that, and you are saved. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. If you are believing in Jesus,—trusting in Jesus only, entirely, with your whole heart, then you are saved; then you may defy the power of hell, and come off more than conqueror. May the Master bless these words, to the warning of many and the comfort of some, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

#### MATTHEW IV. 1—11.

Verse 1. *Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.*

He had just been baptized, the Spirit of God had descended upon him, and the Father had borne witness to him, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" yet, immediately after all that, he was led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. So, after your times of sweetest fellowship with God, after the happiest enjoyment of gospel ordinances, after the sealing of the Spirit within your hearts, you must expect to be tempted of the devil. You must not suppose that, in your Christian life, all will be sweetness,—that all will be spiritual witness-bearing. You have to fight the good fight of faith, and your great adversary will not be slow to begin the encounter. You are a pilgrim in a strange land, so you must expect to find rough places on the road to heaven. Yet, since you are so much weaker than your Master was, you will do well to pray the prayer that he taught to his disciples, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one."

2, 3. *And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungred. And when the tempter came to him,*

See how Satan seizes opportunities. When he finds us weak, as the Saviour was through long fasting;—when he finds us in trying circumstances, as the Saviour was when hungry in the desert;—then it is that he comes to tempt us. This dastardly foe of ours takes every possible advantage of us, that he may, by any means, overthrow us.

3. *He said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.*

He begins with an "if." He tries to cast a doubt upon the Saviour's Sonship, and this is the way that he often attacks a child of God now. He says to him, "If thou be a son of God, do so-and-so." He challenged Christ to work a miracle for himself,—to use his divine power on his own behalf; but this the Saviour never did. He challenged Christ to distrust the providence of God, and to be his own Provider; and this is still a very common temptation to God's people.

4. *But he answered and said, It is written,—*

That is the only sword that Christ used against Satan,—*"the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."* There is nothing like it; and the old dragon himself knows what sharp edges this sword has. Christ said, *"It is written,"*—

4. *Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.*

God can sustain human life without the use of bread, although it is the staff of life; for bread does not sustain life unless God puts power into it to do so; and he can, if it pleases him, use that power without the outward means. Our Lord thus showed that God could provide for him in a desert without his interference with the plans of divine providence by selfishly catering for himself. So the first victory was won.

5, 6. *Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple. And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written,—*

Here he plays with the Word of God, for the devil can quote Scripture when it suits his purpose to do so: "It is written,"—

6. *He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.*

The devil did not quote correctly from Psalm xci. 11, 12; he left out the most important words: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways;" but it was not Christ's way to cast himself down from a pinnacle of the temple. Jesus therefore answered Satan's misquotation with a true quotation.

7. *Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.*

I know some people, who earn their living in employments which are very hazardous to their immortal souls. They are in the midst of evil, yet they tell me that God can keep them in safety there. I know that he can, but I also know that we have no right to go, voluntarily, where we are surrounded by temptation. If your calling is a wrong one, and you are continually tempted in it, you may not presume upon the goodness of God to keep you, for it is your business to get as far as you can from that which will lead you into sin. God does not put his servants on the pinnacle of the temple; it is the devil who puts them there; and if they ever are there, the best thing they can do is to get down as quickly and as safely as they can; but they must not cast themselves down, they must look to him who alone can bring them down safely. With some professors, presumption is a very common sin. They will go into worldly amusements and all sorts of frivolities, and say, "Oh, we can be Christians, and yet go there!" Can you? It may be that you can be hypocrites, and go there; that is far easier than going there as Christians.

8—10. *Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.*

Christ will not endure any more of this talk. When it comes to a bribe, the promise that the devil will give him earth's glory if he will but fall down and worship him, Christ ends the whole matter once for all. Thrice assaulted, thrice victorious, blessed Master, enable us also to be more than conquerors through thy grace!

11. *Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.*

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# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

THE RULE OF CHRIST.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, JULY 26TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Lord's-day Evening, July 25th, 1875.*

"And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."—2 Samuel xxiii. 4.

No doubt, in the first place, David was speaking of the benefits of a wise and just ruler over men. In the East, where rulers are despotic, they can very soon lay on such heavy taxation and make such oppressive laws that the people are grievously impoverished. Sometimes, the inhabitants almost cease to cultivate their lands, since they feel that, if they do produce crops, they only produce them for a tyrant's table. By such cruel exactions, the trade of a country is often driven away, and fruitful lands are turned into a desert. At the present moment, there seems to be little or no reason why Palestine, for instance, should not once again become as fruitful as it used to be, were it not that the Turkish rule is so severe and so unjust that the people have no reason for industry, and no motive for economy, since they are so ground down by those who are in power. It was largely so in David's day. Nations were so completely subject to the rule of their kings that, according to the character of their ruler, was the state of the people. It is a happy circumstance for us that, as a nation, we have ended all that, but it was the prevailing state of things in the days of David. So, I suppose, as a description of what he himself had been, and as expressive of his hope of what Solomon would be, he says, "A good ruler is to a people like the rising of the sun." Their troubles disappear; he conquers for them in foreign wars, and he deals out justice to them at home. A good ruler removes or at least reduces the sorrows of the people over whom he rules. He is to them as "a morning without clouds." They cannot find fault with his administration, for he does them good, and no harm, all his days, and he makes even their past sorrows to conduce to their present good. Under his rule, they enjoy a season of clear shining

after a long rain of sorrow; and, by his wise laws, he makes the land so fruitful, and the people so prosperous, that he is to them "as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." No doubt that was a part of what David meant.

But, please to remember that this was David's swan-song, for the chapter begins thus, "Now these be the last words of David." And remember also that these last words of David are prefaced by this most important declaration, "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue. The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me." So, under these circumstances, we cannot suppose that the meaning which I have given to the text can be the full interpretation of it, since there would be no necessity for inspiration to teach that, and no need whatever for the God of Israel so to speak, and the Rock of Israel thus to deliver himself. We may feel quite sure that there must be some deeper, fuller, more mystical and spiritual meaning here.

And Christians of all times, and Jews also of former ages, have all been agreed that this passage relates to the Messiah; and we, who know that the Messiah is Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews, can, without the slightest difficulty, apply those words to him, and feel that they are most true concerning him. Even if they did not primarily refer to the Messiah, we should be quite right in making them do so, because, if it be a general rule that a good ruler is all this to his people, then Jesus Christ, being the best of rulers, must be all this to his people; and he, ruling among men as he does,—for this day we call him Master and Lord,—and ruling, as he does, most wisely and in the fear of God, he must be, to those who belong to his blessed kingdom, all that any other good ruler could possibly be, and far more; so that, for many reasons, we are quite right in ascribing to our Lord Jesus the language of our text: "He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

I want to do two things; first, to show you that *this passage describes our experience of the rule of Christ*; and, secondly, to prove to you that *our experience should encourage others to receive him as their Ruler*.

I. First, then, there are many of you, my dear brethren and sisters in Christ, who can join with me in saying that the text is A TRUTHFUL DESCRIPTION OF OUR OWN EXPERIENCE OF THE RULE OF CHRIST since that dear hour which brought us to his foot, cut up all our self-righteousness by the root, and blessedly taught us to trust and rest in him.

Let us take the sentences as they stand, and let the hearts of God's children respond as I speak upon each one of them. Has it not been true, beloved, that *Jesus has been to us as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth*? Was he not so when first you saw him? You were in the dark; an Egyptian darkness that might be felt was upon you. You had aforetime walked in the feeble and fickle light of the sparks of your own kindling; but those sparks were at length all stamped out, and the light of all your candles

was quenched in thickest gloom. Was it not like the rising of the sun when you—

“Saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,”—

and as he fixed his languid eyes on you, you realized that he had suffered in your stead, and borne the wrath of God on your behalf? The weary sentinel, who has stood upon the watch-tower all night, keeping guard in the pitiless tempest, longs to see the first streak of daylight, and he will not readily forget the moment when, in the East, he first perceived the glow which betokened the rising of the sun. He may forget that, but we shall never forget the hour when, in our deepest sorrows, we caught the first glimpse of a Saviour, and of his wondrous plan of salvation. We saw that there was salvation for sinners, and we perceived that it was suitable for us; and we perceived yet more gladly the fact that we might have it,—that we might have it then and there,—by simply looking to Jesus crucified. And we did look to him; and, oh, the brightness and the glory that we then saw! I am sure that I have no need to enlarge upon that, and that I have only to awaken your joyful recollections of that wondrous period, and you will at once take down your harps from the willows, awaken all the strings to melodious praise of that rising sun which then arose with healing for you beneath its wide-spread wings.

Now, since that time, has not Jesus been as the sun in the morning, from the fact that he has never gone down? There have been clouds which have, for a time, obscured his light; in this misty world, there must be clouds. You have not always seen the golden light of Christ's love as you have seen it at certain times in your experience; yet, since you first looked to him by faith, you have never been in the same darkness that you were in before, for Jesus has never forsaken you, even though he has, for a while, hidden his face from you. Your vessel has rocked to and fro, but you have not been driven from your anchorage, your anchor has held fast even in the stormiest gale. You have been, sometimes, in great straits, yet Jesus has always been your rest and your stay. You have wandered in heart from him again and again, but he has never refused to take you back to his bosom, as Noah took back the weary dove. O soul, you know that Jesus Christ is not like the sun at his setting, when he goes from brightness into shade, but Jesus is the Sun of righteousness, which continues increasing in brilliance until it attains its perfect noontide glory! Have you not found it to be so until now? O child of God, if it were right for you to stand up, and bear your testimony here, you would say, “Yes, he has not given me transient pleasure, but constant joy. He has given me peace like a river, and righteousness like the waves of the sea. By trusting in him, I have had a continual holiday and a perpetual festival; or if I have not, it has been because my faith has flagged, or my unstable heart has wandered from his love; but He has ever been ‘as the light of the morning when the sun riseth.’”



And, brethren and sisters in Christ, have we not a good hope that the light which we have enjoyed will continue with us all our journey through? Thank God, that Sun will not go down before the last stage of our life's pilgrimage shall be over. Nay, it will still rise higher and higher until the perfect day; and the perfect day has not come yet, but it will come. By faith, our souls anticipate greater knowledge of Christ, greater enjoyment of him, greater likeness to him. We expect that, as years tell upon us, although the flesh will decay, the spirit will grow stronger and stronger. We believe that we shall still "bring forth fruit in old age" "to show that the Lord is upright." We know and are fully persuaded that, with us, at eventide, it will still be light; and that, when the sun of our natural life goes down, the Sun of our spiritual life will not decline, but, rather, we shall be absent from this land of clouds, and eclipses, and shades, and enter into the glory that excludeth. Milton speaks of an angel who lives in the sun; but what will it be to live in the light of Christ,—to live in that Sun for ever and ever? The distant glintings of his glory, the transient gleams of his face, are heaven below to us; "but what must it be to be there" where they behold him with eyes supernaturally strengthened to bear the sight,—a sight which we could not bear now? John says, "When I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead;" and that would be the case with us if we could see him now. But, by-and-by, we shall be able to endure that beatific vision, and then we shall be favoured with it, and then shall we understand to the full the meaning of these words, "He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth."

This must suffice for the first sentence of our text. There is not one of us, who has believed in Christ, but can say that this is true; we have not all experienced it in the same measure, but we can all say that it has been true to us up to the measure of our capacity to see this Sun, and to bear the light of his beams upon us.

Now look at the next words: "even a morning without clouds." And it is true that, *to those, in whose heart Christ has risen, he has been a morning without clouds.* When he first came to us, there was a great cloud—an inconceivably black cloud of sin which hung over us. Oh, what tempests there were hidden in its dense shadows! Eternal hurricanes and unending destruction were couched in the black bosom of that cloud; but we saw Jesus, and the cloud instantly vanished. Where had it gone? Perhaps, at that time, we scarcely knew more than that it was gone by reason of our having looked to him. But, oh, you know the story,—how a blessed wind came, and caught that cloud, and bore it away up where there stood a lofty hill that towered above the clouds, a mountain whose summit reached to heaven itself. Can you look up, and see it? Can you bear the dazzling glory of its brightness, ~~for~~ it was a mountain all of sapphire, like the terrible crystal for its brightness and its glory? But the cloud came sweeping over the head of this sapphire mountain, and, lo! it burst. Dread were the volleys of its thunder; terrific were the flashes of its flame. It shivered the peaks of that wondrous mountain, and the storm burst.

there in terrible fury. That mountain was the Lord Jesus Christ; and, for all of us who trust him, the thunder-cloud spent itself there for ever, leaving only mercy-drops to fall on us in the valley below. Christ's coming was to us henceforth as a morning without clouds. There is now no accusation to be brought against God's people anywhere. If all the believers who have ever lived, or who ever shall live, could be gathered together, we might maintain that there is not, in the whole universe, a single sin that can be laid to the charge of any soul that believes in Jesus. What saith the Scripture? "The iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none." The work of the Messiah was thus revealed to Daniel, "To finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins,"—dwell on that—"to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness." Do you not see, then, that, as compared to the black cloud of sin, Jesus Christ, when he came to us, was as "a morning without clouds," since he took all that sin away?

And since that time, he has been the same to us, for no clouds have come. No clouds of fear, for instance, except some vain and foolish fears which our poor flesh has tolerated, but there has been no ground for fear. On the brightest day, in our changeful English climate, the fairest morning cannot always prophesy a clear day; and, oftentimes, in other lands, you may look long up to a cloudless sky; but, by-and-by, there may be a little cloud, like a man's hand, and it will gather and grow until the storm bursts, and puts an end to the brightness of the morning. We have no fear of that happening to us, notwithstanding all our shortcomings, mistakes, errors, failures, and sins. Can any of us count them? None of us can; but they are not being treasured up against us; they are not gathering into a tempest, to burst over our devoted heads. We are not laying by in store a dreadful measure of divine wrath, to be dealt out to us by-and-by. That is to be the portion of those who are out of Christ, but those who are in Christ certainly have no need to fear any future storm of divine anger. As their sin is gone to-day, it is gone for ever, for Christ hath for ever perfected those whom he hath redeemed. Is it not a very delightful thing to live, in this sense, on a morning without clouds,—to look all around you, and to feel that there is nothing to dread now that Christ is yours, and that, above, beneath, around, there is no cause for fear? Why, sometimes, this glorious truth makes our heart beat so quickly with joy that we wonder whether it will not leap out of our physical frame,—to think that all is well, all well without, all well within, all well above, all well below, all well behind, all well before, all well for time, all well for eternity. "A morning without clouds,"—where will you find this, in a spiritual sense, but beneath the blessed rule of Jesus the King of kings, and Lord of lords?

So, brethren and sisters, our morning is without clouds because we have no fear of any future trouble when we live under the rule of Christ. "Ah!" says one, "but I sometimes have." But, my dear friend, if you are really a Christian, you have no reason to

have any fear of future trouble. "But I shall grow old," says one; "perhaps I shall not be able to earn my daily bread. I am very feeble even now; and, by-and-by, I may be completely bedridden, or I may have to undergo a painful operation. I am already sadly depressed in spirit, so what shall I be when I get into even worse troubles than I have now?" Ah, my dear friend, the Lord has provided for you, not merely for to-morrow, but for all your days, and you may say, with David, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." Some people may starve, but God's saints shall not. Every one who "walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly," may claim the ancient promise, "Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure." You may make clouds if you like. You may take down the telescope, and breathe on it with the hot breath of your anxiety, and then, when you look through it, you may say, "I can see clouds." There are no clouds there; it is only your breath on the glass that makes you fancy that you see them. God will make all things work together for good to you. If he shall send you troubles, it will only be when it is better for you to be troubled than to be at peace; and he will always make a way of escape for you out of them, and give you all needful support while you are in them. Your shoes shall be iron and brass; and as your days, so shall your strength be. Be of good cheer, Mrs. Despondency and Miss Much-afraid. Fetch out your harps, and let us have a joyful tune to the praise of our ever-gracious God. There are no clouds where Jesus dwells; and where he rules, it is as "a morning without clouds."

There is not even the cloud of death to be feared. What a fuss many of us make about dying! Children of God, what a turmoil some of you sometimes make in your own souls about dying! I was speaking to a dear brother whom you all know, and he said to me, "I have once or twice lately been brought face to face with death. In extreme pain I thought that I should not be able to hold out many more minutes, and that I must die; and oh, my dear pastor," he said to me, "it seemed the sweetest thing in all the world to expect to see my Saviour face to face in a few minutes. I have, sometimes," he added, "dreaded death; but when I seemed to be in the very article of death, and thought that I must soon expire, I have wondered how I could ever have entertained such thoughts." What is there for a Christian to fear in death? It is not dying,—it is living,—about which we ought to be anxious, if anxious at all. But you say, "It is the thought of the pains of death that troubles me." But pains belong to life, so do not lay them upon poor death's back. Death is the physician that eases pain; he does but lay his skeleton hand upon the patient, and, straightway, the fever has departed, and the sufferer is where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick."

"One gentle sigh, the fetter breaks:

We scarce can say, 'They're gone!'

Before the willing spirit takes

Her mansion near the throne."

Blessed be God, where Jesus rules, even the thought of death is not a cloud. If you are not under the rule of Jesus Christ, you will have many clouds; but if you are under his rule, if you have faith in him, and live upon him, and are a subject of his kingdom, you will find that he is to you as "a morning without clouds."

The other sentence of the text teaches us that *Jesus Christ sanctifies to his people their varied experiences*: "As the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

Dear friends, even under the rule of Christ, we know that some trouble will come to us, there will be "rain." There will be the rain of sorrow for sin. That is a blessed rain; I would like to be wet through with that. Sometimes, there will be the rain of depression of spirit; but God forbid that we should have too much of that! There will be the rain of affliction and trial; but we are taught to rejoice in affliction, and to count it all joy when we fall into divers trials. Sometimes, there comes the rain of spiritual humiliation. We are conscious of our own emptiness, and we seem to be in such a place as the Valley of Humiliation, of which Bunyan has written so sweetly in his "Pilgrim's Progress."

Yes, we do get times of rain, but there also come to us times of "clear shining." You know what that means to you after a time of trouble. It is very sweet, after you have been ill, to feel that you are getting better. I do not know any enjoyment in life that, to my mind, is equal to that of getting better after a severe illness; that is the "clear shining after rain." And when you have been depressed, and have got back your joy again, that is more clear shining. It is all the clearer because of the rain; and the clear shining does you the more good because there has been rain; for clear shining without rain might bring on dryness and barrenness; but when the soil has been well soaked, and the clear shining of the sun follows, then the tender grass appears; and what tender emotions of love, and joy, and peace, and rest, and gratitude, have often come into the soul when, after we have had a heavy rain, which has deluged us, there has come the clear shining,—the full assurance, the applied promise, the conscious love, the certain presence, the blessed manifestation, the sweet communion. Many of you know, from happy experience, what I mean. I am only giving you a brief summary, for I cannot fully describe that clear shining though I have felt it full often.

Then it is that Jesus becomes to us like "the tender grass springing out of the earth." In the East, when there has been no rain for a long while, everything looks dry and brown; but travellers tell us that, in a few hours, after a heavy shower and a little sunshine, patches of green grass will be seen where everything was brown, and the daffodil, lily and all sorts of beautiful plants will spring up almost as if by magic. Is not that the case with us spiritually? When Jesus Christ appears to us, our soul, which had been saturated with sorrow, becomes joyous through the clear shining, and then brings forth the tender grass of gladness, gratitude, thankfulness, and holy service for the Lord Jesus Christ. But if there be anything of that kind brought forth in us, let us

remember that it is, Christ himself who is the sum and substance of it all, for it is he who is as the tender grass. "Without me, ye can do nothing," said Christ to his disciples; and the fruit of the Christian is practically Christ, for if the Christian brings forth the fruit of holiness, it is the glory of Christ reflected in him; if he is bright with hope, it is Christ within him who is the hope of glory. If there be any graces in us, they are the virtues which Christ has given to us. Our green grass is Christ himself appearing in us. Our verdure, our beauty, our fruit, our everything, is Christ manifest in us.

I like this metaphor of the "tender grass springing out of the earth." Jesus Christ is to us what the green grass is to the field. In the story of the creation, it is suggestive to read that, the same day that God separated the water from the land, and called this "Earth", and that "Seas", he saw that something was needed to make it perfect. Imagine this earth just lifted up out of the waters; there are the mountains, and the little hills, and the plains, and the valleys, but they are all like masses of mud, so God says, "Let the earth bring forth grass,"—"tender grass" is in the margin, the very expression we have in our text. It looks as though God himself could not bear to see the world naked, so he wrapped it up in those beautiful green garments which are like the holiday dress of this poor brown earth; and I believe that, whenever God makes a Christian, the moment he is born anew, God looks at him, and sees that he is just like the earth was before it was clothed with grass, so God gives him grace to enable him to bring forth fruit. One of the first instincts of a true convert is to ask, "What can I do for Jesus Christ?" Though it is not much that he can do, it is like the grass, it covers him. Very soon the fruits begin to appear, bearing seed after their kind; it is Christ being displayed in the convert's life, and work, and fruit. I remember when Jesus Christ was to me the first fruit of righteousness that I ever brought forth; and, to this day, all the fruit I ever have—and I am sure it is the same with you, my brethren and sisters in Christ, and you are glad to confess that it is so,—comes from Christ alone. He is to us as "the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

Thus I have spoken about our experience of the rule of Christ tallying with the Word of God as we have it in our text.

II. I will spend only a few minutes in speaking upon the second part of our subject, lest I weary you. It is this, OUR EXPERIENCE SHOULD ENCOURAGE OTHERS TO RECEIVE JESUS CHRIST AS THEIR RULER.

If we had found him a bad Master, we would tell you. As we have found him inexpressibly good to us, we come to you, and gladly bear our witness on his behalf. I am addressing a good many who have heard the gospel for a long time, and yet are not saved. When are you going to lay these things to heart? When shall the time of decision be? Listen to me with great earnestness for these last few minutes. I want you to receive Jesus Christ as your Ruler; but, before you do so, you must receive him as your Saviour. You cannot truly say, "I will serve Christ," until you

have just said, "I will trust him." The gospel message is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." May the Spirit of God enable you, at this very moment, sitting where you are, or standing in the crowd, to trust the Son of God, who lived and died that sinners might not perish. Trust him, and you are saved.

But, at the same time that you trust him, please remember that Jesus Christ has come to be a Prince as well as a Saviour; and if he is to save you, you must give yourself up to him to be ruled by him. Obedience to Christ must always accompany faith in him. Jesus says to you, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" but he adds, Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Are there not some young men here who want a Leader,—who desire to have a Pilot who will conduct them safely through the voyage of life, and land them at the port of peace? Then, accept the Lord Jesus Christ, once crucified, but now risen, and gone into the glory. Take him as Saviour to cleanse you, and as Prince to govern you, and all shall be well with you for ever.

Have you come to him? That is the important point; how you come is quite a secondary matter. There is much discussion about how we are to come to Christ, but the great discussion should be about him to whom we are to come;—not so much about your coming, as about the Christ to whom you come;—not so much about your faith, as about the object of your faith, the Lord Jesus Christ. If you build upon the Rock of ages, you build securely; and if you rest in Jesus, you rest safely. If you come to him, you come to the right place, or, rather, to the right Person. O poor souls, there are some of you who, if you had to come to Jesus Christ in very beautiful order, marching like the Life Guards on parade, would never come; but you may come creeping like little children who fall at every second step that they take. So long as you do but come, you may come in the most irregular fashion, with some faith and a great deal of unbelief,—with many a doubt and many a struggle,—many a pang and many a cry,—many a groan and many a mistrust; yet, so long as you do but believe in Jesus, lean upon him, and trust in him, he will not cast you out. I sometimes find that all I can do is just to swoon away into Christ's arms; but as long as I get there, he never casts me out. It is a very blessed thing, I find, to come to Christ arguing with myself as to why I come, and understanding much concerning his blessed person and offices, his finished work, his everlasting covenant, and the election of grace. That is a very happy way of coming to Christ; but there are hundreds of people, who are such babes in spiritual things, that they do not know these great truths; they are so weak that they cannot grasp them, and so confused in their minds that they cannot understand them. Well, then, they must come as they can; but him that cometh, enabled by the grace of God to come straightway to Jesus,—for that is the vital point,—him that cometh to Jesus anyhow, he will in no wise cast out.

Christ says nothing about coming to a priest for pardon. We read, in the Scriptures, of one who had sinned very grossly against Jesus; he went to the priests, and confessed his sin, and then he went out, and hanged himself; and I do not wonder that he did so, for there is no comfort to be got from a priest. But if Judas had gone to Christ, if he had been like Peter, and had gone to the Saviour, and confessed his sin, he might have been forgiven, and might have rejoiced in being pardoned. It will not do to go to man for forgiveness, you must go to Christ; and it will not do to look to yourself. Christ does not say, "Him that amends himself, I will in no wise cast out." No; but, "*Him that cometh to me.*"\*

Is not this a very simple matter? I have read a great many definitions of faith, and a great many books explaining what faith is; and I have always felt, when I have finished reading them, like the good woman who read Thomas Scott's explanation of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." After that worthy minister had lent his book to an old lady, he went round to see her, and he said to her, "Have you been reading the book I lent you?" "Oh, yes, sir," said she. "Could you understand it?" asked Scott. "Well, sir," she said, "I can understand what Mr. Bunyan wrote, and I think that, one day, by the grace of God, I may be able to understand your explanation of it." It is just like that with explanations of faith. I can understand the gospel, and I have no doubt that, one day, I shall be able to understand the explanations that some writers give concerning what faith means. Very often, a cloud of words is only like a cloud of dust, and explanations of faith often mixster confusion rather than edification. There is Jesus Christ; will you trust him? If you do, he will not cast you out. May he help you to trust in him now!

Do you still hang back? Then let me plead with you. You surely do not hold back from Christ because you think his service will be hard. Many of us have tried it, and we have proved that his yoke is easy, and his burden is light. Oh, if you could but look the Prince Immanuel in the face,—if those blind eyes of yours could be opened, so that you could see him,—you would fall in love with him. The poet was right when he wrote,—

"His worth if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole world would love him too."

A spiritual sight of the Prince Immanuel would so enamour you of him that you would count it your honour and glory even to be allowed to unloose his shoe-latchets. I would, young men, that you would so value the Christian experience of others that you would trust Christ for yourselves. He has been a good Master to me; I have served him now for five and twenty years, and, blessed be his name, he has never once done me or mine an ill-turn! His

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\* This subject is more fully considered in the very remarkable Sermon which is to be published on August 9th, "No. 3,000; or, Come and Welcome"; a copy of which will be sent free to any address in the world on receipt of postcard by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings, London.

work is good, and his wages are good, and he himself is best of all. Oh, that you all would trust, and love, and serve him!

Do you still hang back? Then, what is your reason for doing so? Is it that you want more light? Listen. Christ is "as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth," and you say that you are wanting more light. Wanting more light, yet not coming to the sun! You are awake, in the morning, with your shutters closed, and your blinds down, and you are fumbling about to find a match, and you are going to strike it, and light a farthing candle,—what for? Well, after you have lit it, you are going to open the shutters, and see whether the sun is up! Very sensible behaviour on your part, is it not? Yet this is what the sinner often does. He wants to get light enough to see whether Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, is shining! Oh, put away your matches and your candles! Do not look for any spiritual light but that which comes from Christ, for all the light that you ever get, unless it comes from Christ, is gross darkness. Go in your darkness to Jesus Christ, for he has light enough in himself without your carrying any light to him. We have an old proverb about carrying coals to Newcastle, but there is no folly in that compared with the folly and sin of carrying light to the Sun of righteousness. Go in your darkness to Jesus Christ, and he will be light to you.

"Oh, but," you say, "there are the clouds!" Yes, I know there are,—your sins, your doubts, your fears, your hard hearts, and you are going to get all these put away, and then you are coming to Christ, are you? You are something like a man who might be foolish enough to say, "My heart is affected, my limbs are full of pain, and my eyes are bad; but when I get my heart better, and my limbs better, and my eyes better, I am going to a physician." And why are you going to see a physician then? To show him what a fine fellow you are, I suppose! Why, man, the time to go to a physician is when you are sick; and the time to go to Christ is when you are sinful, when you are surrounded by clouds, for he is as "a morning without clouds." You can never get rid of the clouds; but He can; so you must go to him with all the clouds, and all the sins, and all the doubts about you;—with a thousand ills wrapped round you, if so it must be;—as full of devils as that poor man was out of whom Christ cast a whole legion. If you have all hell within you, if you will but go to Christ just as you are, he will deliver you, here and now, with a single word. If thou believest in him, man, thou needest no preparation for going to him.

"But," says one, "I really want to be doing something before I come to Christ." Possibly you have noticed what a fuss is being made in various newspapers concerning that hymn which contains the words,—

" 'Doing' is a deadly thing,  
'Doing' ends in death."

Certain gentlemen are very fond of talking about the immorality of the doctrine of justification by faith, and trying to show how



it is destructive of good works. I think that those who talk thus should try to practise a few good works on their own account, and one of the good works I would suggest to them is that of being honest enough to quote the whole of a verse, instead of half. Suppose I were to go about, and say, "Oh, the Bible is a dreadful book; it says, 'There is no God;'" somebody would very probably say to me, "How dare you make such a statement as that? The Bible says, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' You have quoted only part of the verse." That is just what these objectors have done. The whole verse says,—

*"Till to Jesus' work you cling  
By a simple faith,  
'Doing' is a deadly thing,  
'Doing' ends in death."*

That is true; but if you cut off the first two lines, you have not quoted fairly, and you have made the poet say what he did not say; and then you go on to say that teaching people to sing like that is teaching them to sing against good works. I am sick of this canting, hypocritical talk on the part of worldlings. They say that there is cant in the Church, and among Christians. Well, perhaps there is a little, but not half so much as there is among those who quote half a verse, and then go on to rail at Evangelical preachers as if that were all that they taught. Yet there is much of that kind of evil in many unrenewed hearts; they want to get some good thing first, and then they will come to Christ. They want to get the tender grass without coming to Christ, but they never will; for the fruits of holiness will never be produced in any man's soul until he comes to Jesus, for Jesus is "as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." Come to Jesus Christ *for* fruit, not *with* fruit. Come to him for all good things; and, poor sinners, he will give them to you.

*"True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy."*

We preach good works with all our hearts, but they can only be wrought by and through Jesus Christ; and we never dare tell sinners to do good works, and then come to Christ. That would be putting the cart before the horse, planting the stem instead of planting the root, and reversing the natural order of things, which God forbid that we should ever do! Come, ye guilty; come, ye lost; come, ye ruined; my Lord Jesus loves such as you are. He has not come to heal the healthy, but the sick; he came, "not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." May he call you, and bring you, for his own name's sake! Amen.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

## BATTLEMENTS.

### Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 2ND, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

"When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence."—Deuteronomy xxii. 8.

THIS interesting law, which in its letter was binding on the Jewish people, in its spirit furnishes an admirable rule for us upon whom the ends of the world are come.

It is not necessary to inform this audience that the roofs of Eastern dwellings were flat, and that the inhabitants were accustomed to spend much of their time upon the tops of their houses, not only conversing there during the day, but sleeping there at night. If the roofs were without any fencing or protection around their edge, it might often happen that little children might fall over, and not unfrequently grown-up persons might inadvertently make a false step, and suffer serious injury, if not death itself. Where there were no railings or low walls around the roof, accidents frequently occurred; but God commanded his people, while they were yet in the wilderness, that, when they came into the promised land, and proceeded to build houses, they should take care in every case to build a sufficient battlement that life might not be lost through preventable casualty.

This careful command clearly shows us that God holds life to be very valuable, and that, as he would not permit us to kill by malice, so he would not allow us to kill by negligence, but would have us most tender of human life. Such rules as the one before us are precedents for sanitary laws, and give the weight of divine sanction to every wise sanitary arrangement. No man has a right to be filthy in his person, or his house, or his trade; for, even if he himself may flourish amid unhealthy accumulations of dirt, he has no right by his unclean habits to foster a deadly typhus, or afford a nest for cholera. Those whose houses are foul, whose rooms are unventilated, whose persons are disgusting, cannot be said to love their neighbour; and those who create nuisances in our crowded cities are guilty of wholesale murder. No man has a right to do

anything which must inevitably lead to the death or to the injury of those by whom he is surrounded, but he is bound to do all in his power to prevent any harm coming to his fellow-men. That seems to be the moral teaching of this ordinance of making battlements around the house-tops,—teaching, mark you, which I should like all housewives, working-men, manufacturers, and vestrymen, to take practical note of.

But, if ordinary life be precious, much more is the life of the soul, and, therefore, it is our Christian duty never to do that which imperils either our own or other men's souls. To us there is an imperative call from the great Master that we care for the eternal interests of others, and that we, so far as we can, prevent their exposure to temptations which might lead to their fatal falling into sin.

We shall now lead you to a few meditations which have, in our mind, gathered around the text.

I. First, GOD HAS BATTELEMENTED HIS OWN HOUSE. Let this serve as a great truth with which to begin our contemplations. God takes care that all his children are safe. There are high places in his house, and he does not deny his children the enjoyment of these high places, but he makes sure that they shall not be in danger there. He sets bulwarks round about them, lest they should suffer harm when in a state of exaltation.

God, in his house, has given us *many high and sublime doctrines*. Timid minds are afraid of these, but the highest doctrine in Scripture is safe enough because God has battlemented it; and as no man need be afraid in the East to walk on the roof of his house when the battlement is there, so no man need hesitate to believe the doctrine of election, the doctrine of eternal and immutable love, or any of the divine teachings which circle around the covenant of grace, if he will at the same time see that God has guarded those truths so that none may fall from them to their own destruction.

Take, for instance, the doctrine of election. What a high and glorious truth this is, that God hath, from the beginning, chosen his people unto salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and the belief of the truth! Yet that doctrine has turned many simpletons dizzy through looking at it apart from kindred teachings. Some, I do not doubt, have wilfully leaped over the battlement which God has set about this doctrine, and have turned it into Antinomianism, degrading it into an excuse for evil living, and reaping just damnation for their wilful perversion. But God has been pleased to set around that doctrine other truths which shield it from misuse. It is true he has a chosen people, but "by their fruits ye shall know them." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Though he has chosen his people, yet he has chosen them unto holiness; he has ordained them to be zealous for good works. His intention is not that they should be saved *in* their sins, but saved *from* their sins; not that they should be carried to heaven as they are, but that they should be cleansed and purged from all iniquities, and so made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

Then there is the sublime truth of the final perseverance of the saints. What a noble height is that! A house-top doctrine indeed! What a Pisgah view is to be had from the summit of it; "The Lord will keep the feet of his saints." "Tha righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." It will be a great loss to us if we are unable to enjoy the comfort of this truth. There is no reason for fearing presumption through a firm conviction of the true believer's safety. Mark well the battlements which God has builded around the edge of this truth! He has declared that, if these shall fall away, it is impossible "to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." If those who are true saints should altogether lose the life of God that is within their souls, there would remain no other salvation; if the first salvation could have spent itself unavailingly, there would be no alternative, but "a certain looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." When we read warnings such as, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," and others of that kind, we see how God has made a parapet around this tower-like truth, so that saints may ascend to its very summit, and look abroad upon the land that floweth with milk and honey, and yet their brains need not whirl, nor shall they fall into presumption and perish.

That wonderful doctrine of justification by faith, which we all hold to be a vital truth, not only of Protestantism but of Christianity itself, is quite as dangerous by itself as the doctrine of election, or the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints; in fact, if a man means to sin, he can break down every bulwark, and turn any doctrine into an apology for transgression. Even the doctrine that God is merciful, simple as that is, may be made into an excuse for sin. To return to the doctrine that we are justified by faith, and not by the works of the law, Luther put it very grandly, very boldly, and for him very properly; but there are some who use his phrases, not in Luther's way, and without Luther's reasons for unguarded speaking, and such persons have sometimes done serious damage to men's souls by not mentioning another truth which is meant to be the battlement to the doctrine of faith, namely, the necessity of sanctification. Where faith is genuine, through the Holy Spirit's power, it works a cleansing from sin, a hatred of evil, an anxious desire after holiness, and it leads the soul to aspire after the image of God. Faith and holiness are inseparable. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Good works are to be insisted on, for they have their necessary uses. James never contradicts Paul, after all; it is because we do not understand him that we fancy he does so. Both the doctrinal Paul and the practical James spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Paul builds the tower, and James puts the battlement around it; Paul conducts us to the summit of God's house, and bids us rejoice in what we see there; and then James points us to the balustrade that is built up to keep us from overleaping the truth to our own destruction. Thus is each doctrine balanced,

bulwarked, and guarded, but time would fail us to enter into detail; let it suffice for us to know that the palace of truth is battlemented with wisdom and prudence.

Take another view of the same thought. The Lord has guarded the position of his servants if endowed with wealth. Some of God's servants are, in his providence, called to very prosperous conditions in life, and prosperity is fruitful in dangers. It is hard to carry a full cup without a spill. A man may travel on the ground well enough, and yet find it hard work to walk on a high rope. A man may be an excellent servant who would make a bad master; and one may be a good tradesman in a small way who makes a terrible failure of it as a merchant. Yet be well assured that, if God shall call any of you to be prosperous, and give you much of this world's goods, and place you in an eminent position, he will see to it that grace is given suitable for your station, and affliction needful for your elevation.

The Lord will put battlements round about you, and it is most probable that these will not commend themselves to your carnal nature. You are going on right joyously, everything is "merry as a marriage bell;" but, on a sudden, you are brought to a dead stand. You kick against this hindering disappointment, but it will not move out of your way. You are vexed with it, but there it is. Oh, how anxious you are to go a step farther, and then you think you will be supremely happy; but it is just that perfect happiness so nearly within reach that God will not permit you to attain, for then you would receive your portion in this life, forget your God, and despise the better land. That bodily infirmity, that want of favour with the great, that sick child, that suffering wife, that embarrassing partnership,—any one of these may be the battlement which God has built around your success, lest you should be lifted up with pride, and your soul should not be upright in you. Does not this remark cast a light upon the mystery of many a painful dispensation? "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy Word;" that experience may be read another way, and you may confess, "Had I not been afflicted, I should have gone far astray; but now have I kept thy Word."

The like prudence is manifested by our Lord towards those whom he has seen fit to place in positions of eminent service. Those who express great concern for prominent ministers, because of their temptations, do well; but they will be even more in the path of duty if they have as much solicitude about themselves. I remember one, whose pride was visible in his very manner, a person unknown, of little service in the church, but as proud of his little badly-ploughed, weedy half acre, as ever a man could be, who informed me very pompously, on more than one occasion, that he trembled lest he should be unduly exalted and puffed up with pride. Now, from his lips, it sounded like comedy, and reminded me of Satan reproving sin. God never honours his servants with success without effectually preventing their grasping the honour of their work. If we are tempted to boast, he soon lays us low. He always whips

behind the door at home those whom he most honours in public. You may rest assured that, if God honours you by enabling you to win many souls, you will have many stripes to bear, and stripes you would not like to tell another of, they will be so sharp and humbling. If the Lord loves you, he will never let you be lifted up in his service. We have to feel that we are but just the pen in the Master's hand; so that, if holiness be written on men's hearts, the credit will not be ours, but the Holy Spirit must have all the praise; and thus our Heavenly Father has effectual means of securing. Do not, therefore, start back from qualifying yourself for the most eminent position, or from occupying it when duty calls. Do not let Satan deprive God's great cause of your best service through your unholy bashfulness and cowardly retirement. The Lord will give his angels charge over you to keep you in all your ways. If God sets you on the housetop, he will place a battlement round about you. If he makes you to stand on the high places, he will make your feet like hind's feet, so that you shall not fall. If God commands thee to dash against the enemy single-handed, still, "as thy days, so shall thy strength be." He will uphold thee and preserve thee; on the pinnacle thou art as secure as in the valley, if Jehovah set thee there.

It is the same with regard to the high places of *spiritual enjoyment*. Paul was caught up to the third heavens, and he heard words unlawful for a man to utter: this was a very, very high place for Paul's mind, mighty brain and heart as he had; but then, there was the battlement: "Lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me." Paul was not in love with this drawback, he besought the Lord thrice to remove it; but, still, the thorn could not be taken away, for it was necessary as a battlement around the eminent revelations with which God had favoured his apostle. The temptation, if we are at all happy in the Lord, is to grow secure. "My mountain standeth firm," say we, "I shall never be moved."

Even much communion with Christ, though in itself sanctifying, may be perverted, through the folly of our flesh, into a cause of self-security; we may even dream that we are brought so near to Christ that common temptations are not likely to assail us, and by these very temptations we may fall. Hence it is that, as sure as ever we have high seasons of enjoyment, we shall sooner or later endure periods of deep depression. Scarcely ever is there a profound calm on the soul's sea, but a storm is brewing. The sweet day so calm, so bright, shall have its fall, and the dew of the succeeding night shall weep over its departure. The high hill must have its following valley, and the flood-tide must retreat at ebb. Lest the soul should be beguiled to live upon itself, and feed on its frames and feelings, and by neglect of watchfulness fall into presumptuous sins, battlements are set round about all hallowed joys, for which in eternity we shall bless the name of the Lord.

Too many of the Lord's servants feel as if they were always on the housetop,—always afraid, always full of doubts and fears. They

are fearful lest they shall after all perish, and of a thousand things besides. Satan sets up scarecrows to keep these timid birds from feeding upon the wheat which the great Husbandman grows on purpose for them. They scarcely ever reach the assurance of faith. They are stopped by "ifs" and "buts", like Israel by the fiery serpents, and they can scarcely get beyond torturing fear, which is as an adder biting their heel. To such we say, Beloved, you shall find, when your faith is weakest, when you are just about to fall, that there is a glorious battlement all around you; a gracious promise, a gentle word of the Holy Spirit shall be brought home to your soul, so that you shall not utterly despair. Have you not felt sometimes that, if it had not been for a choice love-word heard in the past, your faith must have given up the ghost; or if it had not been for that encouraging sermon which came with such power to your soul, your foot had almost gone, your steps had well-nigh slipped? Now, the infinite love of God, dear child of God, values you far too much to allow you to fall into despair.

"Mid all your fear, and care, and woe,  
His Spirit will not let you go."

Battlemented by eternal grace shall this roof of the house be, and when you are tremblingly pacing it, you shall have no cause for alarm.

II. From the fact of the Lord's carefulness over his people, we proceed, by an easy step, to the consideration that, as imitators of God, we should exercise the like tenderness; in a word, we ought to HAVE OUR HOUSES BATTELEMENTED.

A man who had no battlement to his house might himself fall from the roof in an unguarded moment. He might be startled in his sleep, and in the dark mistake his way to the stair-head, or, while day-dreaming, his steps might slip. Those who profess to be the children of God should, for their own sakes, see that every care is used to guard themselves against the perils of this tempted life; they should see to it that their house is carefully battlemented. If any ask, "How shall we do it?" we reply:—

*Every man ought to examine himself carefully, whether he be in the faith, lest professing too much, taking too much for granted, he should fall and perish. At times, we should close our spiritual warehouse, and take stock; a tradesman who does not like to do that is generally in a bad way. A man, who does not think it wise sometimes to sit down and give half a day, or such time as he can spare, to a solemn stocktaking of his soul, may be afraid that things are not going right with him. Lest we should be after all hypocrites, or self-deceivers; lest, after all, we should not be born again, but should be children of nature, neatly dressed, but not the living children of God, we must prove our own selves whether we be in the faith. Let us protect our souls' interests with frequent self-examinations.*

Better still, and safer by far, *go often to the cross, as you think you went at first. Go every day to the cross; still with the empty hand and with the bleeding heart, go and receive everything from*

Christ, and seek to have your wounds bound up with the healing ointment of his atoning sacrifice. These are the best battlements I can recommend you: self-examination on *thi* one side of the house, and a simple faith in Jesus on the other.

Battlement your soul about well *with prayer*. Go not out into the world to look upon the face of man till you have seen the face of God. Never rush down from your chamber with such unseemly haste that you have not time to buckle on your helmet, and gird on your breastplate, and your coat of mail.

Be sure and battlement yourself about *with much watchfulness*, and, especially, *watch most the temptation peculiar to your position and disposition*. You may not be inclined to be slothful: you may not be fascinated by the silver of Demas into covetousness, and yet you may be beguiled by pleasure. Watch, if you have a hasty temper, lest that should overthrow you; or if yours be a high and haughty spirit, set a double watch to bring *that* demon down. If you be inclined to indolence, or, on the other hand, if hot passions and evil desires are most likely to attack you, cry to the Strong for strength; and as he who guards well sets a double guard where the wall is weakest, so do you.

There are some respects in which every man should battlement his house by denying himself those indulgences, which might be lawful to others, but which would prove fatal to himself. The individual who knows his weakness to be an appetite for drink should resolve totally to abstain. Every man, I believe, has a particular sin which is a sin to him, but may not be a sin to another. No man's conscience is to be a judge for another, but let no man violate his conscience. If thou canst not perform a certain act in faith, thou must not do it at all, I mean, if thou dost not honestly and calmly believe it to be right, even if it be right in itself, it becomes wrong to thee. Watch, therefore, watch at all points. Guard yourselves in company, lest you be carried away by the force of numbers: guard yourselves in solitude, lest selfishness and pride creep in. Watch yourselves in poverty, lest you fall into envy of others; and in wealth, lest you become lofty in mind. Oh, that we may all keep our houses well battlemented, lest we fall and grieve the Spirit of God, and bring dishonour on Christ's name!

III. As each man ought to battlement his house, in a spiritual sense, with regard to himself, so OUGHT EACH MAN TO CARRY OUT THE RULE WITH REGARD TO HIS FAMILY.

Family religion was the strength of Protestantism at first. It was the glory of Puritanism and Nonconformity. In the days of Cromwell, it is said that you might have walked down Cheapside, at a certain hour in the morning, and you would have heard the morning hymn going up from every house all along the street; and at night, if you had glanced inside each home, you would have seen the whole household gathered, and the big Bible opened, and family devotion offered. There is no fear of this land ever becoming Popish if family prayer be maintained; but if family prayer be swept away, farewell to the strength of the church. A man should battlement his house for his children's sake, for his



servants' sake, for his own sake, by maintaining the ordinance of family prayer. I may not dictate to you whether you should sing, or read, or pray; or whether you should do this every morning or evening, or how many times a-day; I shall leave this to the free Spirit that is in you, but do maintain family religion, and never let the fire on the altar of God burn low in your habitation.

So in the matter of discipline. If the child shall do everything it chooses to do, if it shall do wrong, and there be no admonition, if there be no chastisement, if the reins be loosely held, if the father altogether neglects to be a priest and a king in his house, how can he wonder that his children one by one grow up to break his heart? David had never chastised Absalom, nor Adonijah, and remember what they became; and Eli's sons, who never had more than a soft word or two from their father, how were his ears made to tingle with the new of God's judgments upon them! Battlement your houses by godly discipline, see that obedience be maintained, and that sin is not tolerated; so shall your house be holiness unto the Lord, and peace shall dwell therein.

We ought strictly to battlement our houses, *as to many things which in this day are tolerated*. I am sometimes asked, "May not a Christian subscribe to a lottery? May not a Christian indulge in a game of cards? May not a Christian dance, or attend the opera?" Now, I shall not come down to debate upon the absolute right or wrong of debatable amusements and customs. The fact is that, if professors do not stop till they are certainly in the wrong, they will stop nowhere. It is of little use to go on till you are over the edge of the roof, and then cry, "Halt." 'It would be a poor affair for a house to be without a battlement, but to have a network to stop the falling person half-way down; you must stop before you get off the solid standing. There is need to draw the line somewhere, and the line had better be drawn too soon than too late; and whereas the habit of gambling is the very curse of this land,—ah! during the last Derby week, what blood it has shed! how it has brought souls to hell and men to an unripe grave!—as the habit of speculating seems to run through the land, and was doubtless the true cause of the great panic which shook our nation a few years ago, there is the more need that we should not tolerate anything that looks like it.

For another reason, we should carefully discern between places of public amusement. Some that are perfectly harmless, recreative, and instructive,—to deny these to our young people would be foolish; but certain amusements stand on the border ground, between the openly profane and the really harmless. We say, do not go to these; never darken the doors of such places. Why? Because it may be the edge of the house, and though you may not break your neck if you walk along the parapet, yet you are best on this side of the battlement. You are least likely to fall into sin by keeping away, and you cannot afford to run risks. We have all heard the old story of the good woman who required a coachman. Two or three young fellows came to seek for the situation; each of them she saw and catechised alone. The first one had this question

put to him, "How near could you drive to danger?" He said, "I do not doubt but that I could drive within a yard of danger." "Well, well," the lady said, "you will not do for me." When the second came in, the good woman questioned him in like manner, "How near could you drive to danger?" "Within a hair's breath, madam," said he. "Oh!" she said, "that will not suit me at all." A third was asked the same question, and he prudently replied, "If you please, madam, that is one of the things I have never tried; I have always tried to drive as far from danger as ever I can." "You are the coachman for me," said she; and surely that is the kind of manager we all should have in our households. Oh, let us not so train up our children that in all probability they will run into sin! Let us, on the contrary, exhibit such an example in all things that they may safely follow us. Let us so walk that they may go step by step where we go, and not be cast out of the Church of God as a reproach, nor be cast away from the presence of God. Battlement your houses, then: do not be afraid of being too strict and too Puritanic; there is no fear of that in these days; there is a great deal more danger of bringing solemn judgments on our families through neglecting the worship of God in our households.

IV. THE PREACHER WOULD NOW REMIND HIMSELF THAT THIS CHURCH IS, AS IT WERE, HIS OWN HOUSE, AND THAT HE IS BOUND TO BATTLEMENT IT ROUND ABOUT.

Many come here, Sabbath after Sabbath, to hear the gospel; the immense number and the constancy of it surprise me. I do not know why the multitudes come and crowd these aisles. When I preached yesterday in Worcestershire, and saw the thronging crowds in every road, I could not help wondering to see them, and the more so because they listened as though I had some novel discovery to make,—they listened with all their ears, and eyes, and mouths. I could but marvel and thank God. Ah! but it is a dreadful thing to remember that so many people hear the gospel, and yet perish under the sound of it. Alas! the gospel becomes to them a savour of death unto death, and there is no lot so terrible as perishing under a pulpit from which the gospel is preached.

Now, what shall I say to prevent any of my hearers falling from this blessed gospel,—falling from the house of mercy,—dashing themselves from the roof of the temple to their ruin? What shall I say to you? I beseech you, *do not be hearers only*. Do not think that, when you come here Sundays, and Mondays, and Thursdays, it is all done. No, it is only begun then. Praying is the end of preaching, and to be born again is the great matter. It is very little to occupy your seat, except you hearken diligently, with willing hearts; looked upon as an end, sitting at services is a wretched waste of time. Dear hearers, be dissatisfied with yourselves unless ye be doers of the Word. Let your cry go up to God that you may be born again. Rest not till you rest in Jesus.

Remember, and I hope this will be another battlement, that if you hear the gospel, and it is not blessed to you, *still it has a power*. If the sun of grace does not soften you as it does wax, it will harden you as the sun does clay. If it is not a savour of life unto life, to

repeat the text I quoted just now, it will be a savour of death unto death. Oh, do not be blind in the sunlight! Do not perish with hunger in the banqueting-house! Do not die of thirst when the water of life is before you!

Let me remind you of *what the result of putting away the gospel will be*. You will soon die; you cannot live for ever. In the world to come, what awaits you? What did our Lord say? "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." The righteous enter into life eternal, but the ungodly suffer punishment everlasting. I will not dwell upon the terrors of the world to come, but let me remind you that they are yours except Christ is yours; death is yours, and judgment is yours, and hell will be yours, and all that dreadful wrath which God means when he says, "Beware, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you." Oh, run not on in sin, lest you fall into hell! I would fain set up this battlement to stay you from a dreadful and fatal fall.

Once more, *remember the love of God in Christ Jesus*. I heard, the other day, of a bad boy whom his father had often rebuked and chastened, but the lad grew worse. One day he had been stealing, and his father felt deeply humiliated. He talked to the boy, but his warning made no impression; and when he saw his child, so callous, the good man sat down in his chair, and burst out crying as if his heart would break. The boy stood very indifferent for a time; but, at last, as he saw the tears falling on the floor, and heard his father sobbing, he cried, "Father, don't; father, don't do that: what do you cry for, father?" "Ah! my boy," he said, "I cannot help thinking what will become of you, growing up as you are. You will be a lost man, and the thought of it breaks my heart." "O father!" he said, "pray don't cry. I will be better. Only don't cry, and I will not vex you again." Under God, that was the means of breaking down the boy's love of evil, and I hope it led to his salvation. Just like that is Christ to you. He cannot bear to see you die, and he weeps over you, saying, "How often would I have blessed you, and you would not!" (Oh, by the tears of Jesus, wept over you in effect when he wept over Jerusalem, turn to him!) Let that be a battlement to keep you from ruin.

God bless you, and help you to trust in Jesus, and his shall be the praise! Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

JOHN VI. 1-14; 30-45.

Verses 1-6. *After these things Jesus went over the sea of Galilee, which is the sea of Tiberias. And a great multitude followed him, because they saw his miracles which he did on them that were diseased. And Jesus went up into a mountain, and there he sat with his disciples. And the passover, a feast of the Jews, was nigh. When Jesus then lifted up his eyes, and saw a great company come unto him, he saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat? And this he said to prove him: for he himself knew what he would do.*

That verse is worth thinking over. How often does Christ seem to ask us riddles, and place us in difficulties, so that we begin to say, "What will come of this? How shall we escape from this temptation; or how shall we

stand under this trial?" He himself knows what he will do; and it is a very blessed thing when, our faith being tried, it shows itself to be strong enough to leave the burden with him who can bear it, and to leave the difficulty with him who can meet it: "He himself knew what he would do."

7. *Philip answered him, Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little.*

That is our way. When our faith is little, we begin calculating the pennyworths that are wanted, and we make them out to be so much more than we possess or can possibly scrape together. That is not faith; it is reason,—poor, dim, shallow reason, which forgets the Infinite, and begins to calculate its own limited and insufficient forces.

8—10. *One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him, There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many? And Jesus said, Make the men sit down. Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down, in number about five thousand.*

When Christ bids men sit down, he has a dainty carpet for them to sit upon: "There was much grass in the place." One might have thought that some of those people would have refused to sit down, for it is not everybody who will sit at a table that has nothing on it; but God knows how to move the hearts of men, so these people, if they had not strong faith, yet had faith enough to do as they were bidden; I wish that we all had as much faith as that.

11. *And Jesus took the loaves; and when he had given thanks, he distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down; and likewise of the fishes as much as they would.*

"As much as they would." Note those words, for they are the rule at Christ's feasts. Of earthly things, he gives us as much as we need; and of heavenly things, as much as we would! "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." "According to your faith be it unto you."

12, 13. *When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. Therefore they gathered them together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, which remained over and above unto them that had eaten.*

"Waste not, want not," Heavenly economy is to be practised in the things of God. Christ is no niggard, but he is no waster.

14. *Then those men, when they had seen the miracle which Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world.*

They were convinced through their stomachs. They came to this conviction merely through eating and drinking; and that faith which comes by the senses is no faith at all, or it is a sensual faith which cannot save the soul. These people, who came to this belief through eating, were very poor followers of Christ, as he said to them, "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were

30—32. *They said therefore unto him, What sign shewest thou then, that we may see, and believe thee? what dost thou work? Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat. Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.*

Jesus did not say to them, "I gave that bread to your fathers in the wilderness," as he might truly have said. It was not Moses who fed their fathers in the wilderness; it was God who had fed them, and if they would

but think, they would clearly see that it was so. But the Master took them on to another tack, and led their thoughts to a higher topic.

33, 31. *For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us this bread.*

Not knowing the meaning of their own request.

35—39. *And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. But I said unto you, That ye also have seen me, and believe not. All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. And this is the Father's will—*

Many want to pry between the closed leaves of God's secret purposes, to see what his will is. Now this is it: "This is the Father's will"—

39—41. *Which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day. And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day. The Jews then murmured at him, because he said, I am the bread which came down from heaven. And they said, Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? how is it then that he saith, I came down from heaven? Jesus therefore answered and said unto them, Murmur not among yourselves. No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him:*

Note how that doctrine of sovereign grace is used by Christ. He seems to wave it, like a lighted torch, in the faces of his adversaries, as if he said to them, "I did not expect you to understand me; I did not expect you to receive me. Do not think that you surprise me by your action. Imagine not that you frustrate my eternal purposes by rejecting me. I knew that you would not receive me; and that, as you are, you could not come to me; for 'no man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him.'"

41, 45. *And I will raise him up at the last day. It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me.*

May we so hear, and so learn of the Father, that we may come to Jesus Christ!

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HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—533, 546.

N.B.—The foregoing Exposition and Hymns relate to the Sermon to be published on Thursday, August 9th, under the title, "No. 3,000; or, Come and Welcome;" the 3,000th Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon to be issued in regular weekly succession since January, 1855. In order to celebrate this unparalleled literary event, the publishers are offering to send a copy of No. 3,000 free to any address in the world from which a post card is received by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C. Special prayer is asked for continued blessing to rest upon the whole series of Sermons, all of which are always kept in stock, and can be supplied in any quantity by the publishers, and all booksellers, colporteurs, &c.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

No. 3,000; OR, COME, AND WELCOME.\*

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 9TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Thursday Evening, August 19th, 1875.*

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

WHILE I was trying to prepare a sermon for this evening, someone called at my door;—I daresay the friend is here to-night, (I hope so,)—and left this little note:—"I entreat you to pray, especially this evening, for a most unhappy case,—for one who is in great agony of mind, that God, in his infinite mercy, would send one ray of light into the dark soul. Please ask all the converted ones in your congregation to pray for me that grace may be restored to a most unhappy soul." Well, I am sure that all Christians here will earnestly pray that the light may break into the thick darkness, and that the troubled spirit may find rest; but, after all, there is a very strong temptation to a heart in trouble to rest in the prayers of others, rather than to go immediately to Christ for relief. Yet all the prayers in the world cannot, by themselves, help a man who is in despair. The light can never come into that dungeon except through one window, and that is a window through which the tearful

\* This Sermon is the 3,000th that has been published in regular weekly succession since No. 1, "The Immutability of God," was issued in January, 1855. The Lord's-day morning Sermons, with many of those preached in the evening, were published during Mr. Spurgeon's lifetime; the rest of the evening Sermons are now being issued, and there are still sufficient unpublished manuscripts to last for some years. The whole of the 3,000 Sermons are kept in stock, and any quantity of any one of them can be obtained of the publishers, Messrs. Passmore & Alden, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

No. 3,000 has been specially selected in harmony with Mr. Spurgeon's custom of issuing, on such memorable occasions, a striking and simple Sermon that might be even more widely distributed than the ordinary issues. Those previously published have been as follows:—"No. 1,000; or, 'Bread Enough and to Spare'"; "No. 1,500; or, 'Lifting up the Brazen Serpent'"; "No. 2,000; or, 'Healing by the Stripes of Jesus'"; and "No. 2,500, or 'Entrance and Exclusion.'" The publishers are always pleased to quote special terms for quantities, and to send, post free to all applicants, their Textual Index of over 2,900 Sermons, and a full List of C. H. Spurgeon's books at reduced prices.

It is almost needless to say that, in the whole history of religious literature, there has never before been such an event as the issue of 3,000 of one preacher's Sermons in weekly numbers for nearly 52 years. It is a remarkable fact that more than 750 of these Sermons have been published since Mr. Spurgeon was "called home" on January 31st, 1892. Will all believing readers pray for the Lord's blessing upon the whole of the 3,000 Sermons now issued?

No. 3,000.

eye may always look,—the window of everlasting love as revealed in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

I thought that the text which I have selected might, by the blessing of the Spirit of God, be made the means of comfort, not only to that person who wrote to me, but to many others who may be seeking the Saviour. There was also another circumstance which led me to select this text. A gentleman, who pressed my hand very earnestly one day, said to me, "Do you remember preaching at the saw-mills in the Old Kent Road?" I replied, "Yes." "I also remember it," said he; "indeed, I can never forget it. You preached from this text, 'There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth.' My comfort was that, towards the close of the sermon, you said, 'I have preached upon this terrible no wise; now, before I have done, I will preach upon a blessed no wise;' and then you began to talk to us about that text, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,' and that message yielded me comfort which I have never lost." Well, medicine that has worked so well in one case may, perhaps, be just as efficacious in another; and if the Holy Spirit blessed the text when it was only brought in at the far-end of a sermon, perhaps he will bless it even more now that we set it in the very forefront of our discourse. Nay, we know that he will, for we have asked his blessing upon it, and therefore we expect the blessing to come. Dear friend in trouble of soul, I hope it will come to you.

1. I am going to make five brief observations upon this passage, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;" and the first observation is, that OUR TEXT IS FROM THE LIPS OF JESUS HIMSELF.

And because Christ himself says it, we dare not doubt that *it is absolutely true*. Imagine that you see him standing here just now,—that same Jesus who fed the multitude, and loved the souls of men even unto the death; and then imagine that you hear these words from his lips which are like lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh. Oh, with what wondrous accents would He say, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out"! I can but feebly repeat what he must have uttered in the purest heavenly tones; yet, still, I pray you to remember that it is Jesus who still speaks to you, from his Word, even from heaven. Do not dare to doubt this, or to question the truth of what he said. It was true before he died; but now that he has sealed his testimony with his most precious blood, and proved his love to sinners by laying down his life for them, oh, do not doubt the truth of his utterance, but confide fully in him who thus speaks to you from heaven!

The message, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," must be true, for it fell from the lips of Jesus; and, next, *it is eminently consistent with his character*. You cannot conceive of him as casting out a soul that came to him. The scribes and Pharisees brought to him a woman taken in the very act of adultery, yet he did not condemn her, but said to her, "Go, and sin no more."

"His heart is made of tenderness  
His bowels melt with love."

He was angry sometimes, but it was with self-sufficient Pharisees, and self-righteous hypocrites, who flaunted their sinfulness before his face; but he wept over the doomed city of Jerusalem. He had a gentle word for the woman in the city who was a sinner, and tender compassion for the little ones that were brought to him; to those who would have driven them away, he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Look up into his face, and then look upon his hands and his feet, which still bear the scars of his passion, and ask yourselves, "Is it consistent with the character of Christ,—with the heart of Christ,—with the person of Christ,—with the great object for which he came to this earth,—for him to cast out any soul that comes to him?" No, the words of our text must be true, for Jesus uttered them, and his whole life tallies with them.

Remember, too, that *when Jesus spake these words, he spake as One who knew everything*. If you and I make a promise, or a statement concerning our future mode of procedure, we may not be aware of the position in which we may one day be placed, and it may become impossible for us to keep the promise; or the course of action, which we thought we would surely follow, may become too difficult for us. But our Lord Jesus Christ knew all things,—all things about himself, and all things about sinners; and when he said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," he included all possible contingencies with regard to himself,—if there can be any contingencies with him,—and all possible contingencies that have to do with those who come to him. "He knew what was in man," and he also knew what was in his own heart; and, therefore, when he spoke, he spoke deliberately and accurately, and with full knowledge of all the surroundings and circumstances of those who would come to him.

Let me also remind you, brethren, that *this message has been true hitherto*. What Jesus said to these Jews has stood fast for more than eighteen centuries. There is not a sinner, now living, who can bear testimony that he has come to Christ, and that Christ has cast him out. There is not a soul in hell that, with all the fully-developed sin of that dreadful place, dares, even in blasphemy, to say, "I came to Jesus, and he cast me out." Nor shall there ever live in the universe one soul, however guilty and defiled, that shall be able truthfully to say, "I came to him, but he shut up his bowels of compassion against me, and cast me out."

Well, if it be so,—that Jesus spake this message, and therefore it is true; if it is just like him, and exactly according to his whole method of procedure, then *let us believe it, and let us plead it*. If you want to come to him, but have the haunting fear that he may, perhaps, cast you out, oh, lay hold upon him, and say to him, "Lord, thou hast said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'" Remind him of his own words, plead his promise, and you will never find him run back from it, or revoke the word which hath gone forth out of his lips. In your direst despair, when it seems as if he frowned upon you,—when you call unto him, and yet receive no answer;—when, as he spoke to the Syrophenician woman, he seems



to give you harsh words instead of gracious promises;—lay hold upon him, grasp the skirt of his garment, and say to him, "I will not let thee go, for thou hast said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Ho, I come to thee; I know thou canst not lie: give me a welcome, or else I shall die. I know thou canst not be false to thy word; and here, if I perish, I will perish pleading the precious promise on which my soul would fain stay herself."

II. The next observation is this, THESE WORDS WERE SPOKEN IN THE SINGULAR NUMBER: "*Him that cometh to me.*"

This is all the more remarkable, because the first part of the verse is in the plural: "*All that the Father giveth me shall come to me;*" and, naturally, and grammatically, the second clause should run, "*and those that come to me I will in no wise cast out.*" But it is not so worded; there is a change from the plural to the singular; and Jesus says, "*Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.*" And, methinks, with admirable reason, for the Lord is always wise even in the choice of numbers, and there is a motive for this change.

It may be this; here is *personality recognized*. You have been one of a crowd before, but you are all alone now. You used to think of a sort of national Christianity, and say, "Yes, we are all Christians because we are Englishmen;" but you know better than that now. You used to reckon that you might consider yourself a Christian because your father and mother were godly people; you belonged to a Christian family; but you know better than that now, you know that the mere hereditary faith, which comes to men by natural birth, is of no spiritual value, for "that which is born of the flesh is flesh." "Ye must be born again." You feel one by yourself; to use an old metaphor, you are like the wounded stag, which retires into the glades of the forest to bleed and die alone. P'daresay, when you hear a sermon now, if it be full of threatening, you think that it is all meant for you. You have begun to read the Bible, and to look for texts that may speak to you; and though, as yet, you have not lighted on a promise that seems, like a lone star, to shine specially for you, yet you are looking for such a promise, and you hope that you will find it. At any rate, you are now cut loose from everything and everybody else; you feel yourself to be a separate individuality that is to be judged before long before the bar of God, and, you fear, to be cast away for ever beneath his wrath. Think now; Jesus puts this message in the singular: "*Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,*" and you also are in the singular; does not this message just suit your personality?

It is very possible that there is also in you *a singularity suspected*. You think that there never was anybody exactly like you. If you were like others, you would have hope; but there are certain points about your sin, certain aspects of your character, and certain doubts and fears with which you are assailed, which set you apart as a lot out of all catalogues. You feel that you are quite alone; you are the odd man or the odd woman. You cannot think that even the most general promises can relate to you. You consider that the act of indemnity exempts you from its operations; even if it does

not exempt anybody else, it exempts you. It is for this very reason that Jesus Christ puts the matter as he does; he speaks to you odd people, to you solitary people, to you singularities, to you odds and ends of the universe; and he says, "Him that cometh to me"—though such a man as he is never lived before,—though he is the one exception to all rules, yet, 'him that cometh to me'—any 'him,' in all the world 'that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.'" What a blessed thing it is that thus, by using the singular number, Christ seems to meet our suspicions of being singular, and calls the singular ones, the odd ones, to come to him!

And here, too, perhaps, there may be a kind of *desertion supposed*. You think you could come to Christ if the friends of your youth were with you; you could come if a beloved teacher or a godly parent could pray with you. But, possibly, you have sinned yourself out of society; your transgressions have made you to be like the leper whom they put outside the camp, and they will not suffer you to come in among the tribes of Israel lest you should pollute the rest. Well, poor leper, thou that art set apart,—thou that feelest thyself to be given up even by those who once had some sort of hope concerning thee,—thou for whom good people scarcely venture to pray because thou seemest to have committed the sin which is unto death; thou hast staggered their faith, and disappointed all their hopes; yet, still, here stands the text, and it is addressed to thee, deserted and alone as thou art. If nobody will help you, and nobody will pray for you,—if your tears of repentance must fall in secret,—if everyone who hears about you thinks you are only a hypocrite, trying to whine yourself into favour,—yet, still, come to Christ all alone, for he has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Perhaps this message is put in the singular for one more reason,—*emptiness confessed*. Some people, when they come to Christ, bring with them a great deal that is not worth bringing, and that is a false coming; but there are others, who are so destitute that they feel that, if they do come to Christ, they will have to come alone, because they have nothing to bring to him. Yet Christ does not say, "If you come to me with good feelings, if you come repentingly, if you come with this, or that, or the other Christian excellence, I will in no wise cast you out." No; if you come to Christ as naked as you were born, and as naked as you will have to go back to the earth,—if you come with nothing whatever,—so long as you do come, Christ puts the word in the singular that it may mean you, and only you,—bringing with you nothing but that which is your own, namely, your sin and your misery, your emptiness, your wants, your inability, your spiritual death, and everything else which now crushes you well-nigh to despair,—if you come, you, you, you, whoever you may be,—if you come to him, he will in no wise cast you out. Thus have we tried to say something which God may bless to the comfort of the singular ones.

III. Notice, next, that THE TEXT DESCRIBES THE PERSON COMING TO CHRIST WITH VERY WONDERFUL SIMPLICITY: "*Him that cometh to me.*"

John Bunyan truly says, "That means any 'him' in all the world;" and I venture to say that it means anyone in all the world who does but come to Christ. In Christ's day, there were some who came to him doubtingly, like that man who said, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief;" yet he did not cast them out. There were some who came to Jesus limpingly, for they were lame. There were some who came to him with very great difficulty, for they were paralyzed in part of their bodies; but they did come to him, and he did not cast them out. And there were some who came blindly. They could not see who he was, nor what he was; but, nevertheless, they came to him, and he did not cast them out because they were blind. There were some who had to be carried to him; yet, since it was with their own consent that they were carried, so long as they did but come, he did not cast them out. One man, you remember, came to him through the ceiling, they had to take away the covering of the house to let him down into the presence of Jesus. Well, if you get to Jesus over hedge or ditch, over the wall, or through the ceiling, or down the chimney, if you do but come to him, it matters not how you come so long as you do but come.

IV. My fourth observation shall be this, THE TEXT CONTAINS AN ABSOLUTE NEGATIVE: "Him that cometh to me *I will in no wise cast out.*"

Indeed, it is more than one negative, for it might be rendered "I will not, *not* cast out;" or, "I will never, never cast out." In our language, one negative cancels another; but in the Greek language, negatives strengthen one another. Indeed, we sometimes use similar expressions, and do so very properly in order to make our meaning clear and forcible, as when we sing,—

"The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

The difficulty which many feel is this: *perhaps they are not elected*: and if they are not, then, even though they come to Jesus, he must cast them out. Now, that is supposing what never did occur, because no non-elected soul ever came to Jesus. But I need not go into that matter, for my text suffices without any explanation. Read the first part of the verse: "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." There Christ is speaking about election; and with that subject distinctly before his eye, not forgetting the predestination of God, and his eternal will and purpose, Jesus, knowing what he was saying, said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." So, predestination and election cannot be inconsistent with the truth of this text; and, though you may sometimes fear that your ship will split on that rock, it really is not a rock in the harbour's mouth when Christ is the harbour. If you come to him, you need not trouble about the secret decrees and purposes of God. There are such decrees and purposes, but they cannot, any one of them, be contrary to the truth which Christ so

explicitly declares here, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." In the prophecy of Isaiah, the Lord says, "I have not spoken in secret, in a dark place of the earth: I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain." I have often blessed the Lord for that text; it does not tell us what God has said, but it tells us what he has not said, and that is, that he said not unto the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye me in vain." He never tantalizes us, he never bids us seek him with the reserve in his own mind that we shall not find him. So, speaking broadly, yet truthfully, Christ says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." There is no secret purpose of God, nothing written in the great book of human destiny, nothing in the mysteries of eternity, which can ever make this declaration of Christ untrue to you, or anyone else: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

"I am not troubled about that matter," says one; "my difficulty is of a more practical kind. I can leave the mysteries; but there is something that I cannot leave, and that is, *my past sin*." Well, friend, when the Lord Jesus said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," he looked right down the centuries to the end of time. He did not say, "Him that cometh to me to-day, I will in no wise cast out;" but the declaration, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," is as true at this moment as it was when the words first fell from Christ's lips. He knew then, for he knew all things, what a sinner you would be; and you were in his mind then, for that mind of his is infinite and divine; and he knew that there would be such a man, or such a woman, as you are, and that you would sin just as you have done: yet, taking all that into consideration, he said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

I do not know what your special sin may have been, perhaps it would be wrong for me to try to guess; but this I do know, if you come to Christ, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." It may be that you have to mourn over long years of aggravated transgression,—sins against light, and sins against knowledge. I cannot read your life-story, and I do not want to read it; it is sufficient for me that Jesus said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." If you came to him, and he cast you out because of these long years of sin, his declaration would not be true. If you had lived as long as Methuselah, if you had sinned as grossly as Manasseh did, if you had lived a life of dishonesty and unchastity, yet, if you really came to him, he could not, being a true Christ, cast you away. If all the sins that men have ever committed could be laid to the charge of one poor sinner, yet if that sinner came to Christ, he could not cast him away. The phrase, "in no wise," has such a wonderful sweep that it comprehends the grossest of crimes, and the most heinous transgressions.

"Ah!" says another, "it is not my past sins which trouble me so much as my *present hardness of heart*. My heart is like the nether millstone. My eyes never weep for sin. Nay, I can even think of sin almost without alarm." So, dear

friend, you judge yourself; but, probably, your judgment is a great mistake. Yet, even were it true, remember that Christ has not said, "Him that cometh to me I will only cast out because his heart is hard," or, "because he refuses to weep." He has not put in any exception; he met your case when he said, "Him that cometh to me I will *in no wise*—not even for that reason—cast out." If your heart be like iron, where will it ever be softened except in the furnace of his love?

"Oh!" says another, "I have been thinking of my sins, and *I have tried to repent.*" Yes, but you must remember that—

"Law and terrors do but harden  
All the while they work alone;  
'Tis a sense of blood-bought pardon  
That dissolves the heart of stone."

When a soul comes to Christ, then it gets repentance, it gets tenderness of heart, it gets all that it really needs; and all attempts to get these things before you come to Christ are like trying to get the effect before you get the cause,—to get the fruit before you get the root. O soul, however bad thy condition may be, come thou to Christ, for he can cure thee! A good deal of preaching has been addressed to persons of a certain character, and sinners, who listen to that character-preaching, keep asking, "Is that our character?" In this way, their eyes are fixed upon themselves and their own characters, instead of upon Christ. That is a gospel which will do them no good; but Christ's gospel turns a man's eye away from his own character. It says to him, "Admit, once for all, that your character is incorrigibly bad, and that you deserve to be sent to the lowest hell; but, that being the case, the gospel still says to you, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved.'" Some gospels might help a man if he could get a certain distance on the way to heaven: but the good Samaritan came just where the poor wounded traveller was; and Jesus Christ comes to sinners just where they are, and just as they are,—hard-hearted, callous, thoughtless, careless, yet often conscious of all this, and, strange to say, lamenting that they cannot lament, and crying, "I would feel if I could; I feel that it is a pain to think I cannot feel. I am sad to think I am not sad, and weary to think I am not weary." Well, then, Jesus says, "Just as you now are, come unto me. Leave your case, just as it is, in my hands, and I will undertake it for you."

Did I hear somebody say, "*Oh! but I am so ignorant*"? Well, my dear friend, so are all of us. The only difference between a very wise man and a very great fool is that the wise man knows that he is a fool, and the other does not. When all the knowledge of our wisest men is put together, it makes but a very small book compared with the vast volume that contains what they do not know. Why, the most highly-educated man, now living, has only just gone to an A. B. C. school as yet; and as for those very learned divines,—the D.D.'s and the LL.D.'s, and those doctors who think they know so much that they know better than the Bible,—well, after all,

their knowledge, as compared with what is yet to be known, is only the information of an emmet or a magpie,—nothing more. We are all fools together, and what a mercy it is that the Lord Jesus Christ does not require a lot of knowledge of us! It is to know him that suffices us. To know yourself as a sinner, and Christ as your Saviour, is all the knowledge you really need in order to find eternal life. Never let your ignorance stand in your way, for Christ virtually puts the matter thus, “Him that cometh to me,—though he cannot read a letter in the Bible, and hardly knows that twice two are four,—if he does but come to me, I will in no wise cast him out.”

“Ah, yes!” says another, “but *I am so poor.*” Well, that is the very last thing that you should ever mention as a hindrance to your coming to Christ, for his gospel is specially preached to the poor. One of the proofs that he gave of his Messiahship was thus, “the poor have the gospel preached to them;” and, oftentimes, he hath “chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith,” to be the “heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him;” so that you cannot truly say that you are too poor to come to Christ.

“Ah!” says another, “but *I am so tried and troubled.*” Suppose you are; you do not imagine that the Lord Jesus Christ said, “Him that cometh to me I will not cast out except he is tried and troubled.” Why, poor soul, if there is one who could not be left out, it is just the one who is most troubled. What is it that moves the heart of Jesus towards us? Nothing but his pity and love; and the more trouble you have, the more cause there is for his pity to display itself upon you. Instead of keeping back from Christ because you have so many troubles, come to him to find comfort under them.

“Everybody has been so unkind to me,” says one; “my heart is broken.” Well, the Saviour, who uttered our text, could truly say, “Reproach hath broken my heart; and I am full of heaviness: and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none.” So he understands all about you, and he will bind up your broken heart. “Ah, but I am so despised, and slandered, and misrepresented.” So was he; they called him “a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber.” He is exactly the Saviour you need. “Ah, but I have lost my husband; and all my friends are dead and gone. I hardly know where to find my daily bread.” But Christ said, “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.” He can sympathize with you in the deep affliction of your poverty, so go to him. You should go, above all others,—you who have not a comfortable home, before whom the whole earth seems a desert,—you who seem to have been turned out of paradise, and there is nothing before you but the land which bringeth forth thorns and thistles:—it is in your ear that I would specially repeat the ancient promise, “The Seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent.” You shall overcome all your enemies if you but come to Jesus Christ.

It is a sweet thing to think that the text is so comprehensive: “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” Have you

ever read Mr. John Bunyan's "Come and Welcome"? He very wonderfully expounds this text; and, if I remember rightly, he makes the sinner say, "But I am so great a sinner." "I will in no wise cast you out." "But I have sinned against knowledge." "I will in no wise cast you out." "But I have been a thief." "I will in no wise cast you out." "I have been a fornicator and adulterer." "I will in no wise cast you out." "But I have been a murderer." "I will in no wise cast you out." "But I cannot believe as I would." "I will in no wise cast you out." And he keeps on, page after page, supposing all things that he can well think of; but I will not keep on so long, but I will just say this,—Suppose what you like, and though it be a fact, yet still my text covers it: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

V. My last observation is this, OUR TEXT PLEDGES OUR LORD'S PERSONAL ACTION: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

He does not say anything here about what his servants will do. Some of them look rather askance at big sinners. They have been known to do so before now, and some of them are still a little like that elder brother who said, "As soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf." But Christ says to the prodigal, "I will not cast you out. Your brother may be unwilling to receive you, but I will welcome you."

Now, if the Lord Jesus Christ does not cast us out, it really does not matter who else wants to do so. So long as the Master of the feast does not reject us, we may keep our place at the table. It is a very suggestive thing that my text is in the very chapter which records the great feast when thousands sat down upon the grass, and were fed by Christ. I daresay there were some very queer characters there that day. None of them were too good; but I expect that, among that crowd of loafers around the Saviour,—for loafers many of them were, for they had followed for the sake of the loaves, and that is just the meaning of the word loafer,—there were some fine gentlemen from Jerusalem who said, "Well, if that is the Messiah, he has a pretty following indeed." On another occasion, they called him "a friend of publicans and sinners," and they said, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them;" but he never denied it, he rather gloried in it. He said that he was sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and that "they that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." He loved to have them about him,—loafers and vagabonds as they were. I do not read that he said to Philip, and Peter, and Andrew, "Now, look; we are going to give a feast, but it must be on the principle of the Charity Organization Society, and we must not give anything to people who are undeserving." It is true that God gives to the unthankful and the unbelieving, but modern charity says, "That is wicked." Well, I daresay there is a good deal to be said for that view of the matter, but Jesus Christ did not believe in that view. There were many undeserving people

there, and he fed them all. Christ did not feed any man there because he was good, but because he was hungry. He saw that they were tired and faint, so he multiplied the loaves and the fishes, and fed them till they were satisfied. And, to-day, Jesus Christ does not give his mercy to any man because he deserves it, because there are any good quantities in the man that may merit the display of his grace; but he saves people because he loves to save the unworthy, and he would not have them perish. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." That is his only reason, and blessed be his name that it is his only reason for saving sinners, because you and I, who are amongst the most unworthy persons who have ever lived, may come and sit at the feet of his grace, and know that he has pledged his personal honour and his own private character for it that him that cometh to him he will not cast out. If He does not cast us out, who can? As he says, "I will in no wise cast you out," rest assured that all his servants, and all his enemies, even if they wanted to cast us out, would be quite unable to accomplish the task.

When Jesus says, "I will not cast out him that cometh to me," he means that he will let him stay with him. If you get into Christ's family by simply trusting him, you shall always be in his family. If you get into my Lord's house by simply trusting him, you shall always be in his house. He will not cast you out, but he will receive you, pardon you, cleanse you, bless you. You shall have the power, the right, the authority to become a son of God; and you shall have the nature of a son, you shall receive the Spirit of adoption, whereby you shall be able to cry, "Abba, Father." You shall have the blessings of a son; you shall be provided for, educated, and trained for the skies. You shall not be denied any blessing or favour which is given to God's family. If you do but come to Christ, you shall be free of his grace, and free of his house, and free of his city, and free of his kingdom, and free of his heart, and, by-and-by, you shall be free of his heaven, for where he is there shall you be also, and as he sits at his Father's right hand, so shall you sit down with him upon his throne.

I have known the time when, if I had heard such a sermon as this, I think I should have leaped for joy to think that there was such mercy to be had by me. I should not have wanted any fine speaking, or any display of oratory; I should only have wanted to be assured that Jesus would receive me, and I would at once have come to him. And this I know; every truly hungry soul here will come and feed on this truth to-night, and every thirsty soul will come and drink. But if there are any here who think they are good enough,—if there are any who fancy that they have not sinned against God, and so do not feel that they are in any great danger, or have any great needs,—well, it will be according to the old rule, the full will loathe the loaded table, but to the hungry man even bitter things will be sweet. I can only give you the gospel invitation, and leave it with the Lord to incline you to accept it. May you be led to come to Jesus by a spiritual act of faith this very hour!



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# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

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A VISION OF THE FIELD.

## A Sermon

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In the year 1861.

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"For, behold, I am for you, and I will turn unto you, and ye shall be tilled and sown."—Ezekiel xxxvi. 9.

THESE words were addressed to the mountains of Palestine. Albeit that they are now waste and barren, they are yet to be as fruitful and luxuriant as in the days of Israel's grandeur. God will turn to them, and the vines shall then crown the summits, and there shall be harvests again upon the mountain tops.

The mountains of Israel were a soil of glass, in which you could see reflected, at a single glimpse, the condition and character of the people. While the Israelite were obedient to God, the mountains dropped with new wine, and the little hills seemed to melt with fertility. Honey dropped from the rock, and oil appeared to be distilled of the very flint. When the people sinned so that God gave them over to their enemies, irrigation being neglected, and the culture of the soil no longer profitable, the mountains straightway became as blank and barren as though they were a howling wilderness. And then, again, when the people repented, and turned to God, the soil began to cover the mountains, carried up there by the industry of the people, the sides of the hills were terraced, the waste places began to blossom, and the vines were once more filled with clusters. You could thus read the history of the people in the aspect of their hills.

I intend to take the hills of Israel as a representation of our own state,—the state of our own heart. As they really did mirror forth the condition of the people of old, the metaphor becomes peculiarly attractive. I shall divide the subject thus; firstly, *man's heart, by nature, is like a waste field*; secondly, *there is no hope for that field unless God shall turn to it in mercy*; thirdly, *when he doth turn to it, he will have to till it*; for, lastly, *not until after tillage can it be sown with any hope of success*.

I. MAN'S HEART, BY NATURE, IS LIKE A WASTE FIELD.

*A waste field produces no harvest. Reaper, thou shalt never fill*  
No. 3,001.

thine arms with sheaves, the axle of the wain shall never creak beneath the load of harvest, and the swains shall never dance with the maidens at the harvest home. Let the field lie waste, and the fruit it will yield in a whole century will not be sufficient to feed a single individual.

Such is man, we say, by nature. He brings forth no fruit unto God. Leave him alone, and he will live unto himself. Perhaps he will be a respectable sinner, and, if so, he will selfishly spend all his life in trying to provide for himself alone, or for his family, which is but a part of himself. He will go through the world from his birth to his sepulchre without a thought of God. He will never do anything for God. His heart will never beat with love to him. He may sometimes, out of sheer selfishness, go with others to worship; but he will not worship God, whatever deference he may show to the outward form. His heart will be in complete alienation from the God who made him. He will live and he will die a strange monstrosity in the world,—a creature that has lived without love to his Creator.

Perhaps, however, he will be a disreputable sinner. He will live in sin, find his comfort in drunkenness, perhaps in lust, possibly in dishonesty; but anyhow, he will bring forth nothing that God can accept. Methinks I see the great God coming to look at the man, even as a farmer might come to look upon his fallow field. What can God see? Is there a prayer? Yes, he says a few forms of prayer; but they are dead, lifeless things, and God cannot accept them. Does he see any praise? Perhaps a shrivelled hymn growing up in the corner of the field; but since there is no heart in it, it rots and dies, and God abhors it. He looks the whole field through. There is no thought for God, no consecration of time to God, no desire to honour God, no longing to produce in the world fresh glory to God, no effort to raise up to him fresh voices that shall praise his name. He lives unto himself, or to his fellow-men; and having so lived, he so dies. Now you know that there are a great many people who say to themselves, "Well, if we do good to our neighbour, if we are kind to others, that is enough;" and they expect to have some reward for this. But, mark you, every servant expects his master to pay his wages; surely then, if you serve your fellow-men, they ought to reward you. Let them give you a statue, or let them emblazon your name on one of the rolls of fame. Let them sound down your exploits to future generations. Still, let your debtor and creditor account be fair. If you have not done anything distinctly and avowedly in the service of God, there is no remuneration that you can reasonably expect God to give you. What have you brought forth unto him? Nothing whatever; and we say it sincerely, for we know how sadly true it is, the natural heart of man never does and never can produce so much as one single grain that God can receive as being to his honour and glory. As for the natural children of men in all their generations,—

**"Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Blasts them in everlasting death."**

Alas for, them! Unto thee, great God, they render no prayer nor praise, no heart-felt love nor reverent adoration. They pass through this world as though there was no God.

Worse than this, *the field that has never been ploughed or sown does produce something.* There is an activity about human nature that will not let us live without doing. Unless you should shut yourselves up in a cell like a monk, or live on the top of a pillar, like Simeon Stylites, you cannot very well pass through life utterly inert, without any purpose of mind, without any movement of the limbs, without any stir of the passions; and I suppose that even Simeon Stylites did exert some influence, for he led other people to be as great fools as himself. And even monks do some mischief by losing the interest on talents for which they ought to have rendered a good account, and spending their time in laziness which they ought to have employed in useful service. "None of us liveth to himself." Is there no wheat growing on that soil? no barley? no rye? Very well, then, there will be darnel, and cockle, and twitch, and all sorts of weed. So it is with the unrenewed heart. It produces hard thoughts of God, enmity against the Most High. It is prolific of evil imaginations, wrong desires, and bitter envyings. As these ripen, they bring forth ill words,—idle, or, it may be, lascivious words, and perhaps atheistic, blasphemous words; and as these ripen, they come to actions, and the man becomes an offender in his deeds, perhaps against man, certainly against God. He lives to produce sour grapes. The apples of Gomorrah hang plentifully upon him.

I know I am describing some here present. There are many such persons to be found in all our assemblies. They have done no good in their lives. Measuring their lives by the standard of God, they have done nothing. On the other hand, they have been guilty of much evil, they have brought forth fruit unto sin. Nor is this the worst of it. The bad farmer, who lets his fields all run to weeds, does mischief to the neighbouring farm. Here comes the wind, willing to waft seed—good seed if it can find it,—into other soil. It will take the down of the flower seed, and bear it into a garden where it will be wanted; or, if it must, it will carry the seeds of the thistle; and so, when it comes sweeping by the farmer's neglected field, it does damage to all the fields in the neighbourhood.

It is so with the sinner. "One sinner destroyeth much good." Is he a father? His children grow up to be as ungodly as himself. Is he a master? Then his men, like him, break the Sabbath, and neglect the ways of God. Is he a workman? Then his fellow-workmen, who are younger than himself, take encouragement from his evil example; they are led into sin while they blindly follow in his wake. Whatever station of life you put him into, he does mischief; the more eminent he is, the more eminently mischievous he is. I do not allude now to those who are grave offenders against the laws of society. I mean those good, decent people who have no fear of God before their eyes. I do think they do very much mischief, for the devil's cause gets respectable through having them on its side. Those who persistently live in violation of divine

law, and who do not bend their necks to the yoke of Christ, may be very amiable, very moral, and very excellent. If so, in a certain sense, the more is the pity, because they get an increase of power to do evil, for others say, "If such good men as these can live without religion, and live despising it, why should not we?" Thus a bad cause, which would be hissed off the stage if there were none but rascals to side with it, still walks respectably in the light of day because of these persons who back it up. God deliver you, my dear hearers, from being like a field that does mischief unto others! Beware, thou upas tree, lest thy poisonous influence should receive the reward of hell fire! Beware, thou cumberer of the ground, standing there, and sucking nutriment out of the soil, and cursing the other trees of the vineyard, lest the sharp axe should soon cut thee to the core, and lay thee level with the ground.

A barren field resembles the heart of man in that *all the good influences that fall upon it are wasted*. Comes there sunshine; it produces no harvest on the fallow land. Here are the precious drops of dew glistening in the morning; but they cannot produce an ear of corn. And here fall the sweet smiling showers of rain, that make the new-mown fields all fragrant, but this field gets no good from it. It is even so with you who are still in a state of nature. You have the blessings of providence, but they do not make you grateful. You have even the blessings of the outward means of grace, but they excite in you no longings towards God. Surely, my dear friends, if this has been the case long with you, you must be nigh unto cursing.

Yet the waste field does produce something pleasant to the eye, something worth looking at; for have you not seen the gorgeous poppy, and the finest specimens of the ranunculus growing in the field that was never ploughed and sown? And there is the dog-rose yonder, and the foxglove, and the forget-me-not, all springing up, and flourishing where there should have been furrows for wheat. And so a man may have a comely appearance, and make a fair show in the flesh, although he does not live near to God. In his character and reputation, there may be many a gaudy flower,—ay, as red and as conspicuous as the poppy. He may shine among men, and men may talk much about him. But, as the Lord liveth, if the Lord's plough has never gone over him, the bright blushing weed is but a weed still; a bane and a pest, not a boon or a balm, as the farmer knoweth right well. Let those of you who are in such a state see an apt emblem of yourselves every time you pass a piece of waste ground, and say, "That is just what we are, and what we shall be to the end of our lives, unless the grace of God shall interfere to retrieve us from endless ruin."

II. THERE IS NO HOPE FOR THIS FIELD, UNLESS GOD SHALL TURN TO IT IN MERCY.

Even so, unless the Lord shall turn to men, no good will ever come of them. The text says, "I am for you, and I will turn unto you." Man never does of himself turn unto God, and that for obvious reasons. We are sure he never can, for he is "dead in trespasses and sins." We are certain he never will, for by nature

he hates anything like a new birth; and if he could make himself a new creature, he would not, for Christ has expressly said, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Man is unwilling to give up sin, he loves it too well; unwilling to be made holy, for he has no taste for spiritual things. God, then, must come to man; for how can man, being naturally dead, and naturally unwilling, ever come to God? Experience tells us that he will not. When did you ever find a man, who had come to God, who would say that he came of his own natural inclination? All the saints on earth will tell you that it was almighty grace that made them willing in the day of God's power. If there be any man who ever came to God of himself. I can only say that I know I am not that man.

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God."

If any unconverted person here will tell me that he can turn to God when he likes, I ask him why he does not turn now. What measure of damnation must be his due, when, according to his own confession, he has a power which he will not use! Sinner, talk not vainly of what thou canst do. Man, thou canst burn in hell, and thou canst fit thyself for the flames, but this is about all thou canst do for thyself. Thou hast destroyed thyself. For that inglorious deed, thy will was free, and thine agency free likewise. But only in God is thy help found. For this, be sure, thou hast neither might nor skill. If ever thou art saved, it must be by another power than thine own, and by another faculty than that which dwells in thy puny, wicked heart. God must do it. If you wait till your waste field ploughs itself, or brings forth a harvest, you may wait till doomsday; and if I wait until my hearers save their own souls, and turn unto God themselves, with full purpose of heart, I may wait till these hairs are grey, or till these bones are carried to the tomb; and even then they will not have saved themselves. If you have turned unto God, my dear hearers, you know that the Lord has done it, so give unto him the glory. If you have not been converted, God help you to cry unto him instantly and earnestly, "Turn us, and we shall be turned." Look unto him who is exalted on high to "give repentance and remission of sins." Seek ye unto him, and ye shall live. Oh, that ye could now see your wretched plight, that ye could feel your imminent peril, that ye could believe in the sovereign operations of God's grace! Then would I venture to prophesy that salvation had this day come to your house,—ay, to your very heart.

III. WHEN THE FIELD IS TO BE PUT UNDER CULTIVATION, IT MUST BE TILLED.

So, when God turns to any man in his mercy, there has to be an operation, a tillage, performed upon his heart. The farmer, unless he is a fool, would never think of sowing his corn upon a field that remains just as it was when it lay fallow. He ploughs it first. Although we are to scatter the seed everywhere, upon the wayside as well as upon the good ground, God never does. Common calling is addressed to every man, but effectual calling comes only to pre-

pared men, to those whom God makes "willing in the day of his power."

Now, what is the plough wanted for? Why, it is wanted, first of all, *to break up the soil, and make it crumble*. It has got hard; perhaps it is a heavy clay, and then it is all stuck together by the wet, and all baked and caked together by the sun that shines on it. Or perhaps it is a light soil. Well, this may not need much ploughing; but, still, it will cake over, as we all see even in our little gardens. After the rain has gone, the sun comes, the whole cakes over, and there will be no place for the seeds to thrust in their tender roots. The corn will not sink down into the earth unless the soil is broken up; and the more thoroughly pulverised it becomes, the more like dust you get it, the more hope there is that the seed will take good root.

In such-like manner must human hearts be broken. "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." The more thoroughly pulverised the heart becomes, the better. Hence, there needs to be the sharp plough of the law driven right through the heart, to break up its crust, and split the clods; and then must come that blessed plough of the cross, which is the best plough that ever went across a field yet,—that blessed plough of the cross, which, as it goes over it, turns up the soil, even the very heart of it, and makes the sinner feel his sin, and hate it too, because of the love of God which is shed abroad by Christ Jesus the Lord. Thus you must be tilled, then, that the heart may be broken, for the seed will never get into an unbroken heart.

And the plough is also wanted *to destroy the weeds*, for they must be killed. We cannot have them growing. To spare the weeds would be to kill the wheat. The plough comes, and cuts some weeds in two; others it turns over, and throws the heavy clods on, and leaves them to lie there, and be buried; it turns the roots of others up to the sun, and the sun, by the brightness of its shining, scorches them, and they die. Some soils need cross-ploughing; they need to be ploughed this way and the other way, and then they need some one to go through the furrows afterwards, and pull up the weeds, or else they will not be all rooted out of the soil. And I am afraid that many of us, who have been ploughed, have divers weeds left in us yet. The field must not only be ploughed, but the weeds must be killed; and so it must be with you, my dear hearers. If the Lord really saves you, he must kill your drunkenness, he must kill your swearing, he must kill your whoredom, he must kill your lying, he must kill your dishonesty. These must all go; every single weed must be torn up; there is no hope for you while there is a weed living.

True, I mean not those weeds which still exist even in the regenerate; but even they must be doomed now. John Wellman, a member of the Society of Friends, tells a strange story of himself. One night, after he had been reading the Scripture, as he lay awake, he heard a voice, saying, "John Wellman is dead;" and, being a Quaker, he was greatly struck therewith, and wondered how it was that he could be dead. He asked his wife what his name was,

and she said, "John Wellman"; whereupon he perceived that he must be alive. At last, he understood it to mean that he was dead to the world; that he was henceforth no longer what he formerly had been, but a new creature in Christ Jesus; and it will be a blessed thing for you, my dear hearers, when the like thing may be said of you in the like sense, "He is dead." There is a man I used to know,—I wish I did not still know him so well. I used to meet him every day, some years ago; but we parted company. He would not go with me to Christ, so I went without him. I became a new man, and he is dead. Oh, how often I wish he were buried, for I have to drag his dead body about with me, and, as it putrefies in my nostrils, I have to cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" That rascally old man bears my own name; and once he was identical with my own self. I could fain wish he were buried. In like manner, may it come to pass with you that you may die to the flesh, that henceforth you may live in the spirit unto God! And though the old man be still prone to corruption, what a blessed stroke is that which takes the life out of him, so that he can no longer rule over you, but the new man reigns supreme!

Ploughmen tell us that, when they are ploughing, if the plough jumps, the work is done badly. They must plough it all alike, from end to end, from headland to headland. If the plough jumps, it has gone over some weeds or knots, and not torn them up. I would like always so to preach that my plough may never jump. I sometimes say a hard word because I do not want my plough to jump; I want to tear up all the knots, and not leave one in the ground. If one sin be tolerated, or one malicious desire be spared, the life of God is not completely reigning in us. The Lord make a clean sweep of the weeds, and burn them all!

Well, now, mark you, *in this tilling there are different soils.* There is the light soil and the heavy soil; and so there are different sorts of constitutions. There are some men who are naturally tender and sensitive. Many, too, of our sisters are like Lydia, they soon receive the Word. There are others who are like the heavy clay soil; and you know that the farmer does not plough both soils alike, or else he would make a sad mess of it; and so, God does not deal with all men alike. Some have, as it were, first a little ploughing, and then the seed is put in, and all is done; but some have to be ploughed and cross-ploughed; and then there is the scarifier and the clod-crusher, and I know not what, which have to be rolled over them before they are good for anything; and perhaps, after all, they produce very little fruit. Different constitutions need different modes of action. Let this comfort some of you who have not been so much alarmed as others have been. Different soils must have different methods. Christ does not deal with all men precisely in the same way in his heavenly tillage.

A farmer has a large variety of implements. Go into the shed of a man who is a high farmer, and what a number of implements you may see! I mentioned some of them just now, but there are far more than I can talk about. So it is with our Heavenly Father;



he has all kinds of implements. Sometimes it is a providential trial. One man loses a child; another has to bury his father; and yonder one has had to follow his wife to the grave. Some have temporal losses; business becomes bad; perhaps they are out of work and half starving; others are stretched upon a bed of sickness, and others are brought near to the grave. These circumstances are all so many different sort of ploughs with which God ploughs the soil of our hearts.

The labourers, whom the Lord employs, are dissimilar likewise by the diversity of their gifts. Ministers are some of one sort, and some of another; even the same minister is not always engaged in the same sort of operation. There are some Sundays when I know some of you find me a terrible scarifier, for I have the terrors of the Lord in my conscience, and there is very little comfort in the solemn warnings I am constrained to utter. But if, sometimes, I come down upon you like a clod-crusher, it is needful, that, with true grace and good hope, I may at other times drill in the seed, and nourish your hearts with the very essence of the gospel. The faithful evangelist has to become all things to all men to accomplish his Master's work. But ye must be tilled, for there is no sowing the ground until it has been first stirred about.

And, you know, *the farmer has his proper time for ploughing.* Some soils will do better at one season, and some at another. There are some soils that break up best after a shower of rain, and some that do best when they are driest. So there are some hearts—ay, and I think almost all hearts—that are best ploughed after a shower of heavenly love has fallen upon them. They are in a grateful frame of mind for mercies received, and then the story of a dying Saviour comes to them as just that which will touch the springs of their hearts. Anyhow, dear friends, I would like to pass the question round, Have you been tilled? Has your heart been tilled? Has the soil of your heart been turned up? Have the secret things of your heart been discovered and brought to light, just as the plough turns up the ants' nest? Have you been brought to know your own corruptions? Are there straight furrows right through you, so that you can cry out, "O God, thou hast broken me in pieces, be pleased to come to my help"? Then I am glad of it. You are ready to despair of yourself, but I am not ready to despair for you. You tremble, but I am encouraged. I rejoice, not that you are made sorry, but that you sorrow to repentance after a godly manner. God has broken your heart, and I know that he will bind it up. If he has ploughed you, he will sow you, as he said to the mountains of Israel, "I will turn unto you, and ye shall be tilled and sown."

IV. UNLESS GOD HAS TILLED THE HEART, IT CANNOT BE SOWN WITH ANY HOPE OF SUCCESS.

After ploughing, there comes the sowing. When the heart is ready, God sows it,—sows it with the best of wheat. The wise farmer does not sow tail corn; but, as Isaiah says, he casts in "the principal wheat." The seed which God sows is living seed. If a farmer were to sow boiled seed that has lost its vitality, what would be the good of it? But he sows living seed; and so the truth

which Jesus Christ preaches, and bids us to scatter, is living wheat,—living seed; and when that drops into the soil, God watches over it. The worm may come, and the crow may come; but none of these shall get the seed,—

“For grace insures the crop”—

and up it shall spring,—“first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.” It shall grow, for God has prepared the soil for it.

Now, I want to scatter a handful of the good seed of the kingdom. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Trust Jesus, and you are saved. There,—I saw a handful of that seed go on the way-side; and another handful went upon some of you who are choked with thorns; but if there be a broken heart here, the seed has fallen upon good ground, for that broken heart says, “What! if I trust Christ, shall I be saved?” Yes, you will be saved in a moment,—every sin forgiven you in a moment, for Jesus Christ took your place and stead, and suffered all the punishment of your sins; and therefore God, having been just in punishing Christ instead of you, can let you go free, and yet be as just as though he had sent you to hell. If you trust Christ, the merit of his suffering and the virtue of his righteousness shall be yours now. You shall go your way rejoicing, because you have peace with God through Jesus Christ. Wilt thou believe or not, sinner? God give thee the grace to trust Christ! Trust him now. And if thou dost, then I shall know that God hath ploughed thee, that God hath prepared thee, ere he bade me drop in the seed. Let those of us who know the power of prayer drag the harrow across the field, for when the seed is once in, it wants harrowing. Thus let us preach the Word, and thus let us pray that the seed may take root, spring up, grow, and bring forth a hundredfold. So sinners shall be saved, and so God shall be glorified.

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## Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

ECCLIESIASTES XI. 6—10; AND XII.

Chapter xi. Verse 6. *In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.*

It is our business to sow the good seed of the kingdom, to sow it broadcast, to sow it at all times: “In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand.”

The result of our sowing does not rest with us, but with the great Lord of the harvest. Some of the seed may fall by the wayside, some among thorns, some upon a rock, or upon rocky ground with only a thin layer of earth; but if God has called us to be sowers, and we really sow gospel seed, some of it will fall into good ground, and bring forth fruit, thirtyfold, sixtyfold, or even a hundredfold.

7. *Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun:*

And as it is so pleasant for the natural eyes to behold the natural sun,

how much more pleasant is it for the spiritual eye to behold the Sun of righteousness! Sweet as the light of the sun is, the light of the Sun of righteousness is far sweeter.

8, 9. *But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity. Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*

Nobody in his senses supposes that Solomon exhorted young men to walk according to their own heart and according to the sight of their eyes. This is a common way of speaking; as we may say to a man who is going to excess in drink, "Well, drink your full, and be drunken; but you will have to suffer for it. It will certainly exact a penalty at your hands by-and-by." Nobody would be so foolish as to say that we had exhorted the man to drunkenness. On the contrary, we did, as it were, warn him not to continue in his evil course by reminding him of the penalty which would assuredly follow. So, here, Solomon seems to say, "Do this if you will; do it if you dare; but remember that there is a judgment day coming, and that God will judge you for all these things, and according to these things will he measure out your doom."

10. *Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity.*

There is no doubt that, if we were holy, we should be happy; so, if we advise men to put away sorrow from their heart, we must remind them that they cannot do it except by putting away sin. The roots of evil must be cleared right away; else, to cut down the shoots, and leave the roots, may be but to strengthen the evil in the long run. The removal of sorrow can only be effected by going deeper, and clearing the heart of sin; and this can only be accomplished by God's grace.

Chapter xii. Verse 1. *Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them:*

Do not give God the drags of life. Do not offer in sacrifice to him anything that is worn out. Remember that, among the firstfruits which the Jews were to bring to the priest to be offered on God's altar, there were to be "green ears of corn, dried by the fire, even corn beaten out of full ears." The Lord delights to have the hearts of his people while they are yet children. The Lord says, through Hosea the prophet, "I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms;" as if, while they were but little, God had taught them to take their first steps in walking. There is also that passage in the prophecy of Jeremiah, "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness." God delights in those early evidences of love in the morning of life, while the dew is upon everything, and there is a sparkling freshness all around. I pray that you who are young will remember your Creator in the days of your youth.

2. *While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:*

As they do in old age, when troubles seem to multiply, and the brightness of life seems to have gone.

3, 4. *In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the*

*streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low ;*

This is a wonderfully vivid description of the failure of our natural powers. "The keepers of the house shall tremble ;" these are our arms, which are the guardians of the house of our body. We naturally thrust out our hands and arms to protect ourselves if we are likely to fall, so they are "the keepers of the house." "The strong man shall bow themselves ;" that is, our legs and knees begin to shake. "The grinders cease because they are few." Our teeth gradually decay, and at last fall from their places. They are like the first falling stories of a decaying wall, tottering to show how the rest will soon follow. "Those that look out of the windows be darkened." The eyes begin to lose their quickness of sight ; and fresh windows—double windows—are sometimes needed to assist the failing sight. "The doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low." The voice fails. Then there comes sleeplessness, so that the first little bird that chirps in the morning wakes up the aged man ; and as for music, his ears sometimes fail to catch the sweetest melody, and his own voice is unable to attune itself as once it did : "All the daughters of music shall be brought low."

5. *Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish—*

This is one of the most beautiful pieces of poetic description that were ever penned. Here we have a true picture of the nervousness which creeps over men in the decline of life. Then there is the flourishing of the almond tree ; there are many before me now whose white hair shows that the almond tree is flourishing.

5. *And the grasshopper shall be a burden,*

Those things that we treated lightly in our youth become a very heavy burden in our later years. A little work wearies, a little care fatigues, and a little trouble frets us as it never used to do.

5. *And desire shall fail :*

The whole nature becomes more calm, and less ambitious, and less ardent than it used to be.

5, 6. *Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets : or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern*

"The silver cord" is the spinal marrow, which gradually relaxes, for the strength and power of it are gone. The whole frame begins to show symptoms of the paralysis which is creeping on. "The golden bowl" is the skull, which contains the brain ; and whoever has seen a skull must see how appropriate the figure is. Then, in "the pitcher" and "the wheel" we have a reference to the circulation of the blood, of which Solomon seems to have had at least some inklings. There have been writers who have affirmed that the entire system of anatomy might very well be gathered from these words. They are wonderful, not only because of the poetic imagery which is on the surface, but also because of the depth of meaning which lies beneath.

7. *Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was : and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.*

Thus will it happen to us all unless Christ shall first come. The machinery of our being will stand still. The fountain of life will be dry ; no longer will the living floods rush through their appointed courses as they used to do. Please remember that we are not merely talking about people in the street, of whom we know nothing, but about ourselves also, for we are mortal, so we must die. Let us believe this, and prepare for it.

8. *Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.*

This seems to be the conclusion to which Solomon came by the experiment of his own life, as well as by the teaching of God. This Book of Ecclesiastes begins thus: "The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

9. *And moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs.*

That man is not fit to teach who does not give good heed, and set his words in order. He who says whatever comes first into his mind, only gives out chaff which the wind driveth away. But he who would scatter his seed broadcast must take care that he has in his seed-basket good seed—that is worth sowing in the broad furrows of the world-field.

10. *The preacher sought to find out acceptable words:*

The Hebrew expression means words of delight, for words that delight the ear may help to win the heart, and so prove to be "acceptable words."

10, 11. *And that which was written was upright, even words of truth. The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.*

The true preacher's words pierce us like the sharp ox-goads pierce the cattle; but they are also like nails that are driven into the wood, and clinched so that they cannot come out. There must be something to stir our emotions, and something to retain in our memory. We need the goads, for we are like the ox that is slow at the plough; and we need to have the nails well driven into us, for our memory is often like a rotten piece of wood which lets the nail slip out as soon as it has to bear any weight. May the Holy Spirit make all of us, who are preachers, to be wise so as to know how to use the goad and how to drive the nail!

12. *And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.*

That is what Solomon said, and he had never seen the British Museum, or the Bodleian and other noted libraries, for, if he had done so, he would have said, with an emphasis, "There is no end," for the books of his day could scarcely have been one in a thousand, or one in a million, compared with those which are now produced. I should not wonder, however, if the one in a million was quite worth the million. There are many books made that may benefit the printer, and the publisher, and the bookseller, but they are not likely to benefit anybody else.

13. *Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.*

Reverent walking before the Most High; reconciliation to him so that we can thus walk and thus live; and all this proved by a life of obedience to his commandments: "This is the whole duty of man."

14. *For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.*

Notice that expression, "every secret thing." It is not merely our public actions that God will judge, else might we be more at our ease; but he takes account of our most private thoughts, words, deeds, and intents. Who among us can endure that ordeal? Yet we must endure it if we are to stand before him. O Lord, prepare us, by thine infinite grace, through faith in thy dear Son, and by the regenerating work of thy gracious Spirit, for this solemn testing time! Amen.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

THE BEST THING IN THE BEST PLACE.

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## A Sermon

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C. H. SPURGEON,

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On Lord's-day Evening, October 31st, 1875.

"The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide."—Psalm xxxvii. 31.

THIS verse occurs in a Psalm in which the contrast between the righteous and the wicked is drawn in a very vivid fashion. The wicked are depicted as being very frequently rich and prosperous; yet no one, who is truly wise, would wish to change places with them. The psalmist so plainly points out the brevity of their prosperity, the certainty of their ultimate fate if they continue unregenerate, and the terror of their overthrow, that we are not tempted for a single minute to be envious of them. As for the righteous, David gives us abundant hints that they will be tried, persecuted, hated, and so on, but he indulges us with such sweet promises from the mouth of the great Father himself that we feel perfectly satisfied to share the lot of his children, however hard it may sometimes be. If we wish to share the lot of the righteous, we must be as they are; and, amongst other things, this text must be realized in our experience as it is in theirs. The law of our God must be in our heart that our steps may not slide.

I recollect, when I was a lad, hearing a sermon from a text which is almost a parallel to the one before us: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." The divisions of that discourse were so excellent, and they fixed themselves so firmly upon my memory, that I shall borrow them for my own use on this occasion, for I cannot make any better ones for myself. The preacher said, "Here we have the best thing: 'thy word'; in the best place: 'have I hid in mine heart'; for the best of purposes: 'that I might not sin against thee.'" Those are to be the divisions of my text, only altered thus,—*the best thing*: 'the law of his God'; *in the best place*: "is in his heart;" *with the best result*: "None of his steps shall slide."

I. So I am first to speak, for a few minutes, about THE BEST THING: "the law of his God."

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In these gospel days, we must use this expression in a wider sense than may have been originally intended by David, and *take it to mean a great deal more than the moral law.* If we are Christians, we delight in that law, and we are not under it as a rule of condemnation and of judgment, but we rejoice to obey it. We could not suggest an alteration to it which would be an improvement. The ten commandments are very simple, but absolutely perfect for the purpose for which they were intended. To add another to them, or to take one away from them would be to spoil the whole. We "delight in the law of God after the inward man." Whoever may be Antinomians, that is, those who are "against the law," we are not to be numbered amongst them, for we can say, with Paul, "The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good;" and though we are carnal, and often feel ourselves "sold under sin," yet we cannot find any fault with the law. If eternal life could have come by any law, it would have come by that law; and even though that law now can do nothing for us but condemn us, yet, as we hear its terrible sentence, we feel that the law "is holy, and just, and good." We desire, then, to have even the moral law in our hearts, and to have it written there, that none of our steps may slide.

But we cannot use David's expression in that limited sense only; *it must now include the whole Book of God, and all its teachings,* for it is often used in that sense. "The law of his God is in his heart." Take this expression as referring to the whole of Scripture, and I may truly say that it is the best thing. O my brethren, what can be better for informing the understanding than the Word of God? Would you know God? Would you know yourself? Then search this Book. Would you know time, and how to spend it? Would you know eternity, and how to be prepared for it? Then, search ye this Book. Would you know the evil of sin, and how to be delivered from it? Would you know the plan of salvation, and how you can have a share in it? This is the Book which will instruct you in all these matters. There is nothing which a man needs to know for the affairs of his soul, between here and heaven, of which this Book will not tell him. Blessed are they that read it both day and night; and especially blessed are they who read it with their eyes opened and illuminated by the Divine Spirit. If you want to be wise unto salvation, select the Word of God, and especially the Spirit of God, as your Teacher. There is nothing else that is equal to the Bible for inflaming, sanctifying, and turning in the right direction, all the passions of the soul.

Perhaps you are not satisfied with merely knowing; you want something or someone to love. You men and women, with large hearts, whose one desire is to have a worthy object for your affections to fix upon, turn to this Word of God, this law, this gospel of his, and you will see there how God himself becomes the object of his creatures' love, and how, in the person of his Son, you have the loveliest object upon which human eyes ever gazed. You have, in him, One who is so lovely that a glance from his eye is enough to

set your soul on flame, and to make your heart enamoured of him for ever. Ye, who have mighty founts of love welling up in your soul, may come, and let them flow most freely here, for here is One who is worthy of them all; and when you have loved Christ as much as you can, you have not loved him half as much as he deserves to be loved. Here, your passions may burn, and blaze, and glow with sacred ardour, without any fear of your being idolaters, and without any risk of your being deceived.

And if you want something more than enlightenment for the understanding, and fulness of love to satisfy the heart,—if you need practical directions for your every-day life,—this Book will supply you with them. In every part of the sea of life in which a man may be, if this be his chart, he will not miss his way, or suffer spiritual shipwreck. If you were a king, you might learn your duty here; and if you are a beggar, or the poorest of the poor, you may find comfort and instruction here. Fathers, you may here learn how to manage your households. Children, you may learn here the duties of your position in your various relationships. Servants, masters, husbands, wives, sick folk, people in robust health, ye who are poor, and ye who are rich,—this Book is for you all, and when you consult it in the right spirit, it will talk with you all. Into whatsoever condition you may happen to be cast, this Book will follow you. It is such a wonderful Book that it adapts itself to all sorts and conditions of men. It whispers softly by the sick man's bedside, and it has often called aloud, as with a trumpet voice, amidst the fury of the storm. It has a message for you while you are yet in the heyday of your youth, and a promise for you when you lean upon your staff, and totter to your grave. It is *Bibles*, the Book, the everyday book, full of wisdom for every day in the week, all the year round, and when the circle of life is complete, you will see how the Book was equally adapted to the children and to the aged man whose life is just closing.

Perhaps, dear friend, you say, "I know the path that I ought to take, I know whom I ought to love, and I trust I am instructed as to what I ought to believe; for all this I prize the Bible very highly; but what I really need is the courage of my convictions, the force of character which shall enable me to tread in those ways which I know to be right." Yes, I know what you mean; but where else will you find truths that have such power as those which glisten in the pages of this blessed Book? Where will you read any records so calculated to fire men with dauntless bravery as those that are contained in this Book? Above all, in him who is the sum and substance of this Book, to whom all its pages point, you can see an example of disinterested love and perfect consecration to God and man which will suffice, if the Holy Spirit shall bless it to you, to give you all the force of character and courageousness of spirit that you can possibly need. If young men would read their Bibles more, they would not be so easily turned aside as they now are. When a young man puts his foot down for the right, and says, "I cannot and I will not tell a lie, or commit an act of dishonesty in business, or frequent places of amusement where I cannot



go with a clear conscience," I believe that he has cleansed his way by taking heed thereto according to God's Word. I see here the treasure-house of holy courage. Commune with God, commune with Christ Jesus, commune with saints, and martyrs, and apostles, as you read these pages, and you yourself will imbibe something of their determination and resolution, something of their zeal and energy for the right and the true. It is here that true men are made; as they peruse these pages, the weak grow strong, and dwarfs develop into giants. ¶ Ay, and if you say, "I often feel unhappy; there is an aching void within my spirit, a something which prevents me from being perfectly satisfied; I have a kind of horse-leech, somewhere within me, which cries, 'Give, give,' and I have not yet found the food with which to stop its clamour;" it is in this Book that you will find the comfort which your spirit craves. Here, every grief may be allayed, every right desire satisfied, and all wrong desires and evil lustings be ejected from the spirit. When the Holy Spirit applies this Book to the soul, it is food for man's hunger, and medicine for man's disease. It lays its hand upon his fevered brow, and cools him down to health; or if he is too cold, it warms him into holy energy. In fact, there is no end to the blessings which this Book bestows.

"This is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown,  
That merchant is divinely wise  
Who makes the pearl his own."

This is the best of books; as Christopher Harvey says,—

"It is the Book of God. What if I should  
Say, God of Books?  
Let him that looks  
Angry at that expression, as too bold,  
His thoughts in silence smother  
Till he find such another."

Its every page is a sheet of gold; nay, rather let me say that heaven's bank-notes are here, to be cashed by them who have faith enough to bring them to the God that issued them, that he may make their souls rich to all the intents of bliss.

This, then, is the best thing: "the law of his God."

II. Now, secondly, we have the best thing IN THE BEST PLACE: "The law of his God is in his heart." What does this mean?

It means, first, that *he loves it*. That which we love is always said to be in our hearts, and the reason why he loves it is given in the text: "The law of *his* God;"—not merely the law of *God*, mark you,—but "The law of *his* God." Men do not love the law of God until they know that he is their God. Blessed indeed is this precious possession which God gives us first in himself, and then in his Word. Do you not all like to read a book which has been written by a near and dear friend? It must have greater interest for you than the works of strangers ever can have. You may pass over a hundred books on a stall, or in a shop; but if you notice a volume which was written by one who was your play-

fellow, or perhaps by one who is nearer and dearer still, you take an interest in that book at once. So is it with this blessed Book, which was written by our Heavenly Father;—this Book which tells us of our elder Brother;—this Book into which the Divine Spirit has breathed the breath of life, and upon which he always shines as the great Illuminator;—this Book must always be indescribably dear to us. How dear has the Bible been to God's saints in past ages! They have run even the risk of losing their lives rather than part with it; and many of them have actually died as martyrs because they would translate it, and pass its messages on to others; and this Book is equally dear to us. Sooner than give up the smallest jot or tittle of its inspired teaching, I trust that we should be prepared to go to the stake as our brave forefathers did in cruel Queen Mary's day. Precious Bible, thou art in our hearts because we love thee.

But David meant more than that; the law of his God was in his heart *to be remembered* as well as to be loved. We soon forget what we only learn in our head, so we tell our children to learn things "by heart." What is written in the head may be erased; but what is written in the heart abides there. Neither sickness, nor death, nor the devil himself can ever take from us what is in our hearts. We have known people, in sore sickness, suffer from loss of memory, and that is a very serious loss; but we have known them retain their recollections of spiritual things unimpaired when they have forgotten their own wives or husbands, so strangely does the mind or heart hold most firmly to that which is most deeply engraven upon it. If you have the Word of God in your hearts, it will not matter who may try to tear it from you. All the Jesuits in or out of hell could not wrest from a man the gospel that is written in his heart. They could easily turn some people from their creed, because it is only a creed, lying loosely in their brain; but the truth which has really entered the heart of a man, neither Satan nor all his hosts could ever take from him. See ye to it, then, that the law of your God is in your heart, so deeply affecting you, and so powerfully moving you, that it abides so tenaciously in your memory that you can never give it up.

"The law of his God is in his heart," has a third meaning; namely, that *he obeys it*, for the heart is the most influential organ of the body. What is done in the heart affects every part of the man. Disease there means that the man, as a whole, cannot be well. If the heart's affections be set on God, all is right, for the intent, the motive, sways the man. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." If thy heart's eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light; but if thy heart's eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If the law of God is in the heart, then every pulsing of that central organ will affect the entire man. If the man has led an evil life, he will be altogether changed by it; and if, through the restraining grace of God, he has been somewhat better than others, the law of his God will operate in his heart and life, and do for him all that he could well desire to have done as he yields obedience to it.

to have the law of God in your heart means, in fact, *that you live by it*,—that you have the gospel as the food of your soul; and that you have the Christ of the gospel as your hope for eternity. The heart is that by which we live; so, if the law of God be in our heart, we shall live by it, and draw our comfort, as well as our sustenance, from it. Let each one judge how far this is true concerning himself. We are not perfect, but we wish we were; and this proves that the law of our God is in our heart. We sin, but we grieve that we sin, and this proves that there is within us a longing for perfect holiness. We say, with the apostle Paul, "To will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. . . . When I would do good, evil is present with me." Yet that *will*-ing and *would*-ing prove that our heart has the law of God within it. God looks upon you, dear friends, very much according to what you desire to be; and if there be, in your soul, strong pangs of desire after that which is perfect, he accepts those desires, and blesses you through Christ Jesus his Son. John Bunyan used to put it in one of his simple allegories something like this. He says, "You want a man to fetch a doctor, and you tell him to be quick; so he mounts his horse, but it is a sorry jade, and very lame, and cannot go fast; yet you see that your man would fly if he could, for he is whipping and spurring the creature with all his might to try to make it go. So," saith Bunyan, "the Lord often sees that the spirit is willing,—whipping and spurring; but the flesh is weak,—like the lame horse; he sees what his servants would fain be, and accepts them as if they were really so." It is well for us that we have so gracious a Master, who looks so favourably upon our imperfect service. Have the law of God in your hearts, my brethren, and albeit that you are foolish to-day, you will conquer some of those follies to-morrow; and you will, by God's grace, go on to conquer more and more, until the law, written on your heart, shall also be written on all your members, and you shall be presented spotless and faultless before the throne of God.

III. Now I must pass on to the last point, namely, **THE BEST RESULT**: "None of his *steps* shall slide."

Here is a man who has God's Word in his heart, and you notice that *he takes pains about his steps*. A step is a very little thing; we must take a good many hundreds of steps to walk a mile; but good men take notice of little things. The man, who has the law of God in his heart, is scrupulous and conscientious about thoughts and imaginations, as well as about words and actions. Hence, the promise in the text is suited to him, for it is a promise about little things: "None of his *steps* shall slide." I recollect,—nay, I hope it is so with me still,—but I recollect that, just after my conversion, I used to be almost afraid to put one foot before the other, lest I should put it down in the wrong place; and often have I paused, when I was speaking, for fear I should not say the right word. That holy caution is most commendable in all who have it; I wish that many more had it. What a hop, skip, and jump some men's lives are! Not only do they not look before they leap, but they do not even seem to look after they have leaped. They rush on blindly

and heedlessly, presuming where they ought to be praying, and self-confident where they ought, with deep repentance, to be humbling themselves before God. Our old proverb says, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves;" and the same rule applies to our actions. If we are careful about our little actions, the great ones will be pretty sure to be right. Oh, that we were all very guarded about how we act at home! Oh, that we were careful about our speech as we sit around the tea-table! Such a little thing as that may do almost infinite mischief. I believe the worst evils in the world arise out of little things. It is said that the seed of mischief is as small as a midge's egg; and so it is. Then, look well to those midge's eggs, lest they hatch out far greater evils.

I think, too, that *whenever Christian men go wrong, it is concerning something about which they thought they were quite safe*, like the children of Israel with the Gibeonites. These people came to Gilgal wearing old garments, old shoes and clouted, and carrying bread that was dry and mouldy. What need was there to ask counsel of God? It was as clear as the sun at noonday that they had come from a long distance, wishing to make a league with the Israelites because of the wonders that God had wrought for his people; so even Joshua did not pray about the matter, and he was deceived, for these Gibeonites were near neighbours, and had thus cajoled the Israelites into a league which was always an impediment to them in their campaign. Always suspect where you have no suspicion, and be afraid where you are not afraid; be especially afraid of a man who tells you that you have no need to be afraid of him. There was a man, who said to a friend of mine, "I want a loan of so much from you. You know that I am all right. I have been a member of a Christian Church for so many years; I am not like So-and-so, and So-and-so, who lately failed. You can trust me, you know." "No," said my friend, "you are the sort of man I would not trust with a bad half-crown;" and he was right, for those who did trust him lost their all. Be very cautious in such cases as that; if you are dealing with those who are known to be rogues, you hardly need to be put on your guard; but if you are dealing with rogues who pretend to be honest men, you must have all your wits about you, or they will certainly take you in. They have covered up their wolf nature with the sheepskin, so you had better see what is underneath the skin.

When David says, "The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide;" what does he mean by that last clause? He means that *God will guide him*. As he has God's law in his heart, he will have God's guidance for his steps. In the 23rd verse, David says, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way." When a man really carries God's law in his heart, God will take care that he does not carry that law into any evil place; for, as David goes on to say, "the Lord upholdeth him with his hand." There will come to every man, whoever or whatever he may be, sudden assaults of temptation; but if the law of his God is in his heart, he will be forewarned and forearmed

against them. There will also come the long sieges of temptation, and many a man has fallen by little and little; but if the law of his God is in his heart, he will be proof against even them. There will come, sometimes, the temptation which results from loneliness, when he will be urged by Satan to do evil. As no human eye is upon him, may he not do wrong? But, with the law of his God in his heart, he will not do any wrong even though he might never be found out; that law within his heart is a sufficient check to keep him from evil. Sometimes, he will be in perplexity. I wonder whether every business man here is not, at some time or other, puzzled to know what he ought to do. He is most anxious to do the right thing, but he does not know which of two courses is right. Well, that is the time to let the law of your God, which is in your heart, be like a compass to you; and to plead this promise, and say, "O Lord, thou hast said that, as thy law is within my heart, none of my steps shall slide; fulfil thy word unto thy servant, whereon thou hast caused me to hope."

For your steps to slide, would be for you to bring dishonour upon your character. How many men, who have stood firm for a while, either in the Christian Church or in business life, have thus slid! I recollect reading, some years ago, when there were some sad failures of this sort, that "neither the white cravats of Exeter Hall, nor the drab coats of Lombard Street, could prevent some men from being great rascals;" and there has, sometimes, been only too much reason to say that. But the law of God in the heart is better than a white cravat at the throat or a drab coat on the back, for it does keep men's steps so that they do not dishonour their God. Trials may come to those who live nearest to God;—possibly, they will come all the more because these people have lived near to God; but there will not be the stain upon the character, or the casting down from integrity, which causes so much sorrow. A true Christian would sooner die than that this should happen; and he may comfort himself with the assurance that, if the law of his God be in his heart, "none of his steps shall slide."

Nor shall he slide into despair. He may tremble, he may totter, he may be almost down; but, as he has the law of his God in his heart, he shall scramble to his feet again, and shall still hold on his way. I hope all of you, who have to fight the good fight of faith, and to journey as pilgrims to heaven, will take to yourselves all the comfort you can possibly get out of this text. You have asked to have the law of your God in your heart, and it is there; well then, you shall be upheld. You are going to live, young man, where there are no other Christians; but your steps shall not slide, for the law of your God is in your heart. You are going, my brother, to occupy a position where a large number of people will be under your charge, and you hardly know how you will manage them; but, with the law of your God in your heart, none of your steps shall slide. You are going, my young sister, to live with ungodly relatives, where you will scarcely get an opportunity for private prayer; yet, with the law of your God in your heart, none of your steps shall slide. My young brother, you are about to

become the pastor of a large church, and you tremble lest you should make some great mistake, and bring dishonour upon God; but if his law is in your heart, none of your steps shall slide. You need not mind about the slipperiness of the way if the law of your God is in your heart. Many slip when the road is not slippery, and many a man, by God's grace, stands fast where it seems a miracle that he stands at all. Men are not in danger in proportion to their position; they are in danger or in safety according to the measure of their grace. If the law of your God be in your heart, you might face a world in arms, and not be afraid. If God should make you the leader of a thousand squadrons of the armies of heaven on their white horses, you would be able to command them all if you had his law in your heart, and yielded yourself wholly to him.

Note also that if you have the law of your God in your hearts, *this implies that you also have the Lawgiver there*, for you cannot separate the Divine Lawgiver from his law. Do you love him? Do you trust him? Is his name melodious to your ear? Is it like ointment poured forth, for sweetness, to your spirit? If you love him who gives you the law, you must love the law that he gives. We are under law—the law of grace,—to Jesus Christ, his yoke is easy, and his burden is light, to those who trust and love him. If you do trust and love him, that proves that you have his law in your hearts.

Again, if you have the law of your God in your heart, *you have also there the great Teacher of the law, namely, the Holy Spirit*. You are conscious of his comforts, sometimes of his rebukes, and often of his encouragements. How is it with you in this respect? Do you know anything about the work of the Holy Spirit in your heart? Alas, there are many who do not know that there is a Holy Ghost, for they have never felt his power; but the law of God is never in the heart until the Holy Ghost puts it there, and where he puts that law, he abides with it, to open our understanding that we may receive the Scriptures, and to open the Scriptures that our understanding may receive them.

What do you know about God the Son? Is he your Saviour? What do you know about the Holy Ghost? Is he your Quickener and Comforter? If he is, be of good cheer, for none of your steps shall slide. But if he is not, and if you reject this law of God, remember that solemn text, "Their feet shall slide in due time." They stand up in their prosperity; they are great, famous, happy, full of mirth; and we are apt to envy them as we see them upon their high places; but watch! They are standing upon an Alp of ice; the pathway which they tread is very narrow; and, in a moment, when they do not expect it, their feet shall slide, and they shall descend into the abyss which has no bottom! Down they go, *lor', lost, lost!* The high places they once occupied only increase the depth of their fall. They go from their full wine-cups to craving a drop of water to cool their parched tongues. They go from the dainties of Dives' table to the uttermost woes of hell. Lazarus once begged for their crumbs, and now they would fain turn beggars, and ask a boon of Lazarus himself. Their day is changed

into night, their glory into shame, their banquets into miseries, their honours into everlasting shame and contempt. Be wise, men and women, and seek your Saviour now, lest, as a dream when one awaketh, the beauty of your present mortal life should all pass away, and there should remain nothing but the ghastly form of a wasted existence to be visited for ever with the strokes of Jehovah's awful wrath.

"Ye sinners seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.

"So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head."

God bless you all, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

#### PSALM XXXVII.

This is one of the Psalms of David which have often cheered the saints of God when they have been perplexed because of the prosperity of the wicked and their own troubles.

Verses 1, 2. *Fret not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.*

What if their lot be sweet? Yet consider how short it is. No wise man envies the bullock which is being fattened, for he knows that it is being fattened for the slaughter. None will envy the ungodly their pleasures when they remember how transient they must be. Let them have them; and I would urge all Christians to do their best to make the ungodly happy. This is the only happy time they can ever have unless they repent, and turn to the Lord; so do not make them unhappy, but contribute all you can to the little bliss they ever will know, for it will soon be over. Certainly, if you are a child of God, you have no cause to envy them.

3, 4. *Trust in the LORD, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the LORD, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.*

Here is a duty which is as much a pleasure as it is a duty; nay, it is even more a pleasure than a duty: "Delight thyself also in the Lord." Here is a commandment to be happy in the safest conceivable way. Of all delights, the most delicious is delight in God, and to this we are commanded. But what a privilege is that which is annexed to it: "He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Why is this? Because, when you delight in God, your desires will be such as he can safely grant. Delighting in him, you will only desire that which is for his glory; and then, without any restriction, he may promise to you, and give to you the desires of your heart.

5. *Commit thy way unto the LORD;*

Blindly, yet believingly, put your hand into his hand, and follow wherever he may lead you.

5—7. *Trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. And he shall bring*

*forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. Rest in the LORD,—*

Oh, what sweet precepts these are!—easier to read and to hear than they are to practise; yet, if grace be given to us, we shall find them blessedly easy to practise. Surely, if it is easy to rest anywhere, it must be easy to “rest in the Lord.” There is no such resting-place anywhere else, like that where omnipotence and eternal love are sweetly joined together: “Rest in the Lord,”—

7—9. *And wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass. Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil. For evildoers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the LORD, they shall inherit the earth.*

I do believe that, in a right sense, the child of God does get the best of both worlds. He may not get, in this world, what ungodly men think the best; and as far as worldly good is concerned, he often gets the worst there; but God makes his dinner of herbs to be sweeter to him than the stalled ox is to the wicked. If I knew that I should die like a dog, I would still wish to be a Christian. If there were no hereafter, no world to come, and even if my lot, judged after the manner of men, should be of all men's most miserable, yet, to have had God to be my Friend here would have turned even that misery into happiness.

“O God of love, how sweet are they  
Who in thy ways delight!  
Thy presence guides them all the day,  
And cheers them all the night.”

10. *For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.*

How often even the place where he lived—his house,—becomes a ruin. The very palace where the tyrant dwelt is burnt down, or destroyed in some other way; decay seems to delight to work with the teeth of time upon the palaces of despots.

11. *But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.*

There is a great fulfilment of that prophecy yet to come in the latter days, but it is fulfilled even now. Who does not see that the man who really enjoys life, and enjoys the world, is, after all, the meek, humble-minded Christian man? That shepherd of Salisbury Plain, of whom we used to read in our childhood, when he was asked what he thought of the weather, said it was good weather, for God sent it; and any sort of weather pleased him if it pleased God. Anybody can see that a man of that kind is in a healthy state, and that he inherits the earth, and possesses far more of what is worth having—namely, ease and peace of mind,—than the owner of broad acres who has no true rest of heart in the Lord.

12—19. *The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth. The Lord shall laugh at him: for he seeth that his day is coming. The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay such as be of upright conversation. Their sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken. A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked. For the arms of the wicked shall be broken: but the LORD upholdeth the righteous. The LORD knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be for ever. They shall not be ashamed in the evil time: and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.*

Let me read that nineteenth verse again, so that any child of God here,



who is in great straits, may be able to lay hold upon it: "They shall not be ashamed in the evil time; and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied."

20—25. *But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the LORD shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away. The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again: but the righteous sheweth mercy, and giveth. For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth; and they that be cursed of him shall be cut off. The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the LORD upholdeth him with his hand. I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*

We have often remarked here that we also, though we are not old, have never seen the righteous forsaken, and we do not think that the oldest man or woman here has ever seen the righteous forsaken. David says that he had not seen the seed of the righteous begging bread. Well, he was a king, so he was not likely to see very many poor people; but we have several times seen the seed of the righteous begging bread. It is not a common thing, but we have seen it; and when the seed of the righteous misbehave themselves,—when they disgrace their father's name,—they will have to beg bread the same as other people's children do. They will come to poverty through idleness and drink just as other people do. And it has been my unhappy lot, within these very walls, to have to minister relief to the unworthy and reprobate sons of Christian ministers, about whose piety I could entertain no doubt, and some of whom, are now in heaven. These good men's children have walked contrary to God, so God has walked contrary to them. I have often hoped that the poverty I saw might be the means of bringing them to seek the God of their fathers!

You, who fear the Lord may depend upon this,—if the Lord helps you to train up your children aright, he will take care of them. If they are truly the seed of the righteous by being themselves righteous, your children shall not beg bread, for the Lord will provide for them; and you will find that God always takes care of the children of those who faithfully serve him. He seems to say to them, "You mind my business, and I will mind your business. If you look after my children, I will look after yours." If we serve the Lord with all our hearts, we may fairly reckon that the God of the fathers will be the God of the children.

26—40. *He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed. Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore. For the LORD loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off. The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever. The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment. The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide. The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him. The LORD will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged. Wait on the LORD, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it. I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace. But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off. But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD: he is their strength in the time of trouble. And the LORD shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.*

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—107

(SONG II.), 119 (SONG II.), 652.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

A VIVID CONTRAST.

## A Sermon

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DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

On Thursday Evening, November 17th, 1861.

"And every man went unto his own house."—John vii. 53.

"Jesus went unto the mount of Olives."—John viii. 1

THESE VERSES furnish a striking illustration of the unwise way in which, in certain cases, the Bible has been divided into chapters. The meaning of many portions of Scripture would be much more manifest if Gospels, Epistles, and even Prophecies were left in their undivided state. The two sentences, which I have selected for my text, ought never to have been separated, and we may rightly say of them, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." So we will consider them together as they should be considered: "Every man went unto his own house. Jesus went unto the mount of Olives."

I. Here we have, in the first place, **A FACT FOR OUR EARNEST CONSIDERATION.** Let us turn it over in our mind under the Holy Spirit's gracious guidance. While Christ's friends and enemies had, every one of them, a house to go to, he *must needs* go to spend the night in the open air watching and praying on the mount of Olives.

Observe, first, *his extreme poverty.* Among them all,—friends or foes,—there was not one without a house excepting himself. Nay, more, among some of the meanest of his creatures, there was not one without a shelter. Foxes, though they were but worthy to be exterminated, had holes in which they could hide; and the birds of the air, though many ruthlessly sought to destroy them, had nests wherein they could rest; but the Son of man had not where to lay his head. Possibly, in all Judæa, there was only that *one houseless man*; certainly, there was no other who was so voluntarily houseless as himself. He had brought himself down from the glories of his Father's court, from the majesty of reigning with his Father in heaven, to become dependent upon the bounty of his own disciples for his daily bread; and he had no house that he could call his own, no home to which he could retire when his day's work was

done. Believers, admire his amazing condescension in that, "though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." If any of you are poor in this world, be comforted, for you are not poorer than your Master was. Remember that every true Christian man is the image of Christ; but the godly poor man is the *express* image of Christ. He has one quality beyond those which other Christian men have, that is, his poverty, which makes him even more like his Master than they are. He who was born in a stable, and cradled in a manger; he who wore the homely garb of the peasantry of Palestine, the garment which was without seam, woven from the top throughout; he who made fishermen his chosen companions was the poor man's Christ, poorer than the poorest of you, and able therefore to sympathize with you in all the pangs and griefs which penury may bring upon you. And ye great ones of the earth, despise not the unlettered and the poor, for "hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith," to be "heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him," and hath he not "exalted one chosen out of the people," even his only-begotten and well-beloved Son, to sit with him on the throne of his glory?

Further, when "every man went unto his own house," Christ had no house to go to; and this denotes, not only his extreme poverty, but the *forgetfulness and unkindness of his friends*. Each of us is apt to say, "Had I been there, he should not have spent that night amid the cold dews of the mount of Olives. He should have had the best accommodation my house could have afforded. I would always have had a chamber prepared for the Lord's prophets, like that of the Shunammite woman, with 'a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick,' and I would have entertained this Prince of Prophets with the greatest joy." So you think; but, had you lived in Christ's day, John might still have written, "He came unto his own, and his own received him not;" and the prophet's lamentation might again have become true, "He was despised, and we esteemed him not;" even we, his own people, his blood-bought people, his beloved, "esteemed him not."

Surely, never was such a Friend used so ill as the Lord Jesus Christ was used even by his friends and followers. His head must have been wet with the dew of heaven, and his locks with the drops of the night, yet no one gave him shelter. Yet we must not blame his disciples for their neglect of their Master unless we are willing also to blame ourselves. He has often stood at our door, and knocked; perhaps he is knocking now; but we, in some form or other, refuse to give him a lodging in our hearts, and willingly keep in his place some darling sin; and so the Saviour still has to stand without, for he will not come into our hearts to dwell in peace with sin, and must remain without until we expel the intruder, or call upon him to do so.

Observe, too, in the fact of Christ having no home to go to, the *loneliness of his spirit*. If he had asked one of his friends to entertain him, probably none would have refused his request. Had not his mother Mary still a home? What had become of his reputed

father, Joseph the carpenter? Were not his brethren with him? Would not one of them entertain him? There was James, who is called the Lord's brother, could not he find him a shelter? Peter had a wife, for we read of his wife's mother lying sick of a fever, and being cured by Christ; had he no place to which he could invite his Lord? The loving John had a home, for he took the mother of Jesus, after the crucifixion, to his own home. Then there were the women who followed Jesus, and ministered to him of their substance, and Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, would not they give Christ a shelter? Oh, yes, they would gladly have done so; but he was, just then, in the midst of trials, he was beset by the Pharisees; they were tempting him on all sides, and he wanted something better than the companionship of men. He wanted a place where he can rest; but there is no one disciple upon whose bosom he can lean his head. John may lean his head upon Christ's bosom, but Christ cannot lean his head upon John's bosom; so the Saviour must go away by himself to the mount of Olives, for he has a lonely spirit, and no human being can fully enter into his griefs and woes. We sometimes see a Christian minister, of high spirit, living in a country village; he is the only educated man in the place. There is no one to whom he can talk upon many themes that are interesting to him; and his spirit often feels very lonely. His people seem to have nothing to think of but their farms, their milkings, their ploughings, and their sowings; he cannot get them above all these things, and there he stands with, perhaps, not a single companion with whom he can discuss his doubts, and questions, and thoughts about things divine. It is lonely to be a missionary engaged in Christian work in a heathen land; his loneliness may be even greater than that of such a man as I have been describing. But the Saviour's loneliness was greater still: there was not one man upon the earth with whom he could talk at all times. Even in his hours of keenest conflict, Christ knew that his chosen followers would leave him alone; all would forsake him, and flee. It is true that even then, he could say, "Yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me;" but, apart from his Father's presence, his whole life may be compressed into those two sentences, "I have trodden the winepress alone: and of the people there was none with me." So, that night, they could all go to their own houses, but Christ must go to the mount of Olives, for he must be a lonely man.

Thus, there are three things which are brought out by the text,—Christ's extreme poverty, the unkindness of his friends, and the loneliness of his spirit.

But there is another reason for his action,—*the fond resolution of his heart*. Why does he go to the mount of Olives, and not somewhere else? He knew that it was near that sacred retreat that he was to sweat, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground, so he resolved to familiarize himself with the neighbourhood which was to be the scene of his terrible conflict with Satan. Do you not think that, if Wellington had known beforehand that the fate of nations would be decided on the field of Waterloo, he

would have gone to see it if it had been possible? I believe the great warrior would have gone to look at it, and study it, and observe the best positions for attack and defence; and the Saviour went, with solemn interest, to look at the place where he was to stand foot to foot with the great enemy of souls. If you and I had to bear some terrible suffering, it is very likely (for the flesh is so weak,) that we should try to forget all about it; but it was not so with the Saviour. He kept the fact of his atoning sacrifice constantly before his own mind, and spoke of it also to others again and again. So intense was his love to his people that he seemed eagerly to anticipate the time when he should suffer for their sakes even unto death. Remember his remarkable saying, "I have a baptism to be baptized with: and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" What! was his death upon the cross to be, in any sense, a relief to him? Yes, it was even so, and he was "straitened" till it was accomplished. Oh, what wondrous love was that which impelled the Saviour onward to Gethsemane, the olive press, where he was to be pressed and crushed between the millstones of Jehovah's wrath, in order that he might suffer the penalty due to our transgressions!

I am not going to thresh these thoughts out for you; I merely suggest them as themes for your devout meditation, and I think that there is abundant reason for such meditation in those seven words, "Jesus went unto the mount of Olives."

II. Now I want to take the text in another way. The second thing which it presents to us is A VIVID CONTRAST FOR SELF-EXAMINATION.

What a true description this first verse is of our own usual conduct! "Every man went unto his own house." We go, each one of us, to our own house *for ease*. That is right enough up to a certain point, but do we not often seek our own ease when we should be engaged in the service of our Lord? Christ goes to the mount to pray; but we go to our beds to sleep, or to our tables to feast, to our friends to while away an hour in empty talk, or to our amusements to kill the time which hangs so heavily upon our hands. I doubt not that the greatest saint among us has some cause to reproach himself for having wasted time, and disobeyed that solemn apostolic injunction, "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil." I can, in imagination, see the Saviour lifting up his hands in an agony of spirit on the mountain at midnight, while his disciples are all sleeping comfortably in their beds. As we think of our Saviour thus agonizing in prayer for his people, can we not find more time for prayer than the most of us usually do? Might it not be profitable to ourselves to mortify the body a little more that we might have a greater advantage in spirit? I am afraid we should have to present a very poor record if we gave a true account of the time we spend in prayer; yet we have no excuse to offer for being dilatory in this holy duty. It is not a bondage, a slavery; it is the highest privilege of the believer's soul to be engaged in prayer to our Heavenly Father, yet we often

prefer the disastrous ease of wasting our time instead of drawing nigh to God in prayer. I heard someone say to a woman, who had been converted, but whose husband kept a public-house, "There is one room in your house which will keep all the other rooms there from injuring your spiritual life; that is, the room where you retire for private prayer; if that room is kept right, the rest will do you little harm." Christian, imitate your Lord, who often retired for prayer to the mount of Olives, and it shall be well with your soul. At a certain missionary station in Africa, one of the brethren was accustomed to go for private prayer to a little clump of trees; and, to get there, he had to cross some long grass. He had gone so often that he had made a clear track to the spot where he went to pray. Others had done the same, and there were several tracks across the grass. After a while, this professor began to grow lax in many ways; he could not enjoy the ministry as he used to do, his dealings in trade were not so exact as once they were. An elder brother pointed out to him the cause of the change that had come over him. He took him aside to his track, and showed him that the grass was growing up, and that it was not trodden down as it formerly had been, and then he said, "Brother, there is the cause of all the mischief, the grass is growing on the track where you used to go for private prayer." If you and I, dear friends, had to go to some place like that for prayer, I fear that the grass would not always be well trodden down, and that we should often have cause to cry, "O Lord, give us the true spirit of prayer!" Like the people of whom the text speaks, we go to our houses for ease; but Christ goes to the mountain to pray in lonely solitude. We still have need to say to him,—

' Cold mountains, and the midnight air  
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;  
The desert thy temptation knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

"Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God the Judge shall own my name  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb."

For what else do we go to our houses? We go there, very often, to take counsel. On the occasion mentioned here, Christ's enemies went home to talk together about how they might try to entrap him; and we sometimes go to our homes to consult with flesh and blood about matters that concern us. We say to one friend, "What do you think I had better do?" and to another, "This is my condition; what do you advise in such a case as mine?" In this way, poor, erring, human judgments are made to be our chart and our compass, our captain and our pilot. "Jesus went unto the mount of Olives," and took his ease to his Father in prayer. He consulted not with flesh and blood, but with the Eternal, whose wisdom can make no mistake, and whose love can never err. Beloved, may we not be blameworthy in having gone hither and thither, giving our breath on our friends and fellow-sinners,

instead of going to the great High Priest, who wears the Urim and Thummim, and who would have told us what we ought to do? The lines of Cowper are still true,—

“Have you no words? Ah! think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.

“Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
‘Hear what the Lord has done for me!’”

. Again, we go to our houses, very properly, for the enjoyment of sympathy. We feel that we shall find tender sympathy there if it is to be found anywhere; and that, if the whole world outside should misunderstand and misrepresent us, we shall be understood and not misrepresented at home. Whoever may slander us, away from our home, no one will falsely accuse us there, all hearts there will beat in sympathy with us; so we go to our own homes, but Jesus went to the mount of Olives. I say not this to blame you or myself for seeking sympathy here, for Christ himself did the same. On that memorable night, in Gethsemane, when he sweat as it were great drops of blood, he said to his disciples, “What, could ye not watch with me one hour?” He seemed to feel the need of sympathy in that dread hour, but he had to learn, as we also must learn, that there is a point where human sympathy cannot avail us. We must say, as Jesus did, “O my Father,” for only in his heart can true sympathy be found. Yet this I may say, without any harshness, that, while we prize the sympathy of beloved friends, let us not forget to go to God in prayer. Let us tell the sad tale of all our griefs into his ear and pour out the story of all our sorrows into his heart. He hath a bottle for our tears, and a book for our complaints. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the grief (as well as the death) of all his people. He telleth the number of their wounds as well as the number of the stars. So, while we may seek sympathy from our friends at home, let us not forget to go to the mercy-seat, that we may also secure the sympathy and help of the best Friend we have.

We go home, also, for rest and refreshment. We are toil-worn; it is not mere ease that we want, but real repose. We go to our beds, not because of idleness, but that we may be ready for to-morrow's labour. There are times when the strongest men must turn aside from their toil, and rest for a little while; and it is right for us to go to our homes for this purpose. Yet Jesus went to the mount of Olives when every man went to his own home; and this suggests to us that we are not to be so concerned for the health of the body as to neglect the requirements of the soul. We must cry, with David, “Renew a right spirit within me,” as we go to our God in prayer in the hope that we may be quickened in his way. Prayer to God is a better refreshment even than sleep is as the soul is better than the body. A certain amount of sleep is necessary for the body; but prayer is just as needful for the soul.

The bed will give rest to the tired limbs, but the mercy-seat will give refreshment to the powers and passions of the spirit. Let us get strength for service, power for endurance, and might for conflict by going to the mount of Olives with the Saviour, and watching and praying with him.

I think that I have said sufficient upon this point of contrast. To my mind, there is a very suggestive line of thought in these two sentences: "Every man went unto his own house. Jesus went unto the mount of Olives."

III. Just for a minute or so, dear friends, I want to remind you that we also have here A COMPARISON FOR OUR INSTRUCTION.

Perhaps I shall startle and surprise you when I say that Jesus Christ did exactly what his disciples and the other people did: They went to their own houses, and he went to his own house. They went home, and he went home. They sought ease, and he sought ease. They sought counsel, and he sought counsel. They sought sympathy, and he sought sympathy. They sought refreshment, and he sought refreshment. The mount of Olives was, to all intents and purposes, Christ's home. It was there that he met with his Father; it was there that the Man Christ Jesus met with kindred spirits in the Father and the Holy Ghost; it was there that he cast off the cares of the day and unburdened himself as a weary son does in his parent's presence; it was there that he told the tale of all the traps which had been laid to inveigle him in speech, of all the ways that his enemies had tried to catch him; it was there that he cried to heaven for wisdom; and it was there that, made strong by frequent contact with his Father, he girt on his golden armour to go forth once more fully, protected from all the arrows of the evil one. Beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, that season of prayer upon the mount of Olives was to Jesus what our going to our houses and to our loved ones is to us. We grieve that his body was wet with the dews of the night, yet we would fain have some of those same drops upon our body if we could have communion with him in spirit. We have sympathy with the members of his physical frame, because they were tried by the cold of the mountains, and the loneliness of his night vigil; but we wish that our souls could be braced with something like the same vigour which he received upon the mount of Olives, or in the garden of Gethsemane. Yes, the cold mountain was his home; there, he had a place where he could lay his head, and rest, though only in a spiritual sense. •

IV. There is just one other point for me to mention, and then I will close. We have here A TYPE FOR OUR EDIFICATION.

We hope to go to our houses after this service; but Jesus is still, in a certain sense, on the mount of Olives interceding for us. I suppose there are some people, in their houses, who are *plotting and scheming against the cause of God*. The Jesuit is seeking to spread his nets so that he may, with his many allurements, entice the unwary, and extend the evil influence of the harlot of Babylon. The persecutor is planning with the view of tripping up a saint here, and overthrowing another yonder. The devil is suggest-



ing, in the minds of atheists and infidels, crafty arguments against the inspiration of the Scriptures, new difficulties to startle youthful believers, fresh blasphemies concerning the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. If we could have the roofs taken off the houses in London to-night, or if we could look into the many evil hearts in this modern Babylon, how many might we see taking counsel together against the Lord, and against his Anointed! Very many will be going to their houses to-night, to plot, and plan, and imagine all sorts of evil; but, supposing they do, shall we sit down, and be afraid? Shall we give way to despair? No, verily; there is still hope, and more than hope, for the true Church of Christ, for Jesus has gone to the mount of Olives on high. There he stands, at the right hand of the Father, pleading the cause of his Church. Knowing her difficulties, foreseeing her perils, reading all that is in the hearts of her enemies and her own, he stretches out his hands, points to his wounds, and for Zion's sake he will not hold his peace, and for Jerusalem's sake he will not rest, until her righteousness shall go forth as brightness, and the salvation of his people shall be as a lamp that burneth. There, Church of God, is your star of hope. The interceding Saviour is our unfailing protection, our strong bulwarks, and our munitions of war. Fear not, O Zion, for, while the Saviour pleads, he that sitteth in the heavens doth laugh at his enemies; the Lord doth have them in derision.

"Before the throne of God above  
I have a strong, a perfect plea;  
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,  
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

"My name is graven on his hands,  
"My name is written on his heart;  
I know that, while in heaven he stands,  
No tongue can bid me thence depart."

"One with himself I cannot die,  
My soul is purchased by his blood;  
My life is hid with Christ on high,  
With Christ, my Saviour and my God."

But some will, I hope, go home in quite another mood. I trust that some will go home to mourn over sin. I hope that, out of this company which I am now addressing, there are some who are going home to pray. As you, by your bedside, pour out your supplications to "Our Father who art in heaven," do not forget that Jesus went to the mount of Olives to pray, and remember that he is still praying for his people before his Father's face. Sinner, there will be two pleading for you while you are praying for yourself; as you plead with Christ, Christ pleads for you. When you put your case into his hands, every groan of yours is sprinkled with his precious blood, and every penitent tear of yours is made acceptable to God through the merit of Christ's sacrifice. Be not thou discouraged if thy words will not come, if there are within thee groanings which cannot be uttered, or if thou art half choked with

emotion, so that thou canst not speak out what thou really feellest within, for there is One who can speak for thee as never man spake; and if thou canst not plead for thyself, he can plead for thee, according to that gracious assurance, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous." Just as Jesus went to the mount of Olives to pray for his people, he has now gone up to heaven to continue pleading for them, and also to make intercession for the transgressors.

It is very likely that *many will go to their houses simply to sleep*, as most of those probably did in our Saviour's day. Many professing Christians come to God's house to sleep, and then go home to sleep. They walk about sleeping,—sleeping with their eyes open, spiritually sleeping while they are wide awake about mere secular matters. But it is a comfort to know that, while professors sleep, and saints sleep, Jesus still goes, spiritually, to the mount of Olives. The only hope for the slumbering Church is the wakeful Saviour. Even if the earthly watchmen sleep, the best of all watchmen keepeth guard over the vineyard which he hath planted. He saith, "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him."

It may be that *some of you will go home to be tempted*. It is a sad thing to go from the house of God to meet with temptation, yet that happens to many of you. You come in here, on Sabbath days or week-nights, and try to get spiritual food for your soul; and then, perhaps, the first word that you hear as you cross the threshold of your home is an oath. What a comfort it is that Jesus goes to the mount of Olives to plead for you, and that he knows, beforehand, the exact temptation which you will have to meet, even as he said to Simon Peter, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Be satisfied, O believer, that Christ will never put his gold into the furnace without himself sitting at the mouth of it to watch the whole purifying process. He never takes his eyes off the precious ingot as long as it is in the furnace; and only when he sees his own image reflected in the pure metal does he take it out of the fire. Be thou sure of this, though the devil may come out against thee, and assail thee in a fashion which shall utterly stagger thee, God hath not forgotten thee, Jesus has gone up on high, and he is pleading for thee that, in this thy time of utmost weakness and need, the grace of God shall be sufficient for thee, and make a way of escape for thee out of all thy troubles and temptations.

I might enlarge upon this fruitful theme, but I will not do so; and I close by expressing the hope that some of us intend, from this day forth, to serve God better than we have ever yet done. I know that there are some members of this Church who feel stirred up to do more than they have ever yet done for Christ; and, after all, the most of our members do not do much for him. There are some, in the church, who have no share in all that is done for

Christ. It is not the many, but the few, who really do the work. If all the members of this church felt such love for Christ as some do, and were all as ardently devoted to his cause as some are, I know not what we might not do for Christ, nor how rapidly his kingdom might be extended by us. If any of us go to our homes solemnly praying that we may, from this day forth, be completely consecrated to the Lord, to serve him with a perfect heart, we may rest assured that Jesus is praying a similar petition before his Father's face. He is praying that his people may be holy, that they may be happy, that they may serve him with their whole heart, and bring forth much fruit to the praise and glory of his holy name; so, when thou truly desirest to serve God, Christ hears thee, and his prayer and thy prayer agree well together. Let us, therefore, go to our houses remembering that thought of Jesus retiring in secret to pray for his people; and ere we close our eyes let us go again to the mercy-seat where Christ has often met with us; and ere we close this service, let us for a few moments go, in spirit, to the mount of Olives in prayer.

### Exposition by C. M. Spurgeon.

JOHN VII. 30—53; AND VIII. 1.

Chapter vii. Verses 30, 31. *Then they sought to take him: but no man laid hands on him, because his hour was not yet come. And many of the people believed on him, and said, When Christ cometh, will he do more miracles than these which this man hath done?*

Well might they ask that question, for Jesus had wrought such marvellous miracles that they could not imagine anything greater. Surely this must be the Christ; or if he were not, when the Christ did come, could he and would he do any greater miracles than this man had done?

32. *The Pharisees heard that the people murmured such things concerning him;—*

Whispered these things, afraid to speak out boldly because of the Pharisees, and therefore they quietly said it among themselves; and, after all, there is no fire more to be dreaded than a smouldering fire.

32, 33. *And the Pharisees and the chief priests sent officers to take him. Then said Jesus unto them, Yet a little while am I with you, and then I go unto him that sent me.*

That was a blessed way for Christ to describe his return to the heavenly world: "I go unto him that sent me." Possibly he said this to the very men who were sent to take him.

34. *Ye shall seek me, and shall not find me: and where I am, thither ye cannot come.*

No officers can arrest him now that he has gone up into his Father's glory; there is no fear of any of them being there to catch him in his speech, or to drag him before the ecclesiastical and secular judges, as they did when he was here.

35, 36. *Then said the Jews among themselves, Whither will he go, that we shall not find him? will he go unto the dispersed among the Gentiles, and teach the Gentiles? What manner of saying is this that he said, Ye shall seek me, and shall not find me: and where I am, thither ye cannot come?*

They appear to have had some intimation of that glorious love of Christ which was not to be confined within the bounds of the Jewish nation, yet they could not or would not understand his words.

37. *In the last day, that great day, of the feast, Jesus stood and cried,—*

Shouted, spoke with all his might; and he stood, although he usually sat to deliver his message. But now, as if his whole being was roused to its utmost energy, on account of the last day of the gathering having come, when perhaps the people would go home, and he would be unable thus to speak with them again, “Jesus stood and cried,”—

37. *Saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.*

O blessed invitation, how sweet it should be to every thirsty soul! “If any man”—prince or pauper, “any man”—moral or utterly debauched, “if any man thirst, let him come unto me,”—not to ordinances, nor to human priests, “let him come unto me, and drink,” as much as he will, “without money, and without price.”

38. *He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.*

He will not only drink enough to satisfy his own thirst, but he will himself become a fountain, streams of grace shall be communicated to his fellow-men through him.

39. *(But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive: for the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because that Jesus was not yet glorified.)*

He was not given then, but later, on the day of Pentecost, he was given, and he has never been withdrawn.

40—43. *Many of the people therefore, when they heard this saying, said, Of a truth this is the Prophet. (Others said, This is the Christ. But some said, Shall Christ come out of Galilee? Hath not the scripture said, That Christ cometh of the seed of David, and out of the town of Bethlehem, where David was? So there was a division among the people because of him.)*

It is still true that Christ is a cause of division, as he himself foretold that he would be.

44. *And some of them would have taken him: but no man laid hands on him.*

In the 30th verse of this chapter, and in the 20th verse of the next chapter, we are told why they did not take him: “His hour was not yet come.” And, like their Lord, saints are immortal till their work is done.

45—48. *Then came the officers to the chief priests and Pharisees; and they said unto them, Why have ye not brought him? The officers answered, Never man spake like this man. Then answered them the Pharisees, Are ye also deceived? Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him?*

They professed to be the spiritual leaders of the nation, and expected all to follow them.

49—51. *But this people who knoweth not the law are cursed. Nicodemus saith unto them, (he that came to Jesus by night, being one of them,) Doth our law judge any man, before it hear him, and know what he doeth?*

Nicodemus asked a simple question, but they could not answer it without convicting themselves of disobeying that very law of which they pretended to be the exponents.

52, 53. *They answered and said unto him, Art thou also of Galilee? Search, and look: for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet. And every man went unto his own house.*

Chapter viii. Verse 1. *Jesus went unto the mount of Olives.*

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# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MANIFESTATION.\*

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Lord's-day Evening, August 5th, 1866.*

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."—1 John iii. 2.

THE text mentions "now", and then passes on to the future, and speaks of "*yet*." It does, however, speak of "now"; and, after all, despite our trials, there is much to make us happy in our present condition. "Beloved, *now* are we the sons of God." Our manifold temptations and infirmities cannot make us lose the blessings that come to us through our adoption into the family of God. "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord?" To-day, even to-day, we are the blessed of the Lord, and we find in godliness the blessing of "the life that now is."

Yet, beloved, for all that, we are still forced to cry,—

"Alas for us if thou wert all,  
And nought beyond, O earth!"

If this were all our life, it would have been better for us not to have lived. Woe unto us if we had to live here always! Young says,—

"Were there no death, e'en fools might wish to die;"—

and, certainly, wise men would do so; for, brethren, this is a life of distractions, cares, anxieties, disappointments, and, what is worse, it is a life of sins, and sorrows, and bitter repentances for wrong-doing. This life is to us a traveller's life, with all the inconveniences that we meet with in travelling. We are here to-day, and we are gone to-morrow. Sometimes the heat consumes us, and at other times the cold bites us. We are like men at sea; we have not yet cast our anchor, nor furled our sails, nor reached the port whither we are bound;

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\* The earlier part of this sermon was revised by Mr. Spurgeon in readiness for publication.

and the sea on which we are sailing is rough, and tempest-tossed, and beset with rocks, and shoals, and quicksands. Our soul is often half a wreck, and longs for 'the desired haven, where "the wicked cease from troubling," and "the weary be at rest." Ours is a soldier's life; we have to be constantly fighting, or else continually upon our guard. Think not, thou who hast just buckled on thy harness, that thou hast won the victory; for the good soldiers of Jesus Christ must fight from morn till eve, from youth's gay morning till the eve of grey old age.

I would not paint life in sadder colours than it needs, but I dare not shut my eyes to the fact that this is a sad world, and that our path is one of sorrow, for it is "through much tribulation" that we "enter into the kingdom of God."

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

It is to that other and better land that I would, for a little while, bear away your thoughts. We shall borrow the wings of our text; and, like the eagle, soar towards heaven.

We will begin with this sentence: "IT DOETH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE."

What we are to be, we can scarcely guess. Indeed, we cannot guess at all merely by the use of our senses. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit;" but only to our spirit. Flesh and blood, as they are, cannot inherit the kingdom of God, and cannot even guess what that kingdom is like. This is not the place where the Christian is to be seen. This is the place of his veiling; heaven is the place of his manifestation. This is the place of his night; yonder is the place of his day. Our portion is on the other side of the river: our days of feasting are not yet.

Some of the reasons why "it doth not yet appear what we shall be" may be as follows. First, *our Master was, to a great extent, concealed and hidden, and we must expect to be as he was.* Is it not written, in this very Epistle, "As he is, so are we in this world"? Jesus said to his followers when he was here upon earth, "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord." My brethren, see that man, wearing a coat "without seam, woven from the top throughout;"—the carpenter's son, the heir of poverty, the companion of the humblest classes of mankind. Can you see in him God over all, blessed for ever? If you can, you are not looking with the eyes of your flesh, I am sure; for, in that manner, you cannot detect the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ beneath so humble a garb. The veil which the Saviour cast about himself was not so thick but that some rays of his glory burst through when he trod the waves, and rebuked the winds, and raised the dead; but, still, it was sufficiently dense, for he cried, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ;

but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." You will see that Christ, was concealed as you recollect that, although, as Dr. Watts says,—

"All riches are his native right,"—

yet, when he had to pay the temple tax, he had to work a miracle so that Peter might be able to catch the fish which had the exact amount required in its mouth. He was so poor that he had to live upon the charity of his followers. Would you have believed that he was the Lord of all creation if you had seen him up on yonder lonely mountain's side without a bed to rest upon, or sitting wearily upon Jacob's well at Sychar, and asking a sinful woman to give him a little water to drink? The Saviour was, indeed, masked and hidden so that the vulgar eye could not detect his glory. Only such men eagle-eyed as John were able to say, "We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Our Lord's wisdom, and grace, and power, and all his other illustrious attributes were concealed beneath the veil of our inferior clay. Dr. Watts was right, as I reminded you just now, when he wrote,—

"Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died;  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
At his almighty Father's side.

"Power and dominion are his due  
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Though he was charged with madness here.

"All riches are his native right,  
Yet he sustained amazing loss;  
To him ascribe eternal might,  
Who left his weakness on the cross."

So fully did he veil his glory that some even ventured to call him Beelzebub, and to say that he was a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber!

Now, Christian, as you think of all this, do you wonder if worldlings do not know you, and only speak of you to slander you? Do you wonder if your integrity is questioned, and your most manifest virtue is misrepresented, and if the grace which really is within you is cavilled at and despised? How should the world know you when the Saviour himself was not discovered? As the bright gleams of his divine glory were almost wholly concealed, surely the weaker gleams of your earthly and human glory must be altogether hidden. That, perhaps, is the first reason why "it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

I think I may also remark, brethren, that *we are not yet fit to let it appear what we shall be*. "The son in the house," says one, "is treated as if he were a servant, and even worse than if he were a servant. A servant is not chastised; he may do many wrong things, and yet escape without a stripe; yet it is not so with the son. Why does not his father give him the honour and dignity



which belong to his sonship?" Simply because he is at present only a child, and he must be treated as a child, for a time, in order that he may be fitted to adorn his sonship. It would spoil him to receive at once all that is to be his when he enters upon his inheritance. He is the heir to all his father's estates, yet he has to be thankful to his father for even a penny, and he receives his pittance week by week, as though he were a poor pensioner upon his father's bounty or a beggar at his door. Why does not the father give this heir to large estates, a thousand pounds? Why does he not entrust him with a great store of wealth? Because he is in his nonage; and if he were trusted with a large sum of money, at so early an age, he might grow profligate, and so be unfitted to use his wealth aright if he should reach riper years.

Brethren, you and I, if we are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, are kings;—not only sons of God, but kings who are to reign with him for ever. Then, why are we not treated like kings? You know that, in some earthly royal families, it is thought best for the prince, the heir-apparent to the throne, that he should be a soldier or a sailor, and serve his country in that capacity, so that, when he comes to the throne, he may understand how to wield his sceptre for the good of all classes of his subjects. So, Christian, is it with you. You are so childish at present; you have so lately begun to learn the nature of divine things; you are so uninstructed; you know but in part, and you know that part so badly, that it would not be fitting that your greatness should be revealed to you at present. You must be held back for a while till you have been better trained in the Holy Spirit's school, and then it shall appear what you shall be.

A third reason why it doth not yet appear what we shall be is, I think, because *this is not the world in which the Christian is to appear in his glory*; for, if he did, his glory would be lost in this world. The multitudes climbed to the tops of the trees, or the roofs of the houses, whence they might see Cæsar or Pompey returning with the spoils of war, and the multitudes still clap their hands when a warrior has overcome his country's enemies, and so become a great man. But the world cares little or nothing about self-denial, about Christian love, about consecration and devotion to Christ and his cause; yet these things are the glory of a Christian. That moral excellence, that spiritual worth which flashes from the eyes of the holy angels and of the saints in glory, is almost unappreciated here. Your Master had this glory, though it was usually veiled while he was here below; yet the people cried out, "Away with him, away with him, crucify him;" and if you had here, to its full extent, the glory which will be revealed in you in heaven, people would say the same concerning you. This is not the world in which you are to display your full honours. When a king is journeying through a foreign country, he does not wear his crown, nor the rest of his regalia; he often travels *incognito*; and even when he reaches his own country, he does not put on his royal robes for fools to admire at every village wake and fair. He is not a puppet-king, strutting upon the stage to show himself to the

common people; but he reserves his grandeur for great public occasions and grand court ceremonies. In this poor sinful world, you Christians would be out of place if you could be what you shall yet be. You also must go, *incognito*, through this world to a large extent; but, by-and-by, you shall take off the travel-worn garments that you have worn during your earthly pilgrimage, and put on your beautiful array, and be manifested to the whole universe as a son or a daughter of "the King eternal, immortal, invisible."

And, to close this part of the subject, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," because *this is not the time for the display of the Christian's glory*. If I may use such an expression, time is not the time for the manifestation of a Christian's glory. Eternity is to be the period for the Christian's full development, and for the sinless display of his God-given glory. Here, he must expect to be unknown; it is in the hereafter that he is to be discovered as a son of the great King. At present, it is with us as it is with the world during the winter. If you had not seen the miracle wrought again and again, you would not guess, when you look upon those black beds in the garden, or when you walk over that snowy and frosty covering, crisp and hard beneath your feet, that the earth will yet be sown with all the colours of the rainbow, and that it will be gemmed with flowers of unspeakable beauty. No, the winter is not the time when the beauty of the earth is to be best seen; and, Christian, you also must pass through your winter season. Ay, but let that wintry weather once be over, let the bleak December winds howl into your ears, let the cold and cheerless January come and go, let "February fill-dyke" also pass; and, behold, the springtime cometh. I might almost say that grey hairs come upon your head, like the snowdrops appear upon the earth, as the harbingers of spring and of summer, and your soul shall yet blossom "with joy unspeakable and full of glory," and all the graces and excellences of the Christian shall be revealed in you. It is winter with you now, but the summer cometh.

If you stand, as many of you have often done, at the seaside, you have noticed that, at certain hours of the day, there is a long expanse of mud, or of dry sand, and it may not seem to one who sees it for the first time as though the sea had ever rolled over it, or that it ever will. Ah, but "it doth not yet appear" what it will be. It is ebb-tide now; but wait till the flood comes, and then you will see the whole of that black mire or that yellow sand glistening in the sunshine. So, the flood of glory is rising, Christian; can you not see the breakers in the distance, the white crests of the incoming waves? God's great sea of eternity draws nearer and nearer; can you not hear the booming of that mighty flood? Soon shall your ransomed spirit float and bathe in that sea of glory, where not a single wave shall cause you a moment's grief or pain. This is not the time, Christian, in which you are to be fully revealed. You are, to-day, like that ugly shrivelled seed; there is no beauty in it that you should desire it. Ay, but wait a little while; and when the sweetly-perfumed flower shall shed its fragrance on the air, and make the gazer pause to admire the match-

less colours with which God has been pleased to paint it, then shall its full glory be known and seen. At present, you are in your seed stage, and your sowing time is coming. Tremble not that it is so. There will be a time for your poor flesh to sleep in the silent grave, but, at the voice of the archangel, and the blast of the trumpet of the resurrection, you shall arise. Just as the flower rises in spring, the dead body, which was put into the tomb, shall rise incorruptible, in the image of the Saviour.

So, you see, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be," because the Lord Jesus Christ was not fully revealed here, because we are not fit to appear in glory, because we are not here in the midst of the men and women who should see us in our glory, and because it is not yet the right time for us thus to appear. "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven;" but this is not the time for the full manifestation of Christians; and, therefore, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

Having spent so much time over the previous clause, we will merely hint at the teaching of the next words of the text: "BUT WE KNOW THAT, WHEN HE SHALL APPEAR."

So, then, *it is quite certain that Christ will appear.* John does not stop to prove it. He speaks of it as though it were perfectly understood that Christ would again appear, and he mentions what is to be the nature of that appearing.

*Christ will appear in person.* This is what the two angels declared to the disciples after his ascension, "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven;" that is, as the incarnate God, he will come back from heaven.

When he comes, *he will appear full of happiness.* There will be no more sorrow to wrinkle his brow, no more furrows to be ploughed on his back, no fresh wounds to be made in his hands or his feet, no more offering of a sacrifice for sin; but he will come to rejoice with his people for ever.

Further, when he comes, *he will appear in his glory*;—not as the man of Nazareth, to be despised, and spit upon, but as "The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." If any of you are tempted to ask, "When will he come?" I give you his own assurance, "Surely I come quickly;" so go your way, and pray, as John did, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus;" yet do not forget Paul's inspired sentences, "But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape." Christ is coming, beloved, literally coming,—not figuratively, and by his Spirit, but literally, actually, really.

"Lo! he comes with clouds descending  
Once for favour'd sinners slain."

He is coming in glory, to dwell in the midst of his saints for ever. This is our blessed hope, "the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Now, passing on, "We know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

There are other passages, in his Word, where we are distinctly told that his manifestation will be coincident with our manifestation. Here, we are told that, "when he shall appear, we shall be like him;" and the reason given for this is, "for we shall see him as he is."

Let us, while pondering the text, then, meditate upon this great truth: "We shall be like him." This afternoon, meditating upon this glorious assurance that I shall be like Christ,—and I fully believe that I shall be like him,—it did seem to me as if it were almost too good to be true.

Yet it is true that *we are to be like Christ*, first, *as to our body*. Here, we are like the first Adam; of the earth, earthy. But we shall, one day, have a body like that of the second Adam, a heavenly body. Like the first Adam, we are mortal now; like the second Adam, we shall be immortal by-and-by. Christ's body is not now subject to any pains, or to any decay or disease; neither shall our body be. It is quite true that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;" yet it will be this very body of ours that will inherit the kingdom of God, only that which is corruptible in it, that which is mere flesh and blood, will then have been removed. As the apostle Paul writes to the Corinthians, in that wonderful chapter about the resurrection, "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." It is "a spiritual body" which the Lord Jesus Christ has to-day. I cannot imagine how glorious the Saviour is in heaven; but I always think of him, even when he was upon this earth, as being far fairer than any artist ever depicted him. I have gazed a long while upon many paintings of Christ, both in England and abroad; but I have never yet seen one which appeared to me to be equal even to my ideal of the Saviour. I have looked, and I have said, "Oh, no! he was far fairer than that; there must have been more beauty in his face than even that great master has portrayed." Well, brethren, if that is true concerning him as he was when among the sons of men, how true it must be concerning him as he is now! He is fairer than all the fair spirits that surround the heavenly throne. He is "the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys." Amongst the shining seraphim and cherubim, none can be compared with him; and, Christian, you are to be like him. Whatever are the characteristics of the Saviour's glorified body, they are to be the characteristics of your body also. You are to have an immortal body, a spiritual body, a body incapable of pain, and suffering, and decay, a body which shall be suited to your emancipated spirit, a body having a wider range than this limited earthly sphere, having greater powers of locomotion, perhaps flying, swiftly as light, from world to world.

or possibly having the power even to outrun the lightning's flash. I do not know how wondrous Christ's glorified body is; but I *do* "know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him (even in body); for we shall see him as he is."

But, far more important than that, *we shall also be like Christ in soul*. Have the eyes of your spiritual understanding or sanctified imagination ever looked upon Christ's spotless, perfectly-developed soul; that equably-adjusted spirit, in which no one power or passion was too prominent or predominant; but in which his whole being was beautifully moulded and rounded, according to the perfect pattern of moral excellence and beauty? Now, beloved, you are to be just like that;—not quick in temper, as perhaps you now are, but meek and lowly as he was;—not haughty, and prone to pride, but humble and gentle as he was;—not selfish and self-seeking, but as disinterested and as tender to others as he was; in fact, perfection's own self. It was said of Harry the Eighth that, if all the histories of all the tyrants who ever lived had been lost, you might have composed them all with the material from the life of that execrable monster; and I will venture to say that, if all the biographies of all the good men and holy angels that have ever existed could be blotted out of existence or memory, they might all be written again with the material from the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, for in him dwelleth all excellence and all goodness. What a joy it is to us to know that we shall be like him! Brethren and sisters in Christ, this blessed truth is enough to make you stand up or even leap in the exuberance of your joy. I have heard of our enthusiastic Welsh friends dancing during some of their preachers' sermons; and if it be this or a similar truth which makes them dance, who can wonder at it? "We shall be like him,"—like him in soul, with no more infirmities of temper, or sloth, or undue haste. Our human nature shall be rid of all its rags, and we shall be perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect. Oh, that the blessed day had already come, and that we were like our Lord! But "we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

"Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head."

Time fails me to say what I should have liked to have said; yet I ought to add that *we shall be like Christ*, not only in body and in soul, but *also in condition*. We shall be with him where he is, and we shall be as happy as he is, as far as our capacity for happiness goes. We shall be crowned even as he is crowned, and we shall sit upon thrones even as he sits upon his Father's throne. He shall lead us to living fountains of water, and be our constant Companion, never going away from us again. He shall call us his brethren, and we shall share in his honour and glory. The joy of which we shall partake shall be his joy, and it will be in us that our joy may be full. O Christian, think lofty thoughts concerning thy

Lord in glory, and remember that thou shalt be like him! I cannot help repeating that quaint little ditty which Rowland Hill was so fond of humming over in his old age,—

“And when I'm to die, ‘Receive me,’ I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath loved, I cannot tell why;  
But this I do find, we too are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.”

So, “we shall be like him;” and the reason why we shall be like him is thus given by John, “FOR WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS.”

How is it that we shall be like him because of that? Partly, *by reflection*. Perhaps you are aware that, in the olden time, looking-glasses (if I may use an Irishism,) were not looking-glasses at all, for they were made of polished brass. If a person looked into such a mirror when the sun was shining upon that mirror, not only would the mirror itself be bright, but it would also throw a reflection on the face of the person who was looking into it. This is only according to the laws of light. When a man looks into a bright mirror, it makes him also bright, for it throws its own light upon his face; and, in a much more wonderful fashion, when we look at Christ, who is all brightness, he throws some of his brightness upon us. When Moses went up into the mount, to commune with God, his face shone because he had received a reflection of God's glory upon his face. He had looked into the blazing light of Deity, as far as a created eye could look there; and, therefore, that light was so brilliantly reflected in his own face that Aaron and the people were afraid to draw near him, and he had to cover his face with a veil while he spoke to them.

Further, beloved, we get to be like Christ by seeing him *in type and symbol*, as through a glass darkly. The Lord's supper is one of the glasses; believers' baptism is another; the preaching of the Word is another; the Bible itself is another of these glasses. It is only a partial reflection of Christ that we get from all these glasses; yet, as we look at it, as Paul writes to the Corinthians, “We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord,” or, “by the Lord the Spirit.”

But, brethren, if there be such a sanctifying influence about the very reflection of Jesus Christ, *what a wondrous power it must have upon us when we see him as he is!* When we shall gaze upon him with unveiled vision, and see him as he is, do you wonder that John says that, then, “we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is”? Oh, that amazing sight, that unique sight of Jesus as he is! It would be worth while to die a thousand painful deaths in order to get one brief glimpse of him as he is. I do not think that Rutherford exaggerated when he talked of swimming through seven hells to get at Christ if he could not get at him anyhow else. A distant view of him, as we have seen him “leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills,” has so ravished our souls that we have scarcely known whether we have been in the body or out of the body. When we have heard his voice, we have longed to be with him. The very thought of him has made us, like the dove

separated for a while from her mate, long to cleave the air with rapid wing, and fly home to our dove-cote, and to our blessed Noah. What must it be to be there? What must it be to see our Saviour as he is?

In some of the houses not far from here, I noticed some linnets in cages, in which there were tufts of grass, or small branches of trees as perches for the poor prisoners; yet they were singing away right merrily. I suppose that grass and those fragments of trees were meant to remind them, in this great, dirty, smoky Babylon, that there are green fields and wide forests somewhere. I thought, as I looked upon them, "Ah, you poor birds are very like what I myself am! My Master has put me in a little cage, and bidden me bide here for a while; and he has given me my little tuft of grass as an earnest of my inheritance in the—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

He graciously sends me a few comforts on the way. Ah! but that poor little tuft of grass, what is it in comparison with the fields and the hedges which are the proper home of the singing birds which have their liberty? And, Christian, you do not know what it will be for you to have your cage door opened, that you may fly away to that blessed land where the true birds of Paradise for ever warble, from their joyful throats, the loudest praises to the great King who has set them free for ever. Let us begin the music here; let us try even now to anticipate that happy day as we sing of—

"Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest;"—

where—

"The daylight is serene;"—

and where—

"The pastures of the blessed  
Are deck'd in glorious sheen."

I leave my text with you who love the Lord. As for you who do not love him, I dare not give it to you. Oh, that you did love him, and that you did trust him! He waiteth to be gracious. Seek ye his face, and he will be found of you. Fly to him, and he will not reject you. Trust in him, and he will wash you from all your sins, and bring you to his presence in eternal glory, to go no more out for ever. May he give you this unspeakable blessing, for his love's sake! Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

1 JOHN II, AND III. 1, 2.

Chapter ii. Verse 1. *My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not.*

This is one of the great objects of all that is written by inspiration,—that we may be kept from sin. O child of God, as thou wouldst fear to drink poison, as thou wouldst flee from a serpent, dread sin!

1. *And if any man sin,—*

Is it a hopeless case then? Far from it: "If any man sin,"—

1—3. *We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous : and he is the propitiation for our sins : and not for our's only, but also for the sins of the whole world. And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments.*

Holiness of life is the best proof that we know God. It matters not how readily we can speak about God, nor how much we suppose that we love him ; the great test is, do we keep his commandments ? What a heart-searching test this is ! How it should humble us before the mercy-seat !

4—6. *He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him. But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected : hereby know we that we are in him. He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked.*

When we try to be, in every respect, what God's Word tells us we ought to be, then may we know that we are in God ; but if we walk carelessly, if we take no account of our actions, but do, after a random fashion, whatever comes into our foolish hearts, then have we no evidence at all that we are in God.

7. *Brethren, I write no new commandment unto you, but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning. The old commandment is the word which ye have heard from the beginning.*

"From the time when Christ first began to preach, or when the gospel was first preached in your ears "

8. *Again, a new commandment I write unto you, which thing is true in him and in you : because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.*

That which is new in the gospel, in one sense, is not new in another ; for, though John was about to write what he called a new commandment, yet, at the same time, he was writing something which was not novel, something which was not grafted upon the gospel, but which grows naturally out of it, namely, the law of love.

9. *He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now.*

God is love, and God is light ; therefore, love is light, and the light of God is love. Where enmity and hatred are still in the heart, it is proof positive that the grace of God is not there.

10—15. *He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him. But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes. I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake. I write unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning. I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one. I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father. I have written unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning. I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one. Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.*

For this sinful world is directly opposed to the Father. You cannot send your heart at the same time in two opposite ways,—towards evil and towards good ; you must make a choice between the two.

16, 17. *For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof : but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.*

It ought not, then, to be difficult to make a choice between these fleeting shadows and the everlasting substance.



18. *Little children, it is the last time :—*

You may read the passage, "It is the last hour," as if John wanted to show how late it was, and how soon Christ would come: "It is the last hour :"—

18. *And as ye have heard that antichrist shall come, even now are there many antichrists; whereby we know that it is the last time.*

How much more emphatically John might write this verse if he were writing to-day!

19. *They went out from us,—*

For, alas! many of the antichrists came out of the church; they sprang up from among the followers of Christ: "They went out from us,"—

19, 20. *But they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us: but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us. But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things.*

"You who know God—and even the little children, the babes in Christ, know the Father,—know all things; and you will not be led astray and deceived by these antichrists who have gone out into the world."

21. *I have not written unto you because ye know not the truth, but because ye know it, and that no lie is of the truth.*

The truth is all of a piece, and a lie cannot be a part of the truth. Christ does not teach us a Jesuitical system in which error and falsehood are mixed up with truth; the gospel is all truth, and to those who believe it we may say, "Ye know the truth, and ye also know that no lie is of the truth."

22, 23. *Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is antichrist, that denieth the Father and the Son. Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father :—*

They who deny the Deity of Christ practically deny the Divine Fatherhood of God. It is not possible for us to understand the rest of truth if we do not believe in Christ, who is the Truth. As the poet says,—

"You cannot be right in the rest  
Unless you think rightly of him."

23—28. [*But*] *he that acknowledgeth the Son hath the Father also. Let that therefore abide in you, which ye have heard from the beginning. If that which ye have heard from the beginning shall remain in you, ye also shall continue in the Son, and in the Father. And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life. These things have I written unto you concerning them that seduce you. But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him. And now, little children, abide in him ;—*

That which is the subject of promise is also the subject of precept; and the precepts of the gospel are given to Christians because, in this way, God keeps his own promise, and so leads us to obey his precepts.

28, 29. *That, when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming. If ye know that he is righteous, ye know that every one that doeth righteousness is born of him.*

Chapter iii. Verses 1, 2. *Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.*

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

SILKEN CORDS.

## A Sermon

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DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE, NEWINGTON,

*In the year 1864.*

"I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love."—Hosea xi. 4.

No man ever does come to God unless he is drawn. There is no better proof that man is totally depraved than that he needs to be effectually called. Man is so utterly "dead in trespasses and sins" that the same divine power which provided a Saviour must make him willing to accept a Saviour, or else saved he never will be. You see a ship upon the stocks. She is finished and complete. She cannot, however, move herself into the water. You see a tree; it is growing; it brings forth branch, leaf, and fruit, but it cannot fashion itself into a ship. Now, if the finished ship can do nothing, much less the untouched log; and if the tree, which hath life, can do nothing, much less that piece of timber out of which the sap has long since gone. Christ's declaration, "Without me ye can do nothing," is true of believers; but it is just as true, and with a profounder emphasis, of those who have not believed in Jesus. They must be drawn, or else to God they never will come.

But many make a mistake about divine drawings. They seem to fancy that God takes men by the hair of their heads, and drags them to heaven, whether they will or not; and that, when the time comes, they will, by some irresistible power, without any exercise of thought or reasoning, be compelled to be saved. Such people understand neither man nor God; for man is not to be compelled in this way. He is not a being so controlled.

"Convince a man against his will.  
He's of the same opinion still."

As the old proverb says, "One man may bring a horse to the water, but twenty men cannot make him drink:" so, a man may be brought to know what repentance is, and to understand what Christ is, but no man can make another man lay hold upon Christ. Nay, God himself doth not do it by compulsion. He hath respect  
No. 3,005.

unto man as a reasoning creature. God never acteth with men as though they were blocks of wood, or senseless stones. Having made them men, he doth not violate their manhood. Having determined by man to glorify himself, he uses means to show forth his glory,—not such as are fit for beasts, or for inanimate nature, but such as are adapted to the constitution of man. My text says as much as this, “I drew them with cords;”—not the cords that are fit for bullocks, but “with cords of a man;”—not the cart-ropes with which men would draw a cart, but the cords with which a man would draw a man; and, as if to explain himself, the Lord puts it, “I drew them with bands of love.” Love is that mighty power which acts upon man. There must be loving appeals to the different parts of his nature, and so he shall be constrained by sovereign grace.

Understand, then, it is true that no man comes to God except he is drawn; but it is equally true that God draweth no man contrary to the constitution of man, but his methods of drawing are in strict accordance with ordinary mental operations. He finds the human mind what it is, and he acts upon it, not as upon matter, but as upon mind. The compulsions, the constraints, the cords that he uses, are “cords of a man.” The bands he employs are “bands of love.”

This is clear enough. Now I am about to try—and may the Lord enable me!—to show you some of these cords, these bands, which the Lord fastens round the hearts of sinners. I may be the means in his hands of putting these cords round you, but I cannot pull them after they are on. It is one thing to put the rope on, but another thing to draw with all ones might at that rope. So it may be that I shall introduce the arguments, and, by the prayers of the faithful now present, God will be pleased, in his infinite mercy, to pull these cords, and then your soul will be sweetly drawn, with full consent, with the blessed yielding of your will, to come and lay hold upon eternal life.

First, *some are drawn to Christ by seeing the happiness of true believers.*

A true believer is the happiest being out of heaven. In some respects, he is superior to an angel, for he hath a brighter hope and a grander destiny than even cherubim and seraphim can know. He is one with Christ, which an angel never was. He is a son of God, and has the Spirit of adoption within him, which a cherub never had. There are some Christians who show this happiness in their lives. Watch them, and you will always find them cheerful. If, for a moment, a cloud should pass over their brow, it is but for a moment, and soon they rejoice again. I know such people, and glad am I to think that I ever came across their pathway. Wherever they go, they make sunshine. Into whatever company they come, it is as if an angel shook his wings. Let them talk when they may, it is always for the comfort of others, with kindness upon their lips, and the law of love within their hearts. Many a young person, watching such Christians as these, is led to say, “I wish I were as happy, I wish I were as joyful, as they are;

they always have a smile upon their face." And I do not doubt that many have been brought to lay hold on Jesus through being drawn by that band of love.

And let me say to you, dear friend, that this is a most fitting cord with which to draw you; for if you would know the sweets of life, if you would have peace like a river, if you would have a peace that shall be with you in the morning, and go with you into your business;—that shall be with you at night, and close your eyes in tranquil slumber:—a peace that shall enable you to live, and shall strengthen you in the prospect of death,—nay, that shall make you sing in the midst of the black and chill stream;—be a Christian. My testimony is that, if I had to die like a dog; if this life were all, and there were no hereafter; I would prefer to be a Christian for the joy and peace which, in this present life, godliness will afford. "Godliness with contentment is great gain." It hath the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. Thou wouldst be happy, young man; then do not kill thy happiness. Thou wouldst have a bright eye; then do not put it out. Thou wouldst rejoice with joy unspeakable; then do not go into those places where sorrow is sure to follow thee every act. Wouldst thou be happy? Come to Jesus. Let this band of love sweetly draw thee.

Another band of love—it was the one which brought me to the Saviour,—is the sense of the security of God's people, and a desire to be as secure as they are. I do not know what may be the peculiarity of my constitution, but safe things have I always loved. I have not, that I know of, one grain of speculation in my nature. Safe things—things that I can see to be made of rock, and that will bear the test of time,—I lay hold on with avidity. I was reasoning thus in my boyish spirit.—Scripture tells me that he that believeth in Christ shall never perish. Then, if I believe in Jesus, I shall be safe for time and for eternity too. There will be no fear of my ever being in hell: I shall run no risk as to my eternal state; that will be secure for ever. I shall have the certainty that, when my eyes are closed in death, I shall see the face of Christ, and behold him in glory. Whenever I heard the doctrine of the final preservation of the saints preached, my mouth used to water, and I used to long to be a child of God. When I heard the old saints sing that hymn,—

" My name from the palms of his hands  
Eternity will not erase;  
Impress'd on his heart it remains  
In marks of indelible grace:  
Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven :"—

my heart was as if it would leap out of this body, and I would cry to God, "Oh, that I had a part and lot in such a salvation as that!" Now, young man, what do you think of this band of love? Do you not think there is something reasonable and something powerful in it,—to secure yourself against all risk of eternal ruin,

and that, by the grace of God, in a moment?" **"He that believeth on him is not condemned."** **"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."** **"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"** **"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."** What say you to this? Doth not this truth attract you? Doth not this band draw you? Lord, draw the sinner, by the sweet allurements of security, and let him say, **"I will lay hold on Christ to-night."**

Certain Christians will tell you that they were first drawn to Christ by the holiness of godly relatives, not so much by their happiness as by their holiness. There is an Eastern fable that a man, wishing to attract all the doves from the neighbouring dovecotes into his own, took a dove, and smeared her wings with sweet perfume. Away she flew, and all her fellow-doves observed her, and, attracted by the sweet incense, flew after her, and the dovecote was soon full. There are some Christians of that sort. They have had their wings smeared with the precious ointment of likeness to Jesus, and wherever they go, such is their kindness and their consistency, their gentleness and yet their honesty, their lovely spirit and yet their boldness for Jesus, that others take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus, and they say, **"Where does he dwell, for I would fain see him, and love him too?"** I am afraid I cannot attract you, sinner, in such a charming way as that, but I would have you read the lives of godly men. Study the actions, perhaps, of your own mother. Is she dead? Then remember what she used to be,—what her life of devotedness to God was, and I charge you, by the love of God, by her many prayers and tears, by the pity of her soul, and the yearning of her bowels towards you, let your mother's example be one of the bands of love to draw you towards God. **"Lord, pull at that cord!"** **"Lord, pull at that cord!"** If the cord be round about you, and the Lord will pull at it, I shall have good hope that you will close with Christ to-night.

You see, I only show you the cord, and then leave it, hoping that perhaps one or another may be taken by its power. Now for another. I believe that *not a few are brought to Christ by gratitude for mercies received.* The sailor has escaped from shipwreck, or, perhaps, even in the River Thames, he has had many a narrow escape for his life. The sportsman has had his gun burst in his hand, and yet he has been himself unharmed. The traveller has escaped from a terrific railway accident. Himself picked out of the debris of the broken carriages unharmed. The parent has seen his children, one after another, laid upon a bed of sickness with fever, but yet they have all been spared; or he himself has had loss upon loss in business, till at last it seemed as if a crash must come; but, just then, God interposed in a gracious providence, and forthwith a strong tide of prosperity set in. Some have thought over these things, and said, **"Is God so good to us, and shall we not love him? Shall we live every day despising him who thus tenderly watches over us, and graciously provides for our wants?"** O sirs, methinks this band of love ought to fall about some of you! How good God

has been to you, dear hearer. I will not tell your case out in public; but when you have sometimes talked with a friend, you have said, "How graciously has providence dealt with me!" Give the Lord thy heart, young man; surely thou canst do no less for such favour as he has shown thee. Mother, give Jesus thy heart; he well deserves it, for he has spared it from being broken. Woman, consecrate—may the Lord help thee to do it!—consecrate thy heart's warmest affections to him who hath thus generously dealt with thee in providence. He deserves it, doth he not? Wilt thou be guilty of ingratitude? Is there not something within thee that says "Stay no longer an enemy to so kind a Friend, but be reconciled to him; be reconciled to God by the death of his Son;"? May that cord lay hold of some of you, and may God draw it, and so attract you to himself!

Persons whose characteristic is thinking rather than loving are often caught by another cord. I do not know what may be your mode of thinking of things; but it strikes me that, if I had now laid hold of Christ now, if anybody should meet me, and say, "*The religion of Christ is the most reasonable religion in the world,*" I should lend him my ear for a little time, and ask him to prove it to me. I have frequently caught the ears of travellers, and held them fast bound, when I have tried to show the entire reasonableness of the plan of salvation. God is just; that is taken for granted. If God be just, sin must be punished; that is clear. Then, how can God be just, and yet not punish the sinner? That is the question, and the gospel answers that question. It declares that Christ, the Son of God, became a man; that he stood in the room, place, and stead of such men as were chosen of God to be saved. These men may be known by their believing in Christ. Christ stood, then, in the place and stead of those whom I will now call believers. He suffered at God's hand everything that was due to God from them. Nay, he did more. Inasmuch as they were bound to keep God's law, but could not do it, Christ kept it for them; and now, what Christ did becomes theirs by an act of faith. They trust Christ to save them. Christ's sufferings are put in the stead of their being sent to hell, and they are justly delivered from their sins. Christ's righteousness is put in the stead of their keeping the law of God, and they are justly rewarded with a place in paradise, as if they had themselves been perfectly holy.

Now, it strikes me that this looks reasonable enough. In everyday life, we see the same thing done. A man is drawn for the militia; he pays for a substitute, and he himself goes free. A man owes a debt; some friend comes in, and discharges the bill for him, and he himself is clear. The ends of justice are answered through substitution. There seems to me to be something so unique about the whole affair of God taking the place of man, and God's suffering in man's form for man that justice may by no means be marred, that my reason falls down at the feet of this great mystery, and cries, "I would have an interest in it: Lord, let me be one of those for whom Jesus died; let me have the peace which springs from a complete atonement wrought out by Jesus Christ."

My brother, I wish I could draw thee with this cord; but I cannot. I can only show thee this cord, and tell thee how well it would draw thee. If thou rejectest it, thy blood shall be upon thine own head. I know too well thou wilt reject it, unless the mighty hand of God shall begin to tug at that band of love, and draw thee to Jesus.

Far larger numbers, however, are doubtless attracted to Jesus by a sense of his exceeding great love. It is not so much the reasonableness of the atonement as the love of God which shines in it which seems to attract many souls. There once lived, in the city of London, a rich merchant, a man of generous spirit, a Lollard, one of those who were subjected to fine, and imprisonment, and even death for the truth's sake. Near him there lived a miserable cobbler,—a poor, mean, despicable creature. The merchant, for some reason unknown, had taken a very great liking to the poor cobbler, and was in the habit of giving him all his work to do, and recommending him to many friends, and as this man would not always work as he should, when the merchant saw his family in any need, he would send them meat from his own table, and frequently he clothed his children. Well, notwithstanding that he had acted thus, had often advanced him sums of money, and had acted with great kindness, a reward was offered to anyone who would betray a Lollard, or would discover such person or persons as read the Bible, to the magistrates. The cobbler, to obtain this reward, went to the magistrates, and betrayed the merchant. As God would have it, however, through some skilful advocate, the merchant escaped. He forgave—freely forgave—the cobbler, and never said a word to him about it; but, in the streets, the cobbler would always turn his head the other way, and try to get out of the way of the man whom he felt he had so grievously ill-treated. Still, the merchant never altered his treatment of him, but sent him meat as usual, and attended to his wife and children if they were sick, the same as before; but he never could get the cobbler to give him a good word. If he did speak, it was to abuse him. One day, in a very narrow lane in the city,—for the streets were narrow, and narrower still were the lanes,—the merchant saw the cobbler coming, and he thought, “Now is my time; he cannot pass me now without facing me.” Of course, the cobbler grew very red in the face, and made up his mind that, if the merchant should begin to upbraid him, he would answer him in as saucy a manner as possible. But when the merchant came close to him, he said, “I am very sorry that you shun me; I have no ill-will towards you; I would do anything for you or for your family, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be friends with you.” The cobbler stopped, and presently a moisture suffused his eyes; and, anon, a flood of tears poured down his cheeks, and he said, “I have been such a base wretch to you that I hated you, for I thought that you would never forgive me. I have always shunned you; but when you talk to me like this, I cannot be your enemy any longer. Pray, sir, assure me of your forgiveness.” Forthwith, he began to fall upon his knees. That was the way to draw him with the cords

of a man, and with the bands of love; and, in a nobler sense, this is just what Jesus Christ has done for sinners. He has offered you mercy; he has proclaimed to you eternal life; and you reject it. Every day he gives you of his bounties, makes you to feed at the table of his providence, and clothes you with the livery of his generosity. And yet, after all this, some of you curse him; you break his Sabbaths, you despise his name; you are his enemies. Yet, what does he say to you? He loves you still; he follows you, not to rebuke you, but to woo you, and to entreat you to come to him, and have him for your Friend. Can you hold out against my Master's wounds? Can you stand out against his bloody sweat? Can you resist his passion? Oh! by the name of him who bowed his head upon the tree, who cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" can you hold out against him? If he had not died for me, I think I must love him for dying for other people. But he has died for you; you may know this if you trust him now with your soul, just as you are. This is the evidence that he died for you. Oh, may God enable you to trust Jesus now, drawing you with this band of love, this cord of a man!

There are many more cords, but my strength fails me, and therefore I will mention but one more. *The privileges which a Christian enjoys ought to draw some of you to Christ.* Do you know what will take place in these aisles to-night if the Holy Spirit should lead a sinner to Christ? I will tell you. There he stands, he is as vile a sinner as walks this earth. He knows it; he is wretched; he has a burden on his back. If that man is led to look to Christ to-night, his sins will roll off from him at once; they will roll into the sepulchre of Jesus, and be buried, and never have a resurrection. In a moment, he will be clothed from head to foot with white raiment. The kiss of a Father's love shall be upon his cheek, and the seal of the Spirit's witness shall be fixed upon his brow. He shall be made, to-night, a child of God, a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. His feet shall be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. He shall be clothed with the righteousness of Jesus. He shall go to his house, not wretched, but as though he could dance for joy the whole way home. And when he gets home, it may be never so poor a cottage, but it will look brighter than it ever did before. His children he will look upon as jewels entrusted to his care, instead of being burdens, as he once said they were. His very trials he will come to thank God for; while his ordinary mercies will be sweetened, and made very dear to him. The man, instead of leading a life like a hell upon earth, will live a life like heaven begun below; and all this shall take place in an instant.

Nay, that is not all; the effect of this night's work shall tell throughout his entire life. He shall be a new creature in Christ Jesus; so that, when the time shall come that his hair is grey, and he lies stretched upon his bed, and breathes out his life, he shall, in his last moments, look back upon a path that has been lit with the grace of God, and look forward across the black river to an eternity in which the glory of God shall shine forth with as great a fulness as a creature can endure. This is enough, surely, to



tempt a sinner to come to Jesus. This must be a strong cord to draw him. O man, Jesus will accept you; he will accept you now, just as you are! He has received millions like you already; let heaven's music witness to the fact. Millions more like you he is still willing to receive; some of us can bear our testimony to that. Come and welcome, then; come and welcome. Never mind thy rags, prodigal; a Father's hand will take them off; never mind thy filth; never mind having fed the swine. Come as thou art; come just now.

I hear somebody saying, "Well, I am inclined to come; but I do not know what it means to come to Christ." To come to Christ is to trust him. You have been trying to save yourself; do not try any more. You have been going to church, or going to chapel, and you have been trying to keep the commandments; but you cannot keep them. No man ever did keep them, and no man ever will keep them. You have been, in fact, like a prisoner who has been sentenced to hard labour; you have been walking upon the treadmill in order to get to the stars, and you are not an inch higher. After all you have done, you are just where you were. Now, leave this off; have done with it. Christ did keep the law; let his keeping it stand in the stead of your keeping it. Christ did suffer the anger of God; let his sufferings stand to you in the stead of your sufferings. Take him now, just as you are, and believe that he can save you,—nay, that he will save you, and trust him to do it. This is all the gospel I have to preach. Very seldom do I finish a sermon without going over this simple matter of trusting Christ. There are some, perhaps, who enquire for something new. I cannot give it to you; I have not got anything new, but only the same old story over and over again. Trust Christ, and you are saved.

We have heard, in our church-meetings, that, on several occasions, when, at the close of the sermon, I have merely said as much as that, it has been enough to lead sinners into life and peace; and, therefore, I will keep on at it. My heart yearns to bring some of you to Christ to-night, but I know not what arguments to use with you. You surely do not wish to be damned. Surely you cannot make the calculation that the short pleasures of this world are worth an eternity of torment; but damned you must be except you lay hold on Christ. Doth not this cord draw you? Surely you want to be in heaven. You have some desire toward that better land in the realms of the hereafter. But you cannot be there except you lay hold on Christ. Will not this cord of love draw you? Surely it would be a good thing to get rid of fear, and suspense, and doubt, and anxiety. It would be a good thing to be able to lay your head on your pillow, and say, "I do not care whether I wake or not;" to go to sea, and reckon it a matter of perfect indifference whether you reach land or no. Nay, sometimes the wish with us to depart preponderates over that of remaining here. Do you not wish for that? But you can never have it except by laying hold on Christ. Will not this draw you?

My dear hearers, you, whose faces I look upon every Sabbath, and into whose ears this poor, dry voice has spoken so many

hundreds of times, we do not wish to be parted. I know that, to some of you, this is the very happiest, as well as the holiest spot you ever occupied. You love to be here. I am glad you do, and I am glad to see you. I do not like to be separated from you. When any of you remove to other towns, it gives me pain to miss your faces. I hope we shall not be separated in the world to come. My beloved friends around me, who have been in Christ these many years, you also love them. We do not wish to be divided. I would like that all this ship's company should meet on the other side of the sea. I do not know one among you that I could spare. I would not like to miss any of you who sit yonder, nor any of you who sit near; neither the youngest nor the oldest of you. Well, but we cannot meet in heaven unless we meet in Jesus Christ. We cannot meet father, and mother, and pastor, and friends, unless we have a good hope through Jesus Christ our Lord. Will not that band of love draw you? Mother, from the battlements of heaven, a little angel-child is looking down to-night, beckoning with his finger. He is looking out for you, and he is saying, "Mother, follow your babe to heaven." Father, your daughter changed you, as she died, to give your heart to Christ, and from her seat in heaven her charge comes down to you with as great force as it came from her sick-bed, I trust, "Follow me, follow me to heaven." Friends who have gone before. - costly ones who have fallen asleep in Jesus,—in one chorus, say to you, "Come up hither, come up hither, for we without you cannot be made perfect." Will not this band of love draw you? Oh, will not this cord of a man lay hold upon you, and bring you to the Saviour's feet? The Lord grant that it may; but, as I have said, I can only show you the cords. It is God's work to pull them; and they will be pulled if the saints will join in earnest prayer, invoking a blessing upon sinners. The Lord grant it, for his love's sake! Amen.

### Exposition by C. M. Spurgeon.

#### HOSEA XI, AND XIV.

Chapter xi. Verse 1. *When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt.*

God's love was very early love. He began with the nation of Israel when it was a mere handful of men in Egypt. There he multiplied them; and, in due time, he called them out from among the heathen. God's love to some of us manifested itself at a very early period of our lives, when we were yet children. \* It is among our most joyous memories that we have known the Lord from our youth up. Happy man, happy woman, of whom God can say, as he said concerning his ancient people, "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt."

2. *As they called them, so they went from them: they sacrificed unto Baalim, and burned incense to graven images.*

The nation of Israel did not fulfil the promise of its youth; it was not faithful to God. The people heard from the lips of Moses the command, "Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord:" yet they turned aside continually to the idols of the nations. Have not some of us also, although we have been loved by God, been faithless to him? Can we not look back,

with great regret and sorrow, upon our many stumbings and backslidings? If it be so, let us repent of our sin, and never repeat it.

3. *I taught Ephraim also to go,—*

Just as nurses teach children to walk: "I taught Ephraim also to go,"—

3. *Taking them by their arms; but they knew not that I healed them.*

God has done great things for many of us who, possibly, have never noticed his hand at work on our behalf. Lives which were in great peril have been saved, yet the goodness of God has never been acknowledged by those whom he has delivered. Men have been raised up from beds of sickness, yet the great and good Healer has never been thanked for what he has done for them. Oh, how sad it is that God should do so much for us, and yet that we should not even thank him for doing it.

4. *I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love: and I was to them as they that take off the yoke on their jaws, and I laid meat unto them.*

As men do with the bullocks that have been ploughing, lifting the yoke from them, and giving them rest and food before they have to begin ploughing again. So did God to Israel, and so has he done to us. He lifted from us the heavy burden of our sin, and he gave us rest and heavenly food. But oh, what a poor return we have made for all the thoughtful kindness of our God! If any man here imagines that he can boast of his conduct towards his God, he does not feel as I do. Rather, dear friends, I think that we all ought to humble ourselves in the Lord's presence when we remember what ill returns we have made for all that he has done for us.

5, 6. *He shall not return into the land of Egypt, but the Assyrian shall be his king, because they refused to return. And the sword shall abide on his cities, and shall consume his branches, and devour them, because of their own counsels.*

If men will sin, they shall suffer; and God's people will be the first to suffer for their sins against the Lord, as he said by the mouth of the prophet Amos, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth: therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities." If a man lets other men's children go unchastened, he will chastise his own children, if he is worthy of the name of a father; and God will do the same. He will not destroy us, but he will chasten us if we backslide from him.

7, 8. *And my people are bent to backsliding from me: though they called them to the most High, none at all would exalt him. How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel?*

There seems to be a contest in the heart of God; at least, that is how he describes it himself, as though mercy pleaded with justice, and love contended with wrath: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel."

8. *How shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zebaim?*

"I cannot destroy thee, as I destroyed the guilty cities of the plain in the days of old."

8. *Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together.*

O backsliders, if God's repentings are kindled, will not yours also be kindled? If you have left him, and yet he will not give you up, will you give him up? Will you not return to him? Listen to his own words:—

9. *I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger, I will not return to destroy Ephraim: for I am God, and not man;—*

What a mercy this is for us! If the Lord had been man, he would have cast us off long ago; but, as he is God, he is infinitely patient, and he loves to forgive: "I am God, and not man;—"

9, 10. *The Holy One in the midst of thee: and I will not enter into the city. They shall walk after the LORD:*

See what his almighty grace will do to make these wanderers come back to him.

10. *He shall roar like a lion: when he shall roar, then the children shall tremble from the west.*

Even his roaring like a lion will only make them tremblingly come back to him.

11, 12. *They shall tremble as a bird out of Egypt, and as a dove out of the land of Assyria: and I will place them in their houses, saith the LORD. Ephraim compasseth me about with lies, and the house of Israel with deceit: but Judah yet ruleth with God, and is faithful with the saints.*

Chapter xiv. Verse 1. *O Israel, return unto the LORD thy God: for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.*

Let anyone here, who has turned aside from the Lord, hear these tender pleading words, and then yield to him who utters them. God speaks, not to condemn, but to comfort. He would fain allure you back to him with his gracious words of love: "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity."

2. *Take with you words, and turn to the LORD:*

But the poor penitent cries, "Alas, Lord, I do not know what to say." So God puts in the sinner's mouth the very words he is to utter.

2. *Say unto him Take away all iniquity.*

\* That is where the mischief lies, in your in-equity, your turning aside from the path of truth and equity. Say to the Lord, "I do not want to keep any of my iniquity; I desire to be delivered from it altogether." "Take away all iniquity,"—

2. *And receive us graciously.*

"Lord, take us back again. According to the greatness of thy grace, restore us to thy heart of love, and let us dwell where thy children dwell: 'Receive us graciously.'"

2. *So will we render the calves of our lips.*

That is to say, "We will give thee the sacrifice of our praises. We will speak well of thy name. If we have the calves of the stall, we will give them to thee; but, in any case, we will give thee the calves of our lips."

3. *Asshur shall not save us;—*

They had been accustomed to rely either upon Assyria or upon Egypt; and one of the first signs of their real repentance was that they had given up their false dependences. So, sinner, you must give up your self-righteousness, your ceremonialism, anything and everything in which you have trusted in place of trusting in the Lord: "Asshur shall not save us;"—

3. *We will not ride upon horses:—*

In the day of battle, they had trusted in their cavalry; but now, in the time of their repentance, they cry, "We will not ride upon horses;"—

3. *Neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods: for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy.*

What a beautiful ending there is to this verse! If any of you are full of sin, and full of wants, and have become like orphans who have lost everything, and are utterly destitute,—if you have none to provide for you, and none to care for you, come to the God of the fatherless, and put your trust in him: "For in thee the fatherless findeth mercy."

Then follows this gracious promise:—

4. *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely :—*

Listen to the heavenly music: "I will." "I will." When God says, "I will," you may depend upon it that he will do what he says, he will. If you or I say, "I will," it must be with the proviso, "If it is God's will, I will do so-and-so;" but God is the almighty King whose least word is a sovereign mandate: "I will heal their backsliding: I will love them freely:"—

4. *For mine anger is turned away from him.*

If you have come back to the Lord with true penitence of heart, he is no longer angry with you, but he is ready to welcome you again.

5. *I will be as the dew unto Israel :—*

"Not as fire, not as tempest; but in gentle yet effectual grace, I will visit them. 'I will be as the dew unto Israel:'"—

5. *He shall grow as the lily.*

"He shall be as beautiful and fair as the lily, though just now he was black as night."

5. *And cast forth his roots as Lebanon.*

"He shall be as stable as he is beautiful. Like old Lebanon, the mighty mountain, which none can shake, so shall this poor sinner be when I have visited him with my love."

6. *His branches shall spread,*

"I will endue him with usefulness and influence."

6. *And his beauty shall be as the olive tree.*

"I will load him with fruit. He shall have the beauty that belongs to that fat and oily tree, the olive."

6. *And his smell as Lebanon.*

God can make the foul, polluted sinner to become fragrant to him: "His smell shall be as Lebanon."

7. *They that dwell under his shadow shall return ;—*

His family, his work-people, his neighbours, who wandered from the Lord because he wandered, shall get good from his holy influence. His restoration shall be a benediction to them: "They that dwell under his shadow shall return;"—

7. *They shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.*

All good things come to a man when God comes to him, and he comes to God. Get right with God, and you shall get right with all things around you, and you shall be the means of helping to put other people right.

8. *Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols ?*

"He will spontaneously purge himself from the evil things which he once loved. I shall not need to send the hammer to break his idols, but he shall say, out of the fulness of his own heart, 'What have I to do any more with idols?'"

8, 9. *I have heard him, and observed him: I am like a green fir tree. From me is thy fruit found. Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them? for the ways of the LORD are right, and the just shall walk in them: but the transgressors shall fall therein.*

Yes, they shall fall even when they are in the right ways; and I know of no falling that is worse than for men to be in the ways of religion, and yet to stumble and fall even there; for, if they fall there, where will they not fall?

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

## A Sermon

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DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, BROMLEY, KENT,

*On Tuesday Afternoon, October 16th, 1866.*

"The LORD is my Shepherd."—Psalm xvii. 1

I CANNOT say anything that is new upon this text. I have not even the desire to do so; but if I can remind you of old and precious truths, and also put you in remembrance of sweet experiences which are past, this will not be an unprofitable topic for our meditation.

I like to recall the fact that this Psalm was written by David, probably when he was a king. He had been a shepherd, and he was not ashamed of his former occupation. When he had to wear a crown, he remembered the time when he had handled the shepherd's crook, and, as a lad, with his sling and stone, had kept watch over his father's sheep in the wilderness. Some persons are too proud to remember their early employments, though such pride is both their folly and their shame. Many persons would not like, in their public devotions, to make use of expressions which would have any reference to their secular calling; but it seems to be perfectly natural, in David's case, to hear him say, 'The LORD is my Shepherd,' for he had himself been a shepherd, and knew just what the word implied.

By the gracious help of the Holy Spirit, let us see what we can get out of the metaphor used in our text. We must, of course, remind ourselves that we are not in the country where these words were written; we must, in thought, go to the East in order to get the full meaning of them. It is a great mercy that the Bible was not written according to the fashion of the West, for everything has changed in our part of the world. If this Book had been written, for instance, in the style of the earliest literature known in England, probably we should not have fully understood it, and other nations would have been altogether puzzled by it. But, in the East, there has been little or no change for centuries. Oriental manners and customs are almost the same to-day as they were in the days of David; so that, if we could go to Palestine at the present moment, we might find just such a shepherd as David

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was; and, in examining his habits and actions, we should learn the meaning of the metaphor that David used when he said, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

We shall notice three things about the text; first, *this sentence, if it be true to us, guarantees us certain privileges*; secondly, *it involves us in duties*; and, thirdly, *it suggests to us enquiries*.

1. First, if this sentence is indeed true of each one of us, "The Lord is my Shepherd," then THIS GUARANTEES US CERTAIN PRIVILEGES.

And first, *the Eastern shepherd was the guide of his flock*. The sheep never thought of going before him; it would have been an anomaly in nature for the sheep to go first, and for the shepherd to follow. They had no need whatever to know the way across the trackless desert; it was enough for them that the shepherd knew it. They need not know where the green pastures still remained throughout the droughts of summer, or where there were quiet resting-places where they might lie down at noon. It was sufficient for the sheep that the shepherd knew, and all that they had to do was patiently to follow where he led the way. David had no doubt often gone on in front of his flock thinking with an anxious heart of the place where he should lead them; and as he looked back at them, he could see that they were patiently following him, with no distraction to trouble their poor brains, and no vexations to worry their quiet minds;—happy that they were provided for, they grazed as they went along the way, not knowing, and not wanting to know, whither they were going, but quite content because their shepherd led the way.

Transfer this thought, Christian brother or sister, to yourself, and see how the Lord is your Guide. Look at the past, and note how he has guided you. How very little you and I have had to do with it after all! We have struggled; we have fretted; we have repined; we have fumed against the working of providence; but, after all, I do not know that we have had much more to do with it than the sheep in the stream has had to do with the way in which it has floated to the other side. There is far more of the hand of God in our life than there is of our own hand, if our life is what it ought to be. Think of our childhood,\* of the home where our lot was cast, of our youth, of the place where we were bound as apprentices, or where we first learned the rudiments of our various callings. And since then, what strange paths some of us have trodden! If we had been told, years ago, that we should be found here to-day, in the circumstances in which we are now found, we could not have believed it. There have been times, in our past history, when it has seemed as if a single straw might decide our destiny. We were at the cross-roads; and the left-hand road might have led us into endless sins and sorrows, but we were guided in the opposite direction, and so we were made to walk beside the still waters, and to lie down in green pastures. There have been many times when only a word was wanted, nay, when a weight no heavier than a feather from the wing of a butterfly was all that was needed to turn the scale against us, and to send us into quite a different orbit from that in which we now move. We can truly

say that we have been divinely led until now; and although the journey has been like that of the children of Israel in the wilderness,—in and out, backwards and forwards, progressing and then retrograding, and often standing still,—yet the Lord has led us by a right way up to this present moment, and we can truthfully say,—

"Still have we found that promise good  
Which Jesus ratified with blood;  
Still is he faithful, wise, and just,  
And still in him let Israel trust."

It is easy to say that the Lord has been our Shepherd in the past, it may not be so easy to say that he is our Shepherd in the present, and will be our Shepherd in the future. Yet we have nothing to do with the future except to follow in the path of humble trust in the Lord, and of obedience to his Word. It is not for me to sit down, and make a plan of all I mean to do next week, or next month, and so on through all my life. I have no right to forestall my troubles, or to begin to calculate my future wants. I am bound to live in simple dependence upon God, who sends just enough manna for each day, but no more. If I am in any dilemma, if I am in any difficulty, if I do not know which way I should take, had I not better go and tell my Heavenly Father so, and ask him to direct me? I must remember that I am not my own shepherd, and that I am not to guide myself any more than the sheep is to guide itself; but that I am to look to my great Shepherd, to watch for indications of his will, and to receive those indications either from his Word, or from his providential dealings with me, or from the operations of his gracious Spirit within my heart; and then that I am to follow where God leads me, having nothing to do with the making of the road, but only following the Lord my Shepherd wherever he leads me.

Dear brethren and sisters in Christ, I wish we recollected this truth more than we do; I mean, in all things. For instance, in the matter of doctrinal opinions, some people have a certain minister as their shepherd; you know that there are certain people who will not go an inch beyond the point to which Mr. A—— leads them. Then Mr. B—— is the prophet of somebody else, Mr. C—— is the very pope of another, and Mr. D—— is the perfection of doctrine to a fourth; and beyond these earthly leaders none of them will go. Let us, however, all follow the Lord as our Shepherd. I am to make my appeal to this blessed Book, and to ask his gracious Spirit to teach me what is here revealed; and when his Spirit has taught it to me, I am to let that be sufficient, and to believe it. Even if I am the only person who so believes it, that shall make no difference to me. If God has guided me, I must follow.

So is it with regard to all the various stages of our life. The young Christian ought to seek God's guidance in the important matter of marriage; and the young tradesman should seek divine guidance as to where he shall set up his business, or commence his daily labour. In emigrating to another land, in removing from



one house to another, in every step of life, we act wisely when we say, "O Lord, let everything be as thou wilt; we bring hither the ephod that we may enquire what is thy will even as they did of old." There ought to be a distinct recognition, on our part, that we desire that God should guide us; and we should constantly come to him to consult with him; for, if we do not, we shall be constantly making mistakes, and getting into confusion; and, then, who but ourselves shall bear the blame, in that we went before the fiery-cloudy pillar, chose our own path, and so fell into the ditch? One of the Puritans said, "He who carves for himself will cut his fingers, and get an empty plate;" and it is so in the order of God's providence. And another said, "He who runs before the cloud goes on a fool's errand, and will have to come back again;" and so it shall be. The sheep before the Shepherd is out of place and out of order; but the sheep behind the Shepherd, quietly, patiently, and humbly following him, is both according to the order of nature and the order of grace. Let us, then, as the Lord's sheep, learn to take that position henceforth, and not attempt to usurp the prerogative of our great Shepherd.

Another great privilege which naturally comes to us through this relationship is that *we have provision for our wants*. An Eastern shepherd of course provides for his flock as far as he can. This may not be a very difficult matter in England; but it is exceedingly difficult in countries where fodder is not so readily obtainable as it is here. In the summer droughts, the shepherd will have to go on foraging afar; and when those droughts have continued a long while, there will be only a few places, by the margins of the deep rivers, where grass can still be found. Then the prudent shepherd, as soon as he finds that the winter is coming on, will seek to shelter his flock in those secluded pastures which still remain green; and then, as the spring returns again, he conducts them to the spot where the young grass is waiting for them. He has to be thoughtful ever, and they have to be thoughtful never, at least with regard to their daily provender. He thinks of autumn while it is still springtime, and he has his eye upon the winter even in the midst of the summer. As for the sheep, it is enough for them if they lie down in the grass that is nearest to them, or walk gently by the still waters just where they are.

Now certainly, beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, as the Eastern shepherd thus provides for his sheep, so will God provide for us. We have a double set of wants, yet we shall find that God is as all-sufficient for us as he would be if we had a sevenfold set of wants. I say that we have a double set of wants. There are, first, our bodily wants, and these are many, and they are constantly recurring. I am not quite certain that, to have a sure provision for this life, is the most excellent thing for our spirituality. It is, of course, the most comfortable thing, and, in many respects, the most desirable, and gives the most opportunities for usefulness; but I am not sure whether fulness of bread is not always a very great temptation. Certainly, if I have wanted to find deep,

robust, vigorous poetry, I must confess—though I have no preference for one class over another,—that I have usually found it amongst those who have had to live from hand to mouth, and to struggle hard for their daily bread, for this experience brings men and women into real and palpable contact with the God of providence, and, as I appeal to these children of poverty, and ask them whether God supplies their needs, they take out their little diaries or, if they do not carry them in their pockets, they carry them in their hearts, and they begin to tell of instance after instance in which the God of Abraham has revealed himself to them as Jehovah-Jireh, and, as they look forward to the future, they confidently cry, "The Lord will provide." Sometimes, such a promise as this, "Bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure," is very sweet to me, but when I have heard it from the lips of some poor bed-ridden old woman, who has long been depending upon the charity of others, and she has told me of remarkable interpositions of the Lord's hand in her time of need, then the promise has seemed to gladden and glitter with unusual and extraordinary radiance. Are not some of you dear friends, sometimes in such a plight that you have to say, in the morning, "Where shall I get bread for this evening's meal?" This must be a choice text for you, "The Lord is my Shepherd. Remember that ancient promise, 'Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shall thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

Our greater want, however, is our spiritual want, and there are often moanings among God's people because they are not spiritually fed as they ought to be. It is the crying sin of some ministries that they are not feeding ministries. If I am to believe what I am told, by many of God's people, they do not find the service of the sanctuary to be satisfactory to their souls. Brethren, if we profess to preach the gospel, and this is the case with us, it is a grievous fault on our part, and we must mend our manners in this respect, but far oftener, I think, the Lord's people are not fed because of their own folly. They look up to the pulpit, but they do not see much there. If they looked up to the hells, whence cometh their help, they would never be disappointed. When we look to the pastor, and not to the Master, the Master says, "They are looking to the wrong person, so they shall get nothing," but when we look to the Master, he often supplies our needs through the pastor. Let us esteem the divinely-chosen channel as far as we should, but let us never forget that it is the fountain that yields the supply. Though you may be tempted to say, when such-and-such a man is taken home, "I shall never be able to enjoy any other ministry as I have enjoyed that man's," you must check yourself, and say, "It is the same living truth that survives, it is the same God who still lives, whoever else may die." "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the Word which by the gospel is preached unto you;" and therefore you shall still be fed, for the Lord is your Shepherd.

He, who can truly say, "The Lord is my Shepherd," may make

sure of a third blessing, namely, that of *constant keeping and safe protection*. How many are our enemies! Brethren and sisters, we are exposed to attack on all sides. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." A cold shiver has often gone through me when I have witnessed or heard of the falls of some whom I have honoured and respected, and of whom I would have said that it was more likely that the stars would fall from their orbits than that these people should fall from their integrity. But, alas! the best of men are but men at the best; and some brightly shining objects in the Church's sky have proved to be only meteors "wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." It is pitiable, and it is also humbling, and it should lead to great heart-searching, and make each one of us ask, "Shall I forsake him too?" And why should you not do so? What is there in you, dear friend, more than there is in any other professor, why you should not prove an apostate after all? What is there about me that I should stand where so many others have fallen? There is nothing to hold me up if I am left to myself; but if, confessing my liability to fall, confessing my liability to be seized by the lion, and the bear, and the wolf, I can still say, "The Lord is my Shepherd," I am safe! The sheep is not safe because it says, "I am stronger than the lion;" or, "I am able to escape from the bear;" or, "I shall always be able to avoid the wolf." Silly sheep, what canst thou do to protect thyself from thy foes. Yet the sheep might feel safe enough if it knew that David was near, to snatch it out of the jaws of the lion, or to rescue it from the paws of the bear; and, beloved, we know that our Shepherd will never let any of his sheep perish. He has owned us too long, and bought us too dearly, and loved us too well ever to let us go. You remember that he said to his disciples, even concerning the children who believed in him, "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." He also said, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any (man or devil) pluck them out of my hand."

So, if you are the Lord's sheep, you shall be protected, provided for, and guided till you reach the upper fold on the hill-top of glory.

You all know that the meaning of the text has not been even half brought out by these three thoughts, for, *to shepherdize, to pastorize, to exercise the pastoral office, is a very great and important work*. The work of a true shepherd is not restricted to guiding, supplying, and protecting the sheep; there are a thousand other things that he has to do. I think I have heard that there is no animal (except a man,) that has so many forms of sickness as a sheep has. It may be afflicted in any part of its body, from its feet up to its head. There is not a single portion of a sheep but seems to be subject either to internal or to external ailments; it almost always seems to need doctoring. A shepherd requires to be to his flock all that a father is to his family, only that he has fifty

families instead of one. At certain seasons, he must be up all night looking after the lambs, and yet be all day watching over the sheep. Then, in addition to their sicknesses, sheep have a great number of follies. If there is a hole in the hedge, they are sure to find it out, and press through it. If there is the richest clover in the field, and nothing but dry sand outside, they will get through the hedge; and if but one leads the way, all the rest will follow it in its folly. If one should leap over the parapet of a bridge into a river, they would all follow, even though they should all be drowned. They are prone to wander, and ready for all sorts of mischief, but they never assist the shepherd in the slightest degree. In this respect, we are just like the silly sheep, yet our good Shepherd supplies all the needs, pities all the infirmities, and pardons all the wanderings of his poor wayward flock; we may indeed say that, like as a shepherd pitieth his flock, and careth for them, so our Heavenly Father pitieth them that fear him, and lovingly tendeth them day and night with constant care. Just as Jacob told Laban that, in the day the drought consumed him, and the frost by night, so that his sleep departed from his eyes, Christ can say that he watches over his bloodbought flock, and keeps every one of the sheep with unwearying care.

Now, brethren and sisters, I feel as if I could not say any more about these privileges of the Lord's sheep, but as if I wanted to stop and sing about them. What music there is here,—“The Lord is my Shepherd.” That little word “is” puts the whole matter beyond all question. “The Lord *is* my Shepherd;” then I shall be safely guided right up to the hill-top of heaven, I shall always be amply provided for; my fortune is made, and I shall be no loser come what may; my bank is good, and its wealth can never be diminished; while, as to all other matters, protection from my foes, or whatever else I shall need between here and heaven, all is secured to me because Jehovah is my Shepherd.

II. Now, in the second place, I must speak more briefly upon THE DUTIES WHICH ARE INVOLVED IN THIS RELATIONSHIP.

As a shepherd has duties appertaining to his office, so also have the sheep. The first duty of a sheep—that which naturally comes to a sheep,—is *confidence in the shepherd*. When I have heard people talk of silly sheep, I have often wondered whether, if the sheep could speak, they might not talk of more silly men; for, of all the foolish things that a sheep never did, surely this is one;—as it was in the meadow, eating the grass, it never did stop all of a sudden, and say to itself, “I do not know what will become of me in the winter! There will be deep snow on the ground, and I shall not be able to get at the grass; I cannot really see how I shall be provided for!” I never heard, even in a fable, of a sheep's woolly head being disturbed in that fashion; it has a shepherd to provide for it, and it relies upon him to provide for all its needs. Yet you and I, dear friends, sometimes do this silly thing, which a sheep would not do; we say, “We cannot imagine what we shall do if we are ever in such-and-such circumstances!” Probably, we never shall be in such circumstances, yet we keep on supposing

what we shall do if that is our lot. Some persons have a little factory in their house for making trouble. When God does not send them any, they make some for themselves, and I have heard that home-made troubles are just like home-made clothes,—they never fit properly, and they always last longer than any others. The trouble that I make for myself is sure to be a far greater trouble than any that God sends me. You smiled at what I said just now; but it is a fact that many Christians, who might be happy, and who ought to sing all day long, begin forestalling to-morrow's sorrow; and, as God will not give them to-morrow's strength until to-morrow comes, they find their imaginary burden too heavy for their back to bear. You know how the brave little band of warriors fought at Thermopylæ. Bravery alone would have been of small service to them, so they took their stand in a narrow pass, where their foes could only advance one at a time, and, consequently, Leonidas and his brave followers, though very weary, could hold the pass against the Persian host. Now, beloved, you are at the narrow pass of to-day. Therefore, meet your troubles one by one, and, as they come, God's grace will make you more than equal to them, and enable you to overcome them, but when you get into the broad field of months and years, and begin to think of a month's troubles, and a year's trials you will fear that you will never be able to conquer them. Get into your proper place, and stand there like a sentinel who is willing if necessary, to die at his post. \*

Our first duty, then, as the Lord's sheep, is confidence in our Shepherd, and, next, *we must love our Shepherd*. Dr. Thomson, in his admirable work, 'The Land and the Book,' tells us that, in the East, there often springs up an intimate affection between the shepherd and his sheep. There are some sheep which will keep at a distance from the shepherd, if he sits down at one end of a field, they are pretty sure to be at the other end, but there are others which keep closer to him, and there are some which are so fond of the shepherd that you never see him without also seeing them close by his side. If he stops, they stop, if he moves, they move. They love the pasture, but they love the shepherd better still. Dr. Thomson tells us that these sheep are generally the fattest of the flock because the shepherd is sure to give them the best of the food. They love him and he loves them. He loves all the sheep, but he loves these with a very special kind of love, and, beloved, if we loved Christ more, we should have more true happiness, more real spiritual enjoyment. I am afraid that some of us, who do love our Lord, are like Peter when he followed Christ afar off. We should be far happier if we could take John's position, and lean our heads upon Christ's bosom. There is an election inside the election of grace. You know that Christ had many disciples, but that out of them he chose twelve to be his apostles, out of those twelve apostles, he chose three favourites, Peter, James, and John, and out of that select band of three, he chose one who was called 'that disciple whom Jesus loved.' They were all the sheep of the good Shepherd, and all of us who believe in Jesus are God's children, but there are some who seem to be more dutiful and more

obedient children than others are, and who walk in closer communion with their Lord, and these have the best of the Christian life, and the highest degree of spiritual enjoyment. I hope that you and I, who call Christ our Shepherd, do love him much, and feel that the love of Christ constraineth us to yield to him our heart's deepest affection.

Another duty of the sheep is that of *following the shepherd*. It is a fractious, wandering, troublesome sheep that is always wanting to have its own way, and to go where it pleases. It is true that the shepherd still loves the wandering sheep, and that he seeks it until he finds it; but there is another thing that he does which the parables do not tell us; and that is, he punishes the wandering sheep. When the shepherd finds his wandering sheep, he rejoices over it, but he takes care that the sheep shall not rejoice, and he makes it sorrow for having wandered from him. We are told, by those who have watched Syrian sheep, that they are often lame. A shepherd, who was asked by a gentleman what made a certain sheep lame, replied, "I lamed that sheep; I did it on purpose." "Why did you do that?" asked the gentleman; and the shepherd answered, "It was always wandering, and I could not afford the time to go after it, so I lamed it, and it cannot wander away now." Sometimes, when the sheep have been wandering, they get such a stroke from the shepherd's crook that you would think it would break their backs. Certainly, this is what you and I will get if we are Christ's sheep, and yet persist in wandering. Like the Eastern shepherd does, he will lame us because he will not lose us. He will even beat us because he loves us. Whether obedient children will escape the rod, or not, it is certain that those who are disobedient shall be made to smart for it as surely as their Father loves them.

There is one other thing that ought to be true of me if the Lord is my Shepherd, and that is, *I ought to recognize his rights over me, and his property in me.* The Eastern shepherd is usually the owner of his sheep. He may sell it or kill it, or do what he likes with it; and no one can dispute his right to do so. And a genuine Christian feels that Christ has an absolute right in him. Whether he is to live or to die, to sorrow or to rejoice, should be no matter of choice to a Christian: he should feel that whatever is his Master's will is also his will. The seal of an American Missionary Society is an ox standing between an altar and a plough, with the motto, "Ready for either,"—ready to work in God's field yoked to the plough, or ready to fall beneath God's sacrificial axe, and to smoke upon God's altar,—ready, with Paul, to be offered up when the time of our departure is at hand. We have not a true idea of the rights of God over us, or even of our own condition before him unless we feel that we are the sheep of his pasture, and that he may do with us exactly as he wills.

III. Now I want, just for a few minutes, to speak upon the third point, which is this,—THE TEXT SUGGESTS A GREAT MANY ENQUIRIES.

We must not flippantly talk as if all the promises in Scripture

belonged to all of us; for, my dear friend, it may be that the Lord is not your Shepherd; and if that is the case, the sheep's portion is not yours. We ought to be very careful not to put God's promises into the hands of those to whom they do not belong. The other day, I saw a little tract bearing this title, "It is certain that God loves you;" and I burned it, for I was afraid that somebody, who had no right to it, might see it, and believe that it was true. I do not believe that God loves every individual who might pick that tract up in the sense in which such an individual would understand the expression. I know that God loves, in a certain sense, all the creatures that he has made; but such love as that gives me no comfort so long as I am an unreconciled sinner under condemnation because I have not believed in God's dear Son. I dare not say to every one of you, "The Lord is your Shepherd;" for I do not think that all of you are his sheep. I cannot help fearing that there are some here who have no part nor lot in this matter, for they are still "in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity."

I am going to put a few questions to you, or to point out some of the characteristics of one who can say, "The Lord is my Shepherd." If I am the Lord's sheep, *I shall have something of the sheep's disposition.* I shall perceive that his Spirit has wrought in me at any rate some divine gentleness. I know some professors who seem to me to be more like wolves than sheep. They snap their jaws like wolves do, and their very speech seems to be like a wolf's howl. They dislike this, and they hate that, and they cannot endure the other; in fact, nothing pleases them. A sheep has its likes and its dislikes, but it does not snarl, and snap, and howl, and growl; it is the wolf that does that, but the sheep is of a gentler disposition. A man, who cannot bear an insult, is surely not a Christian man. A man, who always revenges an injury done to him, surely is not a Christian; that is, one who is like Christ, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not." How could truly say, "I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting." The giving up of what is our right, the giving up of what we may fairly claim as our own, is the very mark of Christ's sheep.

Again, *sheep are known by being gregarious in their habits*; they always like to be in flocks; and "we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Many a time have I blessed the Holy Spirit for having inspired John to write that verse; and it is quite possible that some of you, dear friends, when you could not find any other evidence of grace, have been glad of such a mouse-hole as this into which your poor, tried, timid soul might creep and hide: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." A genuine love to the true children of God is a sure sign that we are Christ's sheep, just as the fact that the sheep flock together helps to prove that they are sheep. May we have more of this love to all our brethren and sisters in Christ;—not merely a love to some saints because they happen to be our own relations, or because they belong to our

denomination, or because they agree precisely with us in sentiments;—but a love to all the saints, as saints, for Christ's sake;—ay, a love even to the bad-tempered ones, the irritating ones, the unsaint-like "saints." It is very hard work to love some of these "saints." I have often said that I know some good people with whom I would sooner live in heaven for ever than live for half an hour on earth, for they always seem to look at things at so curious an angle that I cannot possibly agree with them. Yet I must love them for Christ's sake; for, if I do not love them, I must question whether I really am myself one of Christ's sheep.

Another evidence of being a sheep is that *they are very particular in their feeding*. A wolf can eat what the sheep would not touch, for the sheep must have nothing but that which is sweet and clean to feed upon. We have heard of some professors who can enjoy very questionable food. Mr. Rowland Hill had a man in his church who used to go to theatres; and when Mr. Hill questioned him as to how he could make a Christian profession, and yet frequent such places, he said, "Well, you see, Mr. Hill, I do not often go there; I only go occasionally just for a treat." "Ah!" said the good minister, "then you are worse than I thought you were;" and then he used this illustration. "Suppose somebody should spread a report that Mr. Hill was accustomed to eat carrion; well, it would be a horrible story, but suppose I should say, 'Oh, no! I do not eat carrion every day as a common article of diet; I only have a little now and then for a treat;' people would say, and say truly, 'What a filthy taste he must have! What a horrible appetite to call that a treat which is so foul!' So, my friend, when you say that you do not go into evil company, except sometimes for a treat, that proves which way the wind blows in your soul, and proves the direction in which your heart is set. It proves that you really love sin, or you would not roll it as a choice morsel under your tongue." Oh, that God would teach us, by his grace, to estimate the true value of our actions, not by their outward appearance, but by the desire of our heart that prompts us to them; for, if we are kept back from sin merely by motives of respectability, or because our fellows are looking upon us,\* we are as guilty before God as if we had actually committed the sin, because our heart still goeth after its filthy idols.

We may also judge whether we are Christ's sheep by one or two texts which Christ himself has given us. I quoted to you, just now, our Lord's own words, "My sheep hear my voice." Did you ever hear Christ's voice? I did not ask whether you ever heard your minister's voice; but whether you ever heard Christ's voice. Did he himself ever speak to you so that you recognized that it was Christ's voice that you heard? Beside that hearing of their Saviour's voice, Christ's sheep have a wonderful discriminating power by which they recognize him. I heard a gentleman, who had travelled in the East, say that he thought the sheep must know their shepherd because of the clothes which he wore, so he put on a shepherd's garments, and went up to some sheep, but not one of the sheep mistook him for their shepherd. Then he called one of the sheep



by its proper name, but it took no notice of him, and that reminded him of our Saviour's declaration, "A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers." The sheep have such a keen ear that they can detect the tones of their own shepherd's voice, and can distinguish it from all others:

'So is it with Christ's sheep; they are not deceived by the voice of strangers, though others are deceived. I venture to prophesy that, within ten years from this date, the whole of this country will be permeated by Popery. The advance that Romanism has made, during the last ten years, is so terrible that, if it continues to increase at only half that rate, my prophecy will prove to be a true one. The very name of Protestantism will die out unless God sends us a revival of Evangelical religion; for the fashion of the age is so set towards that which is gaudy, and sensuous, and sensational, and the whole trend of ecclesiasticism is so directly towards ceremonialism, that, if we, who love the old faith, do not bestir ourselves, we and our fellow-countrymen will plunge into the Stygian bog of Popish superstition. Some of you will hardly believe what I am saying; but if you will only turn your mind's eye in the direction to which I am pointing, you will see that the advance of Romanism and Ritualism in this land is quite extraordinary. The only people, who will not be swept away by this tidal wave of ceremonialism, are those who have heard the voice of Christ, and so have the first mark of his sheep. If you have ever been justified by faith in Jesus, you will not be cajoled by a so-called "priest." If you have ever spiritually eaten the flesh of Christ, you will never degrade your Christian manhood by munching the man-made wafer-god. If you have ever really known Jesus Christ as your Saviour, what will you care for the so-called "sacrifice of the mass"? You will know that it is only a Satanic invention to delude souls. If you have ever been regenerated by the Holy Ghost, the fiction of "baptismal regeneration" will be an abomination to you. If you have ever been vitally united to Christ, the living Vine, all the false and foolish talk about being saved by the power of sacramental efficacy will be as a stench in your nostrils which you cannot endure. So I come back to the question I asked just now,—Have you heard the voice of Christ? Do you know the meaning of the whispering of his Spirit? Have you passed from death unto life? Have you been transformed from a wolf into a sheep? Have you been translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son? If so, relying upon the Lord Jesus Christ, whose precious blood has redeemed every one of his chosen flock, you can say, "The Lord is my Shepherd." But if not, and you continue to follow your own devices, they will lead you to destruction. God grant that this may not be the lot of any one of us, but may we all come, with childlike confidence, and put our trust in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the one and only Saviour of sinners, and then shall each one of us be able to say, with David, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

May God bless each one of you, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

GADDING ABOUT.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

"Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"—Jeremiah ii. 36.

God's ancient people were very prone to forget him, and to worship the false deities of the neighbouring heathen. Other nations were faithful to their blocks of wood and of stone, and adhered as closely to their graven images as though they really had helped them, or could in future deliver them. "Only the nation which avowed its belief in the true God forsook its God, and left the fountain of living waters to hew out for itself broken cisterns which could hold no water.

There seems to have been, speaking after the manner of men, astonishment in the divine mind concerning this, for the Lord says, in verses 10 and 11 of this chapter, "Pass over the isles of Chittim, and see; and send unto Kedar, and consider diligently, and see if there be such a thing. Hath a nation changed their gods, which are yet no gods? but my people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit. Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate." In the 32nd verse of this same chapter, the Lord addresses his people thus, "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire? yet my people have forgotten me days without number." And here, in our text, the same astonishment appears, "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?" It certainly was a most unreasonable thing that a people with such a God, who had dealt out to them so graciously the riches of his love, and had wrought such wonders on their behalf, should turn from him to the worship of Baal or Ashtaroth, mimic gods which had ears but heard not, eyes but saw not, and did but mock the worshippers who were deluded by them.

As in a glass, I see myself in these people. The spiritual people of God are well imaged in the typical nation; for, alas! waywardness and wandering of heart are the diseases, not only of the Israelites of old, but also of the true Israel now. The

expostulations may be addressed to us as to that erring nation of old. For we as perpetually backslide, and as constantly forget the almighty One, and put our trust in an arm of flesh. He saith to us also, "Why gaddest thou about so much?" For we are, alas! too often false to him, forgetting him, and wandering hither and thither, rather than abiding in close and constant fellowship with God our exceeding joy.

I desire to put this question first to believers, and then to the unconverted. May the Holy Spirit bless it to each class!

I. If you read this question, taking it in its connection, you will see, in the first place, that there is a RELATIONSHIP MENTIONED. The question is asked, "Why gaddest thou about so much?"

The enquiry is not made of a traveller, nor of one whose business it is to journey from pole to pole, and to investigate distant lands. It is not asked of a wayfarer lodging for a night, nor of a homeless vagrant who finds a poor shelter beneath every bush; but it is asked by God of his people Israel, describing them under the character of a married wife. He represents the nation of Israel as being married unto him, himself the Husband of Israel, and Israel his bride. To persons bearing that character, the question comes with great force, "Why gaddest thou about so much?" Let others wander who have no central object of attraction, who have no house and no "houseband" to bind them to the spot; but thou, a married wife, how canst thou wander? What hast thou to do in traversing strange ways? How canst thou excuse thyself? If thou wert not false to thy relationship, thou couldst not do so! No, beloved, we strain no metaphor when we say that there exists, between the soul of every believer and Jesus Christ, a relationship admirably imaged in the conjugal tie. We are married unto Christ. He has betrothed our souls unto himself. He paid our dowry on the cross. He espoused himself unto us in righteousness, in the covenant of grace. We have accepted him as our Lord and Husband. We have given ourselves up to him, and under the sweet law of his love we ought to dwell evermore in his house. He is the Bridegroom of our souls, and he has arrayed us in the wedding dress of his own righteousness. Now it is to us who own this marriage union, and who are allied to the Lord Jesus by ties so tender, that the Well-beloved says, "Why gaddest thou about so much?"

Observe, that the wife's place may be described as a threefold one. In the first place, *she should abide in dependence upon her husband's care.* It would be looked upon as a very strange thing if a wife should be overheard to speak to another man, and say, "Come and assist in providing for me." If she should cross the street to another's house, and say to a stranger, "I have a difficulty and a trouble; will you relieve me from it?" I feel myself in great need; but I shall not ask my husband to help me, though he is rich enough to give me anything I require, and wise enough to direct me; but I come to you, a stranger, in whom I have no right to confide, and from whom I have no right to look for love, and I trust myself with you, and confide in you rather than in my husband." This would be a very wicked violation of the chastity of the wife's heart: he

dependence, as a married woman with a worthy husband, must be solely fixed on him to whom she is bound in wedlock.

Transfer the figure, for it is even so with us and the Lord Jesus. It is a tender topic; let it tenderly touch your heart and mine. What right have I, when I am in trouble, to seek an arm of flesh to lean upon, or to pour my grief into an earthborn ear in preference to casting my care on God, and telling Jesus all my sorrows? If a human friend hath the best intentions, yet he is not 'like my Lord, he never died for me, he never shed his blood for me; and even if he loves me, he cannot love me as the Husband of my soul loves me. My Lord's love is ancient as eternity, deeper than the sea, firmer than the hills, changeless as his own Deity; how can I seek another friend in preference to him? What a slight I put upon the affection of my Saviour! What a slur upon his condescending sympathy towards me! How I impugn his generosity and mistrust his power if, in my hour of need, I cry out, "Alas! I have no friend." No friend while Jesus lives! Dare I say I have no helper? No help while the almighty One, upon whom God has laid help, still exists with arm unparalyzed and heart unchanged? Can I murmur and lament that there is no escape for me from my tribulations? No escape while my almighty Saviour lives, and feels my every grief?

Do you see my point? Put it in that shape, and the question, "Why gaddest thou about so much to look after creatures as grounds of dependence?" becomes a very deep and searching one. Why, O believer, dost thou look after things which are seen, and heard, and handled, and recognized by the senses, instead of trusting in things unseen but not unknown Redeemer? Oh! why, why, thou spouse of the Lord Jesus, why gaddest thou about so much?

Have we not even fallen into this evil with regard to our own salvation? After a time of spiritual enjoyment it sometimes happens that our graces decline, and we lose our joy; and as we are very apt to depend upon our own experience, our faith also droops. Is not this unfaithfulness to the finished work and perfect merit of our great Substitute? We knew, at the first, when we were under conviction of sin, that we could not rest on anything within ourselves; yet that truth is always slipping away from our memories, and we try to build upon past experiences, or to rely upon present enjoyments, or some form or other of personal attainment. Do we really wish to exchange the sure rock of our salvation for the unstable sand of our own feelings? Can it be that, having once walked by faith, we now choose to walk by sight? Are graces, and frames, and feelings, and enjoyments, to be preferred to the tried foundation of the Redeemer's atonement? Be it remembered that even the work of the Holy Spirit, if it be depended upon as a ground of acceptance with God, becomes as much an antichrist as though it were not the work of the Holy Spirit at all. Dare we so blaspheme the Holy Ghost as to make his work in us a rival to the Saviour's work for us? Shame on us that we should thus doubly sin! The best things are mischievous when put in the wrong place. Good works have "necessary uses", but they must not be joined to the work of Christ as the groundwork of our hope. Even precious

gold may be made into an idol-calf and that which the Lord himself bestows may be made to be a polluted thing, like that brazen serpent which once availed to heal, but when it was idolized, came to be styled by no better name than a piece of brass," and was broken and put away. Do not continually harp upon what thou art, and what thou art not, thy salvation does not rest in these things, but in thy Lord. Go thou, and stand at the foot of the cross, still an empty-handed sinner to be filled with the riches of Christ, — a inner black as the tents of Kedar in thyself, and comely only through thy Lord.

Again, the wife's position is not only one of sole dependence upon her husband's care, but it should be, and is, *a position of sole delight in her husband's love*. To be suspected of desiring aught of man's affection beyond that, would be the most serious imputation that could be cast upon a wife's character. We are again upon very tender ground and I beseech each of you, who are now thinking of your Lord, to consider yourselves to be on very tender ground too, for you know what our God has said. I the Lord thy God am a jealous God. That is a very wonderful and suggestive expression, — a jealous God. See that it be engraven on your hearts. Jesus will not endure it that those of us who love him should divide our hearts between him and something else. The love which is strong as death is linked with a jealousy which is cruel as the grave, the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. The royal word to the spouse is, Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house, so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty for he is thy Lord and worship thou him.

Of course beloved, the Master never condemns that proper natural affection which we are bound to give, and which it is a part of our sanctification to give, in its due and proper proportion, to those who are related to us. Besides, we are bound to love all the saints, and all mankind in their proper place and measure. But there is a love which is for the Master alone. Inside the heart there must be a *sanctum sanctorum*, within the veil, where he himself alone must shine like the Shekinah, and reign on the mercy-seat. There must be a glorious high throne within our spirits, where the true Solomon alone must sit. The lions of watchful zeal must guard each step of it. There must be the King in his beauty, sit enthroned, sole Monarch of the heart's affections. But, alas! alas! how often have we gone far to provoke his anger! We have set up the altars of strange gods hind by the holy place. Sometimes, a favourite child has been idolized. Another time, perhaps our own persons have been admired and pampered. We have been unwilling to suffer though we know it to be the Lord's will, we were determined to make provision for the flesh. We have not been willing to hazard our substance for Christ, thus making our worldly comfort our chief delight, instead of feeling that wealth to be well lost which is lost as the result of Jehovah's will. Oh, how soon we make idols! Idol-making was not only the trade of Ephesus, but it is a trade all the world over. Making shrines for Diana, nay, shrines for self, we are all master-craftsmen at this work in some form or another.

Images of jealousy, which become abominations of desolation, we have set up.

We may even exalt some good pursuit into an idol; even work for the Master may sometimes take *his* place, as was the case with Martha. We are cumbered with much serving, and often think more about the serving than of *him* who is to be served; the secret being that we are too mindful of how *we* may look in the serving, and not enough considerate of *him*, and of how *he* may be honoured by our service. It is so very easy for our busy spirits to gad about, and so very difficult to sit at the Master's feet. Now, Christian, if thou hast been looking after this and after that secondary matter, if thy mind has been set too much upon worldly business, or upon any form of earthly love, the Master says to thee, "My spouse, my beloved, why gaddest thou about so much?" Let us confess our fault, and return unto our rest. Let each one sing plaintively, in the chamber of his heart, some such song as this,—

"Why should my foolish passions rove?  
Where can such sweetness be  
As I have tasted in thy love,  
As I have found in thee?"

"Wretch that I am, to wander thus  
In chase of false delight;  
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,  
Rather than lose thy sight."

But a third position, which I think will be recognized by every wife as being correct, is not simply dependence upon her husband's care and delight in her husband's love, but also *diligence in her husband's house*. The good housewife, as Solomon tells us, "looketh well to the ways of her household, and catcheth not the bread of idleness." She is not a servant, her position is very different from that; but, for that very reason, she uses the more diligence. A servant's work may sometimes be finished, but a wife's never is. "She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens." She rejoices willingly to labour as no servant could be expected to do. "She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands." "She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." All through the live-long night, she watches her sick child, and then through the weary day as well the child is still tended, and the household cares are still heavy upon her. She never relaxes; she counts that her house is her kingdom, and she cares for it with incessant care. The making of her husband happy, and the training up of her children in the fear of God, that is her business. The good housewife is like Sarah, of whom it is written that, when the angels asked Abraham, "Where is Sarah thy wife?" he answered, "Behold, in the tent." It would have been well for some of her descendants had they been "in the tent," too, for Dinah's going forth "to see the daughters of the land" cost her dear.

Now, this is the position, the exact position of the chaste lover of Jesus, he dwells at home with Jesus, among his own people. The Christian's place with regard to Christ is to be diligently engaged in Christ's house. Some of us can say, I trust, that we do naturally care for the souls of men. We were born, by God's grace, to care for them, and could not be happy, any more than some nurses can be happy without the care of children, unless we have converts to look after, and weaklings to cherish. It is well for the church when there are many of her members, beside her pastors and deacons, who care for the souls of those who are born in the church. The church is Christ's family mansion. It should be the home of new-born souls, where they are fed with food convenient for them, nourished, comforted, and educated for the better land. You have all something to do; you who are married to Christ have all a part assigned you in the household of God. He has given you each a happy task. It may be that you have to suffer in secret for him, or you have to talk to two or three, or perhaps in a little village station, or at the corner of a street you have to preach, or possibly it is the distribution of a handful of tracts, or it is looking after the souls of a few women in your district, or teaching a class of children.

Whatever it is, if we have been growing at all negligent, if we have not thrown our full strength into his work, and have been expending our vigour somewhere else, may not the question come very pertinently home to us, 'Why gaddest thou about so much?' Why that party of pleasure, that political meeting, that late rising, that waste of time? Hast thou nothing better to do? Thou hast enough to do for thy Husband and his Church, if thou doest it well. Thou hast not a minute to spare, the King's business requireth haste. Our charge is too weighty and too dear to our hearts to admit of sloth. The Lord has given us as much to do as we shall have strength and time to accomplish by his grace, and we have no energies to spare, no talents to wrap up in napkins, no hours to idle away in the market-place. One thing we have to do, and that one thing should absorb all our powers. To neglect our holy life-work is to wrong our heavenly Bridegroom. Put this matter in a clear light, my brethren, and do not shut your eyes to it. Have you any right to mind earthly things? Can you serve two masters? What, think you, would any kind husband here think if, when he came home, the children had been neglected all day, if there was no meal for him after his day's work, and no care taken of his house whatever? Might he not well give a gentle rebuke, or turn away with a tear in his eye? And if it were long continued, might he not almost be justified if he should say, "My house yields me no comfort; this woman acts not as a wife to me"? And yet, bethink thee, soul, is not this what thou hast done with thy Lord? When he has come into his house, has he not found it in sad disorder, the morning prayer neglected, the evening supplication but poorly offered, those little children but badly taught, and many other works of love forgotten? It is thy business as well as his, for thou art one with him, and yet thou hast failed in it. Might he

not justly say to thee, "I have little comfort in thy fellowship; I will get me gone until thou treatest me better; and when thou longest for me, and art willing to treat me as I should be treated then I will return to thee: but thou shalt see my face no more til thou hast a truer heart towards me"?

Thus, in personal sadness, have I put this question; the Lord give us tender hearts while answering it!

II. Painful as the enquiry is, let us turn to it again. A REASON IS REQUESTED; what shall we give? "Why gaddest thou about so much?"

I am at a loss to give any answer? I can suppose that, without beating about the bush, an honest heart, convinced of its ingratitude to Christ, would say, "My Lord, all I can say for myself is to *make a confession of the wrong*; and if I might make any excuse, which after all is no excuse, it is this, I find myself so fickle at heart, so frail, so changeable; I am like Reuben, unstable as water, and therefore I do not excel." But I can well conceive that the Master without being severe, would not allow even of such an extenuation as that, because there are many of us who could not fairly urge it. We are not fickle in other things. We are not unstable in minor matters. Where we love, we love most firmly, and a resolve once taken by us is determinedly carried out. Some of us know what it is to put our foot down, and declare that, having taken a right step, we will not retrace it; and, then, no mortal power can move us. Now, if we possess this resolute character in other things, it can never be allowable for us to use the excuse of instability. Resolved elsewhere, how canst thou be fickle here? Firm every where else, and yet frail here! O soul, what art thou at? This is gratuitous sin, wanton fickleness. Surely thou hast wrought folly in Israel if thou givest the world thy best, and Christ thy worst. The world thy decision, and Christ thy wavering! This is but to make thy sin the worse. The excuse becomes an aggravation. It is not true that thou art thus unavoidably fickle. Thou art not a feather blown with every wind, but a man of purpose and will; oh why then art thou so soon removed from thy best-beloved One?

I will ask thee a few questions, not so much by way of answering the enquiry, as to show how difficult it is to answer it. "Why gaddest thou about so much?" *Has thy Lord given thee any cause of offence?* Has he been unkind to thee? Has the Lord, Jesus spoken to thee like a tyrant, and played the despot over thee? Must thou not confess that, in all his dealings with thee in the past love, unmingled love has been his rule? He has borne patiently with thine ill-manners; when thou hast been foolish, he has given thee wisdom, and he has not upbraided thee, though he might have availed himself of the opportunity of that gift, as men so often do to give a sword of upbraiding at the same time. He has not turned against thee, or been thine enemy; why, then, art thou so cold to him? Is this the way to deal with One so tender and so good. Let me ask thee, has thy Saviour changed? Wilt thou dare to think he is untrue to thee? Is he not "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever"? That cannot, then, be an apology for thine



unfaithfulness. Has he been unmindful of his promise? He has told thee to call upon him in the day of trouble; and he will deliver thee, has he failed to do so? It is written, "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Has he withheld a really good thing from thee when thou hast walked uprightly? If, indeed, he had played thee false, thine excuse for deserting him might claim a hearing, but thou darest not say this; thou knowest that he is faithful and true.

"Why gaddest thou about so much?" *Hast thou found any happiness in gadding about?* I confess, sorrowfully, to wandering often, and wandering much, but I am ready enough to acknowledge that I get no peace, no comfort by my wanderings, but, like a forlorn spirit, I traverse dry places, seeking rest and finding none. If, for a day, or a part of a day, my thoughts are not upon my Lord, the hour is dreary, and my time hangs heavily; and if my thought is spent upon other topics even connected with my work in the Church of God, if I do not soon come back to him, if I have no dealings with him in prayer and praise, I find the wheels of my chariot taken off, and it drags along heavily, while I cry to my Lord,—

"The day is dark, the night is long,  
Unblest with thoughts of thee,  
And dull to me the sweetest song,  
Unless its theme thou be."

The soul, that has once learned to swim in the river of Christ, will, when his presence is withdrawn, be like a fish laid by the fisherman on the sandy shore, it begins to palpitate in dire distress, and ere long it will die, if not again restored to its vital element. You cannot get the flavour of the bread of heaven in your mouth, and afterwards contentedly feed on ashes. He, who has never tasted anything but the brown, gritty cakes of this world, may be very well satisfied with them; but he who has once tasted the pure white bread of heaven can never be content with the old diet. It spoils a man for satisfaction with this world to have had heart-ravishing dealings with the world to come. I mean not that it spoils him for practical activity in it, for the heavenly life is the truest life even for earth, but it spoils him for the sinful pleasures of this world; it prevents his feeding his soul upon anything save the Lord Jesus Christ's sweet love. Jesus is the chief ingredient of all his joy, and he finds that no other enjoyment beneath the sky is worth a moment's comparison with the King's wines on the lees, well refined.

"Why then gaddest thou about so much?" For what, oh! for what reason dost thou wander? When a child runs away from its home, because it has a brutal parent, it is excused; but when the child leaves a tender mother and an affectionate father, what shall we say? If the sheep quits a barren field to seek after needed pasturage, who shall blame it? But if it leaves the green pastures, and forsakes the still waters to roam over the arid sand, or to go bleating in the forest among the wolves, in the midst of danger, how foolish a creature it proves itself! Such has been our folly. We have left gold for dross! We have forsaken a throne for a

dunghill! We have quitted scarlet and fine linen for rags and beggary! We have left a palace for a hovel! We have turned from sunlight into darkness! We have forsaken the shining of the Sun of righteousness, the sweet summer weather of communion, the singing of the birds of promise, and the turtle voice of the Divine Spirit, and the blossoming of the roses and the fair smiles of divine love, to shiver in frozen regions among the ice caves and snow of absence from the Lord's presence. God forgive us, for we have no excuse for this folly.

Why gaddest thou about so much?" *Hast thou not always had to pay for thy gadding at nictime!* O pilgrim, it is hard getting back again to the right road. Every believer knows how wise John Bunyan was when he depicted Christ in as bemoaning himself bitterly when he had to go back to the arbour where he had slept and lost his soul. He had to do a triple journey: first to go on, and then to go back and then to go on again. The back step is weary marching. Remember also, Bynath Meadow and Doubting Castle, and Giant Despair. 'Twas an ill day when the pilgrims left the narrow way. No gain, but untold loss, comes of forsaking the way of holiness and fellowship. What is there in such a prospect to attract you from the happy way of communion with Christ? Perhaps the last time you wandered, you fell into sin, or you met with a grief which overwhelmed you. You ought not these mishaps to touch you! Having been already burned will you not dread the fire! Having, oforetime been assaulted when in forbidden paths, will you not now keep to the King's highway, wherein no lion or any other ravenous beast shall be found.

Why gaddest thou about so much? *Dost thou not even now feel the drawings of his love attracting thee to himself?* This heavenly impulse should make the question altogether unanswerable. You feel sometimes a holy impulse to pray and yet do not pray; you feel, even now as if you wished to behold the face of your Beloved and yet you will go forth into the world without him. Is this as it should be? The Holy Ghost is crying in your soul. Arise from the bed of thy sloth, and seek him whom thy soul loveth. If your sloth prevents your rising, how will you excuse yourself? Even now, I hear the Beloved knocking at your door. Will you not hasten to admit him. Are you too idle. Dare you sit to him, I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them. If you keep him without, in the cold and darkness while his head is wet with dew and his locks with the drops of the night, what cruelty is this? Is this thy kindness to thy Friend? Can you hear him say, Open to me, my love, my dove, my undefiled, and yet be deaf to his appeals? Oh, that he may gently make for himself an entrance! May he put in his hand by the hole of the door and may your bowels be moved towards him! May you rise up and open to him, and then your hands will drop with myrrh, and your fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock. But, remember, if you neglect him now, it will cost you much to find him when you do arise, for he will make you traverse the streets after him and the watchmen

will smite you, and take away your veil; so rise, and admit him now.

"Behold! your Bridegroom's at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knock'd before:  
Has waited long; is waiting still:  
You treat no other friend so ill.

"Oh lovely attitude! he stands  
With melting heart and laden hands;  
Delay no more, lest he depart,  
Admit him to your inmost heart."

He calls you yet again, even now. Run after him, for he draws you. Approach him, for he invites you. God grant that it may be so!

I wish I had the power to handle a topic like this as Rutherford, or Herbert, or Hawker would have done, so as to touch all your hearts. if you are at this hour without enjoyment of fellowship with Jesus. But, indeed, I am so much one of yourselves, so much one who has to seek the Master's face myself, that I can scarcely press the question upon you, but must rather press it upon myself: "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?" Blessed shall be the time when our wanderings shall cease, when we shall see him face to face, and rest in his bosom! Till then, if we are to know anything of heaven here below, it must be by living close to Jesus, abiding at the foot of the cross, depending on his atonement, looking for his coming,—that glorious hope, preparing to meet him with lamps well trimmed, watching for the midnight cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh;" standing ever in his presence; looking up to him as we see him pleading before the throne, and believing that he is ever with us, even unto the end of the world. May we be, in future, so fixed in heart that the question need not again be asked of us, "Why gaddest thou about so much?"

And now I have to use the text, for a few minutes, in addressing those who are not converted.

I trust that some of you, who are not yet saved, nevertheless have a degree of desire towards Christ. It is well when, like the climbing plant, the heart throws out tendrils, trying to grasp something by the help of which it may mount higher. I hope that desire of yours after better things, and after Jesus, is something more than nature could have imparted. Grace is the source of gracious desires. But that is not the point. Your desires may be right, and yet your method of action mistaken. You have been trying after peace, but you have been gadding about to find it. The context says that the Israelites would soon be as weary of Egypt as they had been of Assyria. Read the whole passage, "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way? thou also shalt be ashamed of Egypt, as thou wast ashamed of Assyria. Yea, thou shalt go forth from him, and thine hands upon thine head: for the Lord hath rejected thy confidences, and thou shalt not prosper in them." (Jeremiah ii. 36, 37.) Their gadding about would end in their being confounded at last as they were at first. Once they trusted in Assyria, and the Assyrians carried them away captive; that was the end of their

former false confidence. Then they trusted in Egypt, and met with equal disappointment.

When a man is first alarmed about his soul, he will do anything rather than come to Christ. Christ is a harbour that no ship ever enters except under stress of weather. Mariners on the sea of life steer for any port except the fair haven of free grace. When a man first finds comfort in his own good works, he thinks he has done well. "Why," says he, "this must be the way of salvation; I am not a drunkard now, I have taken the pledge; I am not a Sabbath-breaker now, I have taken a seat at a place of worship. Go in, and look at my house, sir; you will see that it is as different as possible from what it was before, there is a moral change in me of a most wonderful kind, and surely this will suffice!" Now, if God be dealing with that man in a way of grace, he will soon be ashamed of his false confidence. He will be thankful, of course, that he has been led to morality, but he will find that bed too short to stretch himself upon it. He will discover that the past still lives; that his old sins are buried only in imagination,—the ghosts of them will haunt him, they will alarm his conscience. He will be compelled to feel that sin is a scarlet stain, not to be so readily washed out as he fondly dreamed. His self-righteous refuge will prove to be a bowing wall and a tottering fence. Driven to extremities by the fall of his tower of Babel, the top of which was to reach to heaven, he grows weary of his former hopes. He finds that all the outward religion he can muster will not suffice, that even the purest morality is not enough; for, over and above the thunderings of conscience, there comes clear and shrill as the voice of a trumpet, "Ye must be born again;" "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Well, then, what does he do? He resolves to find another shelter, to exchange Assyria for Egypt. That is to say, as works will not do, he will try feelings; and the poor soul will labour to pump up repentance out of a rocky heart, and, failing to do so, will mistake despair for contrition. He will try as much as possible to feel legal convictions. He will sit down, and read the books of Job and Jeremiah, till he half hopes that, by becoming a companion of dragons, and an associate of owls, he may find rest. He seeks the living among the dead, comfort from the law, healing from a sword. He conceives that, if he can feel up to a certain point, he can be saved; if he can repent to a certain degree, if he can be alarmed with fears of hell up to fever heat, then he may be saved. But, ere long, if God is dealing with him, he gets to be as much ashamed of his feelings as of his works. He is thankful for them as far as they are good, but he feels that he could not depend upon them; and he recollects that, if feeling were the way of salvation, he deserves to feel hell itself, and that to feel anything short of eternal wrath would not meet the law's demands. The question may fitly be put to one who thus goes the round of works, and feelings, and perhaps of ceremonies, and mortifications, "Why gaddest thou about so much?" It will all end in nothing.

You may gad about as long as you will, but you will never gain peace, except by simple faith in Jesus. All the while you are roaming so far, the gospel is nigh you, where you now are, in your present state, available to you in your present condition now, for "now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." O sinner, thou art thinking to bring something to the Most High God, and yet he bids thee come "without money and without price." Thy Father saith to thee, "Come now, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." He declares to you the way of salvation, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He calls to you in his gracious Word, and says, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." He bids you trust in his Son, who is the appointed Saviour, for he hath laid help upon One that is mighty. He thus addresses you, "Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David." You want pardon, and Jesus cries from the cross, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." You want justification, and the Father points you to his Son, and says, "By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many, for he shall bear their iniquities." You want salvation, and he directs you to him who is exalted on high to give repentance and remission of sins. The God of heaven bids you look to his dear Son, and trust him.

Though I preach this gospel almost every day of the week,—and scarcely a day passes without my telling the old, old story,—yet it is ever new. If you, who hear me so often, grow weary of it, it is the fault of my style of putting it, for, to myself, it seems fresher every day! To think that the tender Father should say to the prodigal son, "I ask nothing of thee; I am willing to receive thee, sinful, guilty, evil as thou art; though thou hast injured me, and spent my substance with harlots; though thou hast fed swine, and though thou art fit to be nothing but a swine-feeder all thy days; yet come, just as thou art, to my loving bosom; I will rejoice over thee, and kiss thee, and say, 'Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet!'" Sinner, God grant thee grace to end all thy roamings in thy Father's bosom! "Why gaddest thou about so much?" Renounce all other hopes, and fly away to the wounds of Jesus. "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?" Listen and obey these closing lines:—

"Weary souls who wander wide  
From the central point of bliss,  
Turn to Jesus crucified,  
Fly to those dear wounds of his:  
Sink into the purple flood,  
Rise into the life of God.

"Find in Christ the way of peace,  
Peace, unspeakable unknown;  
By his pain he gives you ease,  
Life by his expiring groan:  
Rise, exalted by his fall;  
Find in Christ your all in all."

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

AN ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION.

## Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Lord's-day Evening, January 13th, 1867.*

"Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"—John ix. 35.

THE man, to whom our Saviour addressed this question, had been born blind; but he had been the subject of one of the Master's mightiest miracles, and was rejoicing in the possession of his newly-found sight. Our Lord is not accustomed to do things by halves; so, having given to this poor man natural sight, he intended also to give him spiritual sight. Having delivered him from the misery of living in this world in darkness, he would also deliver him from the dense darkness that brooded within his soul. Blessed be the name of the Lord, we are never straitened in him, but only in ourselves; and when we receive not, it is either because we ask not, or because we "ask amiss." Our Lord had given to this man his left hand full of minor mercies, and now he finds him out with his right hand full of yet richer treasures, giving to him exceeding abundantly above what he had asked or even thought.

In order to effect this man's salvation, our Lord asked him a question upon a most vital point: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" That question I will try to press home upon all my hearers, asking you, dear friends, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, learned and ignorant, to listen to the question, to give it an honest and earnest consideration, and to endeavour, as in the sight of God, to answer it from your inmost heart.

I. In the first place, the question of the text, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" is a MOST NECESSARY QUESTION.

I believe it is a question which ought to be asked from the pulpit far oftener than it is. I have been frequently pained, in reading sermons, and on the rare occasions when I have had the opportunity of hearing sermons, to note that they have been addressed to the whole congregation just as though all were Christians. It is too much the custom for ministers to address the whole assembly as "brethren", and to speak to a mixed multitude of men and women

as if they all had a part and lot in spiritual things. It seems that, if anywhere, certainly in the pulpit, there should be a wise and constant use of discrimination. The preacher should make his hearers clearly understand that there are some who fear God, and some who fear him not;—some who are still dead in trespasses and sins, and others who are alive unto God through the quickening power of the Holy Spirit. It would be a very wicked thing for me to delude you with the notion that you are all saved, for I cannot help fearing that some of you are not yet saved. The outward lives of some here are quite sufficient evidence that they have never been sanctified by the Holy Spirit. Indeed, I feel sure that I am addressing some who would not venture to claim that they are Christians. They are too honest to do that, for they know that they are strangers to the saving power of the grace of God; and how dare these lips of mine call those the children of God who are, at present, the children of wrath, even as others? How can my tongue pronounce that to be gold which I know is but dross? How can I speak to those of you, who are living, and I fear will die, without a Saviour, as though you had an equal interest in the precious blood of Jesus with those who believe in him?

Further, *the Sunday-school teacher must never take this matter for granted with his scholars*, any more than the preacher must take it for granted with his hearers. Even when the dear children appear to be favourable to the reception of the truth, to be impressed by the story of the cross, and to have a sort of childish love to Jesus, I think it is still well for us to ask this question over and over again, with tearful earnestness, "Dear child, dost thou believe on the Son of God?" for, if not, all that pretty talk of thine, and all those hopeful feelings of thine, will bring thee no solid, lasting good. Unless thou believest in Jesus, thou art outside the bounds of the kingdom of grace."

The people, who need to have this question most plainly put to them, are, probably, those who have had godly parents, and who have been brought up under religious influences. It is an untold blessing to have had godly parents; it is an unspeakable mercy to have been in the habit of attending a place of worship from our childhood; but there are dangers connected with even these blessings. It is not bigotry, it is not a want of Christian charity, it is not censoriousness when we say that there are tens of thousands of people, who have attended the services of the Church of England from their childhood, and who believe that, in their baptism, they were made members of Christ, the children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven; and that, since the bishop's hands were laid upon them in their confirmation, there is no need to ask them whether they believe on the Son of God. Do they not say, in their Creed, "I believe in God the Father, . . . and in Jesus Christ, his Son"? To ask such people whether they believe in the Son of God must surely be a piece of impertinence! Yet I venture to say that there are no people in the whole world who need more to be asked that question than they do. And while it is specially so in the Church of England because the Prayer-book helps

Episcopalians to imagine that they are Christians when they are not, it is very much the same among Dissenters. Many of you were taken to a place of worship in your mother's arms; and, therefore, unless you have been privileged to sit under a very honest and faithful ministry, you may be led to conceive that you are the children of God through your godly ancestry, and to imagine that the grace of God runs in your blood, and that you are a Christian because your father was a Christian, and that you ought to join a Christian church because your ancestors, for many generations, have belonged to that church. Beware of a mere ancestral religion, which may be of no more value than the ancestral religion of the Chinese. Do not suppose that you are personally right in the sight of God because you have had a godly mother and father, or godly grandparents. Christ's message to all who have not been regenerated by the Holy Spirit is, "Ye must be born again." True religion is personal; it is a thing which concerns each man himself. In the Prayer-book there is some nonsense about a sponsor promising, in a child's name, that he shall "renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh." Why, the sponsor cannot promise to do all that for himself, much less can he promise it for the child! No; you must yourselves come to God through Christ, personally make confession to him of your own sins, seek pardon for your own selves, look with your own eyes to Christ upon the cross, and find salvation in him for yourselves. All teaching that is contrary to this is nothing but deception, the invention of priestcraft or of the devil; and may God graciously enable you to escape from its snare!

It also strikes me that *this question ought to be frequently asked of all religious professors, and specially of all ministers of the gospel.* It is a terribly easy matter to be a minister of the gospel and a vile hypocrite at the same time. My brethren in the ministry, I feel this to be truly too true, and I often regret that I am not able to sit in one of those pews yonder, to listen to some faithful brother-minister, who would help me to see myself as I really am in the sight of God, and cause me to tremble before him, lest I should be either self-deceived or a deceiver of others. It is our misfortune that, if we begin to preach, without being truly converted, there is little likelihood that we shall ever be converted. This thought makes the pulpit to become a place where our shoes may well be, metaphorically, put off our feet,—a place of trembling, and alarm, and anxiety, for who is to preach to the preacher if he is himself unregenerate? Who shall press upon him the question, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Oh, then, what solemn heart-searchings, what strict self-examinations the preacher should have! How he should lay bare his breast before the all-searching eye of God, implore the inspection of the Infallible, ask to be weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, which cannot err, and seek to be judged by almighty wisdom lest, as Paul said, after having preached to others, he himself should be a castaway!

And it is very much the same, I am persuaded, with the deacons.



*and elders of the church.* Ah, my brethren, it is a high privilege to be officers of a Christian church; and for many of you I have long thanked God every time I have bowed my knees before him. Yet I must remind you that even you may be deceived, for some like you have been deceived. As I look back, with trembling, over the years of my pastorate in London, I cannot help recalling some who did run well, yet something or someone hindered them, so that they obeyed not the truth. As they turned back, may not any one of you, my brethren, do the same? May not I also go and do likewise? Nothing but the grace of God will prevent such a calamity.

I do not know how to talk with you as I want to do concerning this sad condition of soul. My heart would, if it could, get rid of my tongue, and then it would speak to you something like this:—Did not some of you, at one time, the moment you awoke in the morning, begin communing with God? Were there not red-letter days, when, from morning light to evening shade, you were in fellowship with the Most High? You had your burdens, but you always carried them to Jesus; and you had your joys, but you always shared them with him. You lived for him; your heart was warm towards him; you walked with him in constant communion; but, now, can you really live without even thinking of him? Can you be happy without thinking of your God? Have you a better house than you used to have, and more money, more friends, more of this world's good things, and do you now forget your God, and go the whole livelong day without any communication between your soul and him? Ah, then, you have indeed gone down in the world, not up; you are getting poorer and poorer; God help you! If you had come to me, and told me that you had lost everything, but that you loved Jesus better, I should have sympathized with you because of your trouble, but I should have congratulated you upon your grace. But now that you have got on so well in the world that you do not love your Lord as you once did, I can only pity you because of your dreadful prosperity, and mourn over the fearful loss which you have experienced.

And as for *you who have been members of this church year after year*, you who have been baptized into the name of the ever-blessed Trinity, you who have often gathered around your Master's communion table, permit me to shake you out of the slumbers of your fancied security. If you have taken it for granted that all must be well with you because you are a member of a Christian church, I do beseech you to make diligent search, lest you should be mistaken. I am no advocate of doubts and fears, as you all well know; on the contrary, I delight to extol the blessings of a full assurance of faith; yet, at the same time, I am well aware that it is hardly possible to have too much holy anxiety and sacred suspicion lest we should not be right with God. I do solemnly conjure you, by the living God,—every one of you old professors, you venerable fathers in our Israel, again to put this question of questions to your own heart and conscience, "*Dost thou believe on the Son of God?*" Have you a real, vital faith in the Lord Jesus

Christ, or is it only a mere notion or name, a mere sham to which you are trusting? God grant that we may all answer the question, and answer it honestly, as in his sight, for it is a most necessary question for every one of us to answer.

II. Secondly, and but briefly, I want to remind you that the question of the text is A REMARKABLY PLAIN QUESTION: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

Some people delight to see difficulties even where there are none; they revel in reading the Bible through spectacles of various colours. When you and I read our Bibles, there are certain passages which seem perfectly plain to us; we can understand them without any difficulty. But when these sectaries read the Bible, they find out such novelties, such astounding marvels, such wonderful things that are to happen in the future, that I can only say that, if their interpretation of the Bible be the correct one, it is a strange sort of Bible for God to have given to ordinary Christians like ourselves, for we might have read the Bible through fifty times yet never have found out such mysterious doctrines and practices as these people profess to have discovered there. May God graciously preserve all of you from falling into the snares that are set by these inventors of novelties and absurdities! They are always hunting after some new thing, like the Athenians of old, and they lead away many from the simple truths of the gospel.

But the question in our text is not a difficult or obscure one; it is, as our proverb says, "as plain as a pike-staff." "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Perhaps you would like me to explain to you the doctrine of election; well, I may do that another day. Possibly you would like to hear about the Second Advent, and that also I may tell you, as far as I can, in due time; but just now the question is concerning your soul's most vital interests. How do you stand in relation to God, and especially in relation to Jesus Christ whom he hath sent to be the propitiation for the sins of all who believe in him? This question is short, simple, plain, pointed: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" That is to say, is Jesus Christ, who was born of the Virgin Mary, acknowledged by thee to be the Son of God? You know that he died in the room, and place, and stead of sinners, and that his sacrifice atoned for the sins of all who trust in him, so that God can be just, and yet the Justifier of all who believe in his Son; so again I ask, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" When we were singing, a little while ago,—

"Jesus our Lord is crucified,"—

didst thou feel that the crucified Christ was thy Lord and Saviour? Didst thou rest thy soul, for time and eternity, upon that blessed Substitute for sinners, Jesus Christ the Son of God, expiring upon the accursed tree? If so, it is well with thy soul; but if not,—if your answer to the question of the text is in the negative, it amounts to this,—"I will not accept the propitiation which God has set forth; the only Saviour, whom God has provided, shall not save me; I will not come unto him that I may have life; I

will force my way to heaven by my own works or merits, or else I will go down to hell neglecting his great salvation." That is the real meaning of thy negative answer; and I ask thee, as an honest man, to do one thing; if that be thine answer, say it to thyself in so many words; or, better still, write it down, and sign it with thy name. If thou meanest to serve Baal, say so. If thou meanest not to have Christ as thy Saviour, say so. Sit down, and write out the reasons why thou rejectest Christ; put them into black and white, that thou mayest see them, and weigh them, as every right-minded man should do when he takes such an extraordinary course. If you think that Christ is not worth having for a Saviour, say, in your own handwriting, "I will not have him; I will not trust him; I will not be saved by him." If you do that, there will be something done, sad as it will be. But, at any rate, do answer the question of the text, for it is so plain and simple that it deserves a perfectly plain and straightforward answer.

III. Now, in the third place, and again with great brevity, I want to show you that this *is* A VERY PERSONAL QUESTION: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

You, young man, have been giving away tracts this afternoon; that is a very proper occupation, but "dost thou believe on the Son of God?" You, young woman, have been teaching a class in the Sabbath-school; that is well done on your part, I hope, but "dost thou believe on the Son of God?" You, my brother, have been preaching the gospel, this morning, according to your ability; so far, so good, but "dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Some of us sat, this morning, at the close of the public service, around our Master's communion table, where we broke bread in his name, as is our wont on the first day of the week; but, my fellow-communicant, "dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Wife, thou hast nothing to do with thy husband in this matter; and, husband, thou and thy wife must be set apart in this instance. For the moment, forgot that dear child of thine; hold him on thy knee if thou wilt, but apply not the question to him just now; but answer for thyself, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" That is to say, has thy heart really felt the weight of thine own sin, and hast thou come to Jesus Christ, and given that life-look at the crucified One which brings instantaneous pardon to all who believingly look? "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

Even our own prayers may come to be idols and hindrances to us. We may think that the way of salvation is to pray, which it certainly is not; for the way of salvation is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to believe on him at once. Unbelieving prayers will leave us as they find us; they cannot yield us any comfort. As it is with the prayers of others, so is it with our own; unless faith in Jesus Christ be mingled with them, they can never be a sweet savour unto God, and they can never bring a blessing to our own souls. What you have to do, dear friend, broken-hearted and cast down, is to look away from yourself, and all your fellow-men, to him whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation for sin. Looking to him brings life to the soul, and the testimony concerning all the

saints is this, "They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed." However feeble may be your eyesight, and however dark may be your surroundings,—

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One;"—

and whosoever looketh unto him shall live. Those who were bitten by the serpents in the wilderness were in various stages of poisoning. Some of them, no doubt, had their eyes well-nigh stopped up by the swellings that arose through the bites of the serpents; but, however feeble was the look they gave,—if it was only through the corner of the eye—if they did but catch a glimpse of the serpent of brass that Moses set upon the pole, as God commanded him, they lived at once. And if, in your case, sin seems to prevent the full exercise of faith, and your consciousness of guilt hinders your belief in Jesus Christ, yet say to him, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Touch at least the hem of his garment, and you shall find that it is not the measure of your faith, but the measurelessness of his grace, that will bring you the blessing you need. Though your faith is weak, his grace is strong. Though you can scarcely believe in him, all things are possible unto him, and he can cause even your weak faith to be the means of bringing salvation unto you.

Ah, my dear hearers, plain! as I am speaking to you,—and the gaudiness of oratory would be out of place here,—how hard it is to get you to do what I urge you to do! I would fain go down these stairs, and talk to you one by one; but I might fail even with such an expedient as that, and there are far too many of you for me to come round to each one; yet I remember how holy Richard Baxter pleaded with his people, "I would fain come, and kneel down before you, one by one, and say to you, 'Why will you reject the Saviour? Why will you die? Why will you cast away your souls?'" If I cannot do that literally, my spirit shall do it. My hearer, I ask thee, each one, "Dost *thou* believe on the Son of God?" This is the question which must be put personally to thee, for thou must die alone, and thou must rise in thine own body, and thou must be judged alone, and if thou wilt not believe on the Son of God, thou must be condemned alone, thou must personally be cast into hell. There can be no sponsor for thee in the flames of hell, no substitute there to bear thine everlasting woe in thy stead. Thou thyself wilt be cast into hell, if thou remainest an unbeliever; and, therefore, again I ask thee, "Dost *thou* believe on the Son of God?"

Thus I have shown you that the question of the text is a necessary, plain, personal question.

IV. Now, fourthly, I have to tell you that THIS QUESTION IS FUNDAMENTAL: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

This question goes right down to the very foundations of our faith;—the fundamentals, as we most properly call them. I do not think that we are right in asking for answers to very abstruse questions from young people. An aged Christian may be asked many questions concerning his experience, the depth of his sense

of inward sin, the height of his enjoyment of fellowship with Christ. These are proper points to be brought before those "who are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." It would be very improper to put questions upon these points to a babe in grace; but it would not be improper to put to a babe in grace the question now before us. I venture to come to any man, who professes to be a Christian, and whether he is illiterate or not, to put to him this question, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

I wish that some of you would put this fundamental question to yourselves, instead of trusting to the nonsense and absurdity in which you sometimes put your trust. Why, to this very day, there are some people, who believe that they are Christians because, as they looked out of the window, they thought to themselves, "If the Lord is gracious to us, we hope the sun will shine upon us;" the sun did shine upon them, and therefore they think that God must be gracious to them! What fools they must be to talk like that! Others have said that, as they were at their work, or in their bed, they thought they heard a voice! Suppose you did, what then? If all the voices in the world were heard by you, I would not give a penny for your religion if you do not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Another says, "I had such-and-such a text impressed upon my mind." If it had been impressed upon your heart by the Holy Spirit, it would have been a different matter. There is a superstitious way of misusing the Bible, of which even Mr. Wesley was guilty when he put a pin into the Scriptures to find out what he ought to do in a certain emergency; I believe that was as wicked as if he had shufled a pack of cards for the same purpose. God does not guide us in any such way as that. Neither is there any importance to be attached to what you dreamt, or what you heard, or what you saw, the one fundamental question is, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" If you do, and yet you never dreamed a dream in all your life, thank God that you have slept so well, and that you have not been troubled with indigestion, which is a great cause of dreams and visions of the night. If you have never heard mysterious voices, thank God that you have a well-regulated imagination and a well-balanced mind. If you have never had a text that seemed to speak to you like a mysterious incantation, thank God that, when you reverently read the Scripture, it speaks to you as the voice of God, and not as the voice of some witch of Endor, or as the voice of some old Delphic oracle speaking to a superstitious ear. My brother if thou believest on the Lord Jesus Christ, all is well with thee, so far as thy salvation is concerned. Thou mayest ask thyself, "Am I growing in grace? Am I making such advances as I ought in the divine life?" These questions are right and proper, and deserve to be duly pondered by thee; but if thou believest on the Son of God, thou hast the root of the matter in thee, thou hast the tree of life planted in thy soul, and thou shalt assuredly find a place in the paradise of God. So, ask no further question upon this point, for this is the fundamental question: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

V. Now, just for a few moments, let me remind you of what you know so well, namely, that **THIS QUESTION IS ALL-IMPORTANT.**

"Have you made your will?" somebody asks; and that is a very important question to one who has anything to leave. I think that people ought to see to that matter; and there are fifty other questions that might be asked, all of which would have their relative importance; but this is the weightiest question of all: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" How can I put that question, with due solemnity, to each person in this congregation? Dost thou not know, man, that life and death, heaven and hell, and bliss or woe unutterable depend upon thine answer to that short, simple question? If thou believest on Jesus, there are robes of whiteness and tearless eyes for thee; but if thou believest not, there are for thee—

"Flames that no abatement know  
Though briny tears for ever flow."

If thou canst truly say as thou lookest, by faith, to the precious blood of Jesus, "I am washed in that crimson flood, and I am clean every whit;"—if it be indeed so, then all things are thine, whether things present or things to come, life or death, time or eternity, all are thine, for thou art Christ's, and Christ is God's. All is well with thee now, and all shall be well with thee for ever and ever. But, oh! if thou hast to shake thy head, and sorrowfully say, No, I never was cleansed by Christ's blood: I never accepted him as my Saviour;" dost thou know what thy portion must be? Come, man; do not close thine eyes, like the silly ostrich, and then think to escape the hunter because thou dost not look upon him. Come man, come, look at the portion that awaits thee. Dost thou start at sight of it? Canst thou see thy dying bed, surrounded with gloom and darkness? Art thou afraid of that? That is a fair sight compared with what I have yet to show thee. There, move away that bed, and let the next scene appear: dost thou see that? What! dar'st thou not look at it? It is thy naked spirit shivering before the face of God while he pronounces its doom! Doth that affright thee? I have to show thee a more terrible picture by far than that! It is the earth on a blaze; the mountains are reeling to and fro, like drunken men; the stars, like withered fig-leaves, are falling from the sky; the sun is becoming black as sackcloth of hair; and all the while thou art crying to the hills to cover thee, and to the rocks to give thee shelter, for the great day of God's wrath has come, and thou art unable to endure it. Canst thou not gaze upon that picture? It is what thou wilt come to if thou remainest unsaved. But if thou art afraid of the picture, why art thou not afraid of the dreadful reality, for I have not yet shown you the worst of your doom! I scarcely dare to lift the curtain which hides that dreadful prison of the lost, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched; where the wrath to come, like a mighty ocean, never ceasing in its fiery flow, beats over the guilty for ever and ever, where the fierce tornado of the wrath divine blows upon the lost for ever and ever,

leaving them never a resting place, nor a moment's cessation from their awful agony. My poor words, which may seem, to some, terrible in their intensity, are feeble compared with the weighty words of the Lord Jesus as recorded in the Gospels; and, therefore, as a man who cares for you, and who fain would have you care for your own immortal souls, I do implore you, each one, to ask your own self this question, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" If you must honestly answer, "No;" then I ask you, "Will you not believe in Jesus now? Oh, that the Holy Spirit would graciously enable you, this very hour, to trust wholly to that glorious finished work which, on the cross, my Master has concluded once for all, and the merit of which, even in heaven, he delights to bestow upon all the sons and daughters of men who will believe on him.

VI. I feel persuaded, further, that this is A QUESTION WHICH CAN BE ANSWERED, AND WHICH OUGHT TO BE ANSWERED: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

I did not put into "Our Own Hymn Book" the hymn which begins,—

"Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought,—  
Do I love the Lord or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?"

I deliberated a good deal about it, and I left it out, not because I doubt whether a Christian may sing it, not because I have not sung it myself, but because I am not quite clear that I ought to ask any congregation to sing it; for I hope that most of those in any ordinary congregation will not be in such a state of mind as that. It is a suitable hymn for one to sing sometimes in private, when one cannot sing anything better; but it would scarcely suit a company of true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. A man may be, and I think sometimes will be in doubt as to whether he really believes in Jesus; but chronic doubt is a sin—that is not to be tolerated. Constant questioning as to whether you are saved, or not, is an unhealthy state for any of you to be in; you can tell, and you ought to tell, whether you believe in Christ, or whether you do not believe in him. Faith is, in one sense, the gift of God; but, in another sense, it is a mental act for which we are responsible. God gives us faith, but he does not believe for us. He does not give us faith as we give our children bread; but he, by the gracious operation of his Holy Spirit, makes us willing in the day of his power; and then we will to believe in Jesus, and we do believe in him. Well, then, this being the case, I should think that you can, each one, tell whether you have ever believed in God's Son as readily as you can tell whether you have ever trembled at God's Word. One mental act must surely be as much under the cognizance of your inner consciousness as another mental act is.

Besides, you can judge whether you have faith by seeing whether you have its fruits. If you have believed on the Son of God, you have a care about spiritual things which you never had while you

were an unbeliever, you are living in a world that is new to you,—in the spiritual realm where God rules by his Spirit;—and you are no longer confined to that which you can see with your eyes, and touch with your fingers. You see, and hear, and feel, and know now a thousand things of which you were formerly utterly unaware. If you have truly trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ, you are “a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.” You love what once you hated, and you hate what once you loved. You have altogether new tastes; you would not now find pleasure where once you revelled in it, and the weariness which you formerly felt in the services of God’s house is all gone now, and you find the Sabbath to be a delight, and the company of God’s people to be a foretaste of heaven. Are you, dear friend, at this moment desirous to be obedient to all the Lord’s commandments? Obedience to God is a flower that never grows on nature’s dunghill; it grows only where the Spirit of God has tilled the soil, and planted the root from which it springs. Surely thou knowest whether thou believest in Christ, or not. At any rate, go not to thy bed this night till thou knowest the truth about thy case. Fall not asleep with even the possibility that thou mayest awake in hell. Rest not, man, till thou art for ever safe; sleep not till thou knowest that God is thy friend, and that Christ is thy Saviour, lest, in the watches of the night, the hair of thy head should stand on end with horror as thou art awakened to find that thy last hour has come, and thou art not prepared to stand before thy Judge!

“How will thy heart endure  
The terrors of that day;  
When earth and heaven, before his face,  
Astonish’d shrink away?”

VII. Now I must come to the conclusion of my discourse, and I do so by saying that THIS QUESTION DEMANDS AN IMMEDIATE REPLY. “Dost thou believe on the Son of God?”

Possibly, one of you says, “Well, sir, I will give you my answer when I have a more convenient season.” No, you will not; for you will probably forget all about it unless you give the answer now. Oh, what a lot of hammering and beating the iron of the human heart will stand! I am sure that, if the iron that comes out of the bowels of the earth were half as difficult to soften, and to cast into moulds as the nature of man is, the iron-worker would give up his task as hopeless. Oh, how many times I have tried to preach the gospel to some of you,—not without tears, and not without headaches and heartaches, too,—not without earnest pleadings in secret with God, not without thinking and planning how I could set the old truth in a new light, and by what means I might enlighten your understandings, or interest your imagination, and capture your heart. But, alas! thus far, with some of you, the hunter has lost his prey, and the fisherman has waited in vain for his fish, and he is bitterly disappointed at his failure. When will the day come when we shall capture you for Christ?



What weapon of truth will p[er]suade you who are like leviathan in his pride? When shall we draw you ashore to life, and peace, and holiness, and happiness?

The great mischief with many of you is that you always talk about what you will do to-morrow! Yet there are newly-dug graves every day, and the grave-diggers hide the bodies of your fellows beneath the sod of the cemetery. It is true that, thus far, you have been spared; but are you, therefore, foolish enough to dream that you are immortal? Do you think that there is no tree growing out of which your coffin is to be made? Ah, sirs; some of you will never see another year! This is not a matter of guess-work with me; I know that it is the truth that a certain proportion out of every thousand persons now living must die this year. Everybody knows that, and here we have some six or seven thousand persons gathered together. Well, then, there must be so many of us who must go to the grave within the next twelve months. You know that you are not immortal; you know that you must die sooner or later; and some of you know that, if you were to die now, you would die without hope, for you have not believed in Jesus, and you would be eternally lost. I do beseech you, if you have any wits left, to use them now, and to be startled as I put to you that ancient question, "Why will ye die?" Where is the sense of it? Where is the reason for being damned? Do anything that is reasonable, man, and who can blame you? If you have a good excuse for doing a certain thing, if it pays you well to do it, if it is the right thing to do for your country even though it does not pay you,—go and do it. Cassius did a noble deed when he rode into the chasm in the Forum, and so filled it up, for he did good to Rome; but what good will your damnation do to you or anybody else? What good will it do even to the lost in hell? Even they might wish to keep you out of that dread place of torment, as the rich man wished to warn his brethren; for they would get no good through your ruin. What possible good can ever come to you if you are lost? It will be all hurt, and no good; all loss, and no gain; all wretchedness, and no joy; all darkness, and no light; all hell, and no heaven, for ever and ever. In the name of the living God, I beseech you, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, I implore you to trust Christ, and live. He, who stayed the storm on the Galilean lake, and saved the all-but-shipwrecked crew of the little skiff, can stay the waters of wrath that threaten to beat upon your bark, and save you even now. He, who said to the dying thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise," can do as much for you. His precious blood still pleads for mercy; his almighty power is still engaged on mercy's side. O my Master, enable these poor souls to trust in thee! Father, call the prodigal home! Welcome him now; give him the kiss of forgiveness now; clothe him with the best robe now! Spirit of the living God, descend and do what we cannot do; turn hearts of stone to flesh, and to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit shall be the praise for ever and ever. Amen.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

OUR CHAMPION.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*In the year 1864.*

"And Samson lay till midnight, and arose at midnight, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of an hill that is before Hebron."—Judges xvi. 3.

**POOR Samson!** We cannot say much about him as an example to believers. We must hold him up in two lights,—as a beacon, and as a prodigy. He is a beacon to us all, for he shows us that no strength of body can suffice to deliver from weakness of mind. Here was a man whom no fellow-man could overcome, but he lost his eyes through a woman;—a man mighty enough to rend a lion like a kid, yet, in due time, though himself stronger than a lion, he was bound with fetters of brass. When I think of the infatuation of which Samson was the subject, and remember that we are men of like passions with him, I can only, for myself, put up the prayer, "Lord, hold thou me up, and I shall be safe;" and urge you to do likewise.

And Samson is also a prodigy. He is more a wonder as a believer than he is even as a man. It is marvellous that a man could smite thousands of Philistines with no better weapon than the jaw-bone of a newly-killed ass; but it is still more marvellous that Samson should be a saint, ranked among those illustrious ones saved by faith, though such a sinner. The apostle Paul has put him among the worthies in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and Paul wrote by inspiration; therefore there can be no mistake about the fact that Samson was saved. Indeed, when I see his childlike faith, and note the way in which he dashed against the Philistines, and smote them, hip and thigh, with a great slaughter,—the way in which he cast aside all reckonings and probabilities, and in simple confidence in his God achieved the most tremendous feats of valour,—when I see this, I cannot but wonder and admire.

The Old Testament biographies were never written for our imitation.  
No. 3,009.

tion, but they were written for our instruction. Upon this one matter, what a volume of force there is in such lessons! "See," says God, "what faith can do. Here is a man, full of infirmities, a sorry fool; yet, through his childlike faith, he lives. 'The just shall live by faith.' He has many sad flaws and failings, but his heart is right towards his God; he does trust in the Lord, and he does give himself up as a man consecrated to his Lord's service, and, therefore, he is saved." I look upon Samson's case as a great wonder, put in Scripture for the encouragement of great sinners. If such a man as Samson, nevertheless, prevails by faith to enter the kingdom of heaven, so shall you and I. Though our characters may have been disfigured by many vices, and we may have committed a multitude of sins, if we can but trust Christ to save us, he will purge us with hyssop, and we shall be clean; he will wash us, and we shall be whiter than snow; and in our death we shall fall asleep in the arms of sovereign mercy to wake up in the likeness of Christ.

But now I am going to leave Samson alone, except as he may furnish us with a picture of our Lord Jesus Christ. Samson, like many other Old Testament heroes, was a type of our Lord. He is specially so in this case, and I shall invite you to look at Christ rather than at Samson. First, *come and behold our Champion at his work*: then, *let us go and survey the work when he has accomplished it*; and, thirdly, *let us enquire what use we can make of the work which he has performed*.

I. Come with me, then, brethren, and LOOK AT OUR MIGHTY CHAMPION AT HIS WORK.

You remember when our Samson, our Lord Jesus, came down to the Gaza of this world, 'twas love that brought him; love to a most unworthy object, for he loved the sinful church which had gone astray from him many and many a time; yet he came from heaven, and left the ease and delights of his Father's palace to put himself among the Philistines, the sons of sin and Satan here below.

It was rumoured among men that the Lord of glory was in the world, and straightway they took counsel together how they should slay him. Herod makes a clean sweep of all the children of two years old and under, that he may be sure to slay the newborn Prince. Afterwards, scribes and priests and lawyers hunt and hound him. Satan tempts him in the wilderness, and provokes him when in public. Death also pursue him, for he has marked him as his prey. At last, the time comes when the triple host of the Saviour's foes has fairly environed him, and shut him in. They have dragged him before Pilate; they have scourged him on the pavement; they drag him to the place called Calvary, while his blood drips upon the stones of Jerusalem's streets; they pierce his hands and his feet; they lift him up, a spectacle of scorn and suffering; and now, while dying in pangs extreme, and especially when he closes his eyes, and cries out, "It is finished," sin, Satan, and death all feel that they have the Champion safe. There he lies silently in the tomb. He, who is to bruise the old serpent's head, is himself bruised. O thou who art the world's great Deliverer,

there thou liest, as dead as any stone! Surely thy foes have led thee captive, O thou mighty Samson!

He sleeps; but think not that he is unconscious of what is going on. He knows everything. He sleeps till the proper moment comes, and then our Samson awakes; and what happens now? He is in the tomb and his foes have set a guard and a seal that they may keep him there. Will any help him now to escape out of their charge? Is there any man who will aid him now? No, there is none! If the Champion escapes, it must be by his own single-handed valour. Will he make a clear way for himself, and come up from the midst of his foes? You know he will, my brethren. For the moment the third day comes, he touches the stone, and it is rolled away. He has defeated death; he has pulled up the posts of the grave, and taken away its gates and bars. As for sin, he treads that beneath his feet: he has utterly overthrown it; and Satan, too, lies broken beneath the heel that once was bruised; he has broken the old dragon's head, and cut his power in pieces for ever. Solitary and alone, his own arm brings salvation unto him, and his righteousness sustains him. Methinks I see him now as he goes up that hill which is before Hebron—the hill of God. He bears upon his shoulders the uplifted gates of the grave,—the tokens of his victory over death and hell. Doors and posts, and bar and all, he bears them up to heaven. In sacred triumph he drags his enemies behind him. Sing to him! Angels, praise him in your hymns! Exalt him, cherubim and seraphim! Our mightier Samson hath gotten to himself the victory, and cleared the road to heaven and eternal life for all his people. You know the story. I have told it ill, but it is the most magnificent of all stories that e'er were told. "Arms, and the man, I sing," said one of the great classic poets of old; but I can say, "The cross and the Christ, I sing." 'Tis my delight to tell of him who espoused the cause of his people, and, though for a while a captive, broke the green with and fetters of brass; and, having gained the victory for himself, liberated others also, then goes, at the head of his emancipated people, along the way which he has opened,—the new way which leadeth to the right hand of God.

II. Let us go now, dear brethren, and calmly SURVEY THE WORK WHICH CHRIST HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

We will stand at the gates of old Gaza, and see what the champion has done. Those are ponderous hinges, and they must have held up huge doors. We will look at these doors, and posts, and this bar. Why, it is a mass of iron that ten men could hardly lift, and it might take fifty more to carry those huge doors. They were scarcely moved, even on their hinges, without the efforts of a dozen men; and yet this one man carried them all, and I read not that his shoulders were bent, or that he grew weary. Seven miles at least Samson carried that tremendous load, up hill all the way, too! Still he bore it all without staggering, nor do I find that he was faint as he was aforetime at Ramath-lehi.

I will not linger upon Samson's exploits, rather would I lift up your thoughts to the great Captain of our salvation. See what

Christ has carried away. I said that he had three enemies. These three beset him, and he has achieved a threefold victory over them.

There was death. My dear friends, Christ, in being first overcome by death, made himself Conqueror over death, and he hath given us also the victory; for, concerning death, we may truly say that Christ has not only opened the gates, but he has taken them away; and not the gates only, but the very posts, and the bar, and all. Christ "hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light."

He hath abolished it in this sense,—that, in the first place, the curse of death is gone. Believers die, but they do not die for their sins. "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." We die, but it is not any longer as a punishment. It is the fruit of sin, but it is not the curse of sin that makes the believer die. To other men, death is a curse; to the believer, I may almost put it among his covenant blessings, for to sleep in Jesus Christ is one of the greatest mercies that the Lord can give to his believing people. The curse of death, then, being taken away, we may say that the posts are pulled up.

Christ has also taken away the after results of death, the soul's exposure to the second death. Unless Christ had redeemed us, death, indeed, would have been terrible; for it would have been the shore of the great lake of fire. When the wicked die, their punishment at once begins; and when they rise again, at the general resurrection, it is but to receive in their bodies and in their souls the due reward of their sins. The sting of death is the second death,—that which is to come afterwards.

"To die;—to sleep:—

To sleep! perchance, to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come!"

said the world's poet;—nay, not what "dreams" may come, but what substantial pains, what dread miseries, what everlasting sorrows will come! These are not for Christians. There is no hell for you, believer. Christ has taken away posts, and bar, and all. Death is not to you any longer the gate of torment, but the gate of paradise.

Moreover, Christ has not only taken away the curse, and the after results of death, but from many of us he has taken away even the fear of death. He came on purpose to "deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime, subject to bondage." There are not a few here who could conscientiously say that they do not dread death; nay, but rather look forward to it with joyful expectation. We have become so accustomed to think of our last hours that we die daily; and when the last hour shall arrive, we shall only say, "Our marriage day has come."

"Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets my longing soul at large."

We shall joyfully hail the summons to mount beyond this land of woes, and sighs, and tears to be present with our God. The fear

of death having been taken away. We may truly say that Christ has taken away posts, and bar, and all.

Besides, beloved, there is a sense in which it may be said that Christians never die at all. Jesus said to Martha, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Saints do not die; they do but—

"Sleep in Jesus, and are Blessed."

But the main sense in which Christ has pulled up the posts of the gates of death is that he has brought in a glorious resurrection. O grave, thou canst not hold thy prisoners; for they must rise! O death, thy troops of worms may seem to devastate that fair land of human flesh and blood; but that body shall rise again blooming with more beauty than that with which it fell asleep. It shall upstart from its bed of dust, and silent clay, to dwell in realms of everlasting day. Conceive the picture, if you can! If you have imagination, let the scene now present itself before your eyes. Christ, the greater Samson, sleeping in the dominions of death; death boasting and glorifying itself that now it has conquered the Prince of life; Christ waking, striding to that gate, dashing it aside, taking it upon his shoulders, carrying it away, and saying as he mounts to heaven, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Another host which Christ had to defeat was *the army of sin*. Christ had come among sinners, and sins beset him round. Your sins and my sins beleaguered the Saviour till he became their captive. "In him was no sin," yet sins "compassed him about like bees." Sin was imputed to him; the sins of all his people stood in his way to keep him as well as them out of heaven. When Christ was on the cross, my brethren, he was looked upon by God as a sinner, though he never had been a sinner; and when in the grave, he could not rise until he was justified. Christ must be justified as well as his people. He was justified not as we are, but by his own act. We are not justified by acts of our own as he was. All the sin of the elect was laid upon Christ; he suffered its full penalty, and so was justified. The token of his justification lay in his resurrection. Christ was justified by rising from the dead, and in him all his people were justified too. I may say, therefore, that all our sins stood in the way of Christ's resurrection; they were the great iron gate, and they were the bar of brass, that shut him out from heaven. Doubtless, we might have thought that Christ would be a prisoner for ever under the troops of sin; but, oh, see him, my brethren! See how the mighty Conqueror, as he bears our sins "in his own body on the tree," stands with unbroken bones beneath the enormous load, bearing—

\* All that incarnate God could bear,  
With strength enough, but none to spare."

See how he takes those sins of ours upon his shoulders, and carries them right up from his tomb, and hurls them away into the deep

abyss of forgetfulness, where, if they be sought for, they shall not be found any more for ever. As for the sins of all God's people, they are not partly taken away, but they are as clean removed as ever the gates of Gaza were,—posts, gates, bar, and all; that is to say, every sin of God's people is forgiven.

“There's pardon for transgressions past,  
It matters not how black their cast;  
And, oh, my soul, with wonder view,  
For sins to come there's pardon too!”

Every sin that all the elect ever did commit, are now committing, or ever shall commit, was taken away by Christ, taken upon his shoulders in his great atoning sacrifice, and carried away. There is no sin in God's book against any of his people; he seeth no sin in Jacob, neither iniquity in Israel; they are justified in Christ for ever.

Moreover, as the guilt of sin was taken away, the punishment of sin was consequently taken away too. For the Christian there is no stroke from God's angry hand; nay, not so much as a single frown of punitive justice. The believer may be chastised by a Father's hand; but God, the Judge of all, has nothing to say to the Christian, except, “I have absolved thee: thou art acquitted.” For the Christian, there is no hell, no penal death, much less any second death. He is completely freed from all the punishment as well as the guilt of sin, and the power of sin is removed too. It may stand in our way to keep us in perpetual warfare; but, oh, my brethren, sin is to us a conquered foe. There is no sin which a Christian cannot overcome, if he will only rely upon his God to enable him to do so. They who wear their white robes in heaven overcame through the blood of the Lamb, and you and I may do the same. There is no lust too mighty, no besetting sin too strongly entrenched; we can drive these Canaanites out; though they have cities walled unto heaven, we can pull their cities down, and overcome them through the power of Christ. Do believe, Christian, that thy sin is virtually a dead thing. It may kick and struggle. There is force enough in it for that, but it is a dead thing. God has written condemnation across its brow. Christ has crucified it, “nailing it to his cross.” Do you go now and bury it for ever, and the Lord help you to live to his praise! Oh, blessed be his name, sin, with the guilt, the power, the shame, the fear, the terror of it, is gone. Christ has taken posts, and bar, and all up to the top of the hill.

Then there was a third enemy, and he also has been destroyed,—that was *Satan*. Our Saviour's sufferings were not only an atonement for sin, but they were a conflict with Satan, and a conquest over him. Satan is a defeated foe. The gates of hell cannot prevail against the Church of Christ, but Christ has prevailed against the gates of hell. As for Satan, the posts, and bar, and all have been plucked up from his citadel in this sense,—that Satan has now no reigning power over believers. He may bark at us like a dog, and he may go about like a roaring lion, but to read and

to devour us are not in his power. There is a chain about the devil's neck, and he can only go as far as God likes, but no further. He could not tempt Job without first asking God's leave, and he cannot tempt you without first getting God's permission. There is a permit needed before the devil dares so much as look on a believer; and so, being under divine permission, he will not be allowed to tempt us above what we are able to bear.

Moreover, the exceeding terror of Satan is also taken away. A Man has met Apollyon foot to foot, and overcome him. That Man in death triumphed over Satan; so may you and I. The *prestige* of the old enemy is gone. The dragon's head has been broken, and you and I need not fear to fight with a broken-headed adversary. When I read John Bunyan's description of Christian's fight with Apollyon, I am struck with the beauty and truth of the description, but I cannot help thinking, "If Christian had but known how thoroughly Apollyon had been thrashed in days gone by, by his Master, he would have thrown that in his face, and made short work of him." Never encounter Satan without recollecting that great victory that Christ achieved on the tree. Do not be afraid, Christian, of Satan's devices or threatenings. Be on your watch-tower against him. Strive against him, but fear him not. Resist him, being bold in the faith, for it is not in his power to keep the feeblest saint out of heaven, for all the gates which he has put up to impede our march have been taken away, posts, and bar, and all, and our God the Lord has gotten to himself the victory over all the hosts of hell.

### III. We will now see HOW WE CAN USE THIS VICTORY.

Surely there is some comfort here,—*comfort for you, dear friend, over yonder*. You have a desire to be saved; God has impressed you with a deep sense of sin; the very strongest wish of your soul is that you might have peace with God. But you think there are so many difficulties in the way,—Satan, your sins, and I know not what. Beloved, let me tell thee, in God's name, there is no difficulty whatever in the way except in thine own heart, for Christ has taken away the gates of Gaza,—posts, bar, and all. Mary Magdalene said to the other Mary, or the women said to one another, when they went to the sepulchre, "Who shall roll us away the stone?" That is what you are saying. And when they came to the place, the stone was rolled away. That is your case, poor troubled conscience; the stone is rolled away. What! you cannot believe it? Here is God's testimony for it: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." You want an atonement for your sins, do you? "It is finished." You want someone to speak for you. "He is able to save unto the uttermost, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us." Canst thou believe in the mercy of God in Christ, and rest thy poor guilty soul upon the merit of his doing and the virtue of his dying? If thou canst, God is reconciled to thee. There may have been great mountains between thee and God, but they are all gone. There may have been the Red Sea of thy sins, rolling between thee and thy Father.



That Red Sea is dried up. (I tell thee, soul, if thou believest in Christ Jesus, not only is there a way of access between thy soul and God, but there is a clear way. You remember, when Christ died, the veil of the temple was rent in twain. There was not a little slit for sinners to creep through, but it was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom, so that big sinners might come, just in the same way as when Samson pulled up gates, posts, bar, and all, there was a clear way out into the country for all who were locked up in the town. Prisoner, the prison doors are open. Captive, loose the bonds on thy neck; be free! I sound the trumpet of jubilee. Bond-slaves, Christ hath redeemed you. Ye who have sold—

“Your heritage for nought,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesu's love.”

The Lord hath anointed his Son Jesus “to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.” Trust thou him. May his mercy lead thee to trust him now, for there is really nothing to prevent thy salvation if thou retest in him. Between thy soul and God, I tell thee, there is no dividing wall. “He is our peace, who hath made both one; . . . and came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh.” May these precious words be treasured up by such as need them! Some of you need them. May the Spirit of God put them into your hearts, and lay them up there, that you may find comfort in Christ!

But is there not something more here? Is there not here a ground of exhortation to Christians? Brethren, have not some of you been tolerating some sin,—some besetting sin, which you think you cannot overcome? You would be more holy, but the thought that you are not able to overcome it makes your arm nerveless against your own sin. So you think that Christ has left the posts, do you? I tell you, no; “whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin.” He that is born of God sinneth not with allowance; he sinneth not with constancy; and it is in his power, with the Holy Spirit's aid, to overcome his sin; and it is his duty, as well as his privilege, to go to war against the stoutest of his corruptions till he shall tread them under foot. Now, will you believe, brethren, that, in the blood of Christ, and in the water that flowed with it from his side, there is a sovereign virtue to kill your sins? There is nothing standing between you and the pardon of your sins but your unbelief; and if you will but slake that off, you shall march triumphantly through the gate of glory.

Once more, and I have done. Is not this an incentive for us, who profess to be servants of Christ, to go out and fight with the world, and overcome it for Christ? Brethren, where Jesus leads us, it needs not much courage for us to follow. “The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.” Let us go and take it for him! Nations that sit in darkness shall see a great light. Satan may have locked up the world with bigotry, with idolatry, and with superstition, as with posts and bars, but the kingdom is the Lord's;

and if we will but rouse ourselves to preach the Word, we shall find that the Breaker has gone up before us, and broken and torn away the gates, and posts, and bar, and all; and we have nothing to do but to enjoy an easy victory. God help us to do so!

And now, as we come to the Lord's table, let us have before us this vision of our glorious Samson achieving his mighty victory; and, while we weep for sin, let us praise his superlative power and love that have wrought such marvels for us. The Lord give us to enjoy his presence at his table, and he shall have the praise! Amen.

## Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

### PSALM LI.

A psalm of David, when Nathan the prophet came to him, and rebuked him, in the name of God, for his great sin with Bath-sheba.

Verse 1. *Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.*

This is not a Psalm to be sung to the joyous music of the harp and the viol, but rather to the minor music of sighs, and groans, and tears. You must have the picture of weeping David before your mind's eye if you would really get to the heart and soul of his language here. There is only one thing on the psalmist's heart, and that is the consciousness of his great sin, which seemed to swallow up everything else. He feels that he must have that sin forgiven; he cannot rest until he knows that it is pardoned.

Note how he makes his appeal to the lovingkindness and tender mercies of God. A sinner under a sense of sin has a keen eye for the mercy of God, for he knows that there is his only hope, and therefore he looks for it as a mariner at sea looks for a star, and will not allow even one to escape his observation if there be but one visible between the rifts of the clouds. David urges the most powerful plea with God. "According to thy lovingkindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."

2. *Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.*

For he loathes it; it is abominable in his sight, his whole spirit seems sickened at the very recollection of it. He not merely prays, "Wash me," but "'Wash me thoroughly.' Wash me thoroughly, not only from sin, but from the in-equity of it, the wrongdoing of it, that wherein it was essentially sin; and when thou hast washed me, cleanse me, for, perhaps, washing will not be enough; there may need a cleansing by fire. Lord, cleanse me anyhow, only do cleanse me from my sin."

3. *For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.*

He had tried to forget it, but he could not, for it haunted him wherever he went. He had put it behind his back, but now it had got in front of his eyes. It seemed as if it were painted on his eye-balls, and he could not see without seeing through his sin. This is how God makes men repent,—how he makes sin to be like gall and wormwood to them.

4. *Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.*

David had sinned against a great many others beside God, but the virus, the very poison of the sin, seemed to him to lie in this, that he had sinned against God. The unregenerate usually take no account of that; they care nothing about sinning against God. Offending men, doing some injury to

their fellow-creatures, may cause them trouble; but as for offending God, they snap their fingers at that, and count it to be something not worth even thinking of. But when a man is really awakened by divine grace, he sees that sin is an attack upon God, an offence against God's very nature; and this becomes the heaviest burden to him. Do you know what this experience means, dear friends?

5. *Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.*

David has got further than seeing sin upon him; he sees that he is himself sinful, that his nature, his very being, is steeped and dyed in sin. The evil is, not merely that thou hast sinned, but that thou art a sinner. Sin would never come out of thee if it were not in thee. And, oh, what a mine of sin, what a bottomless deep of sin, there is in human nature! No wonder that it bursts forth as it does. As the volcano is but the index of a mighty seething ocean of devouring flame within the bowels of the earth, so any one sin is only a token of far greater sinfulness that seethes and boils within the cauldron of our nature: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me."

6. *Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts:*

"Alas, O Lord, it is not there! I have looked there, but have seen only sin. It is not truth, but the reverse of truth, that I find in my inward parts. Lord, thou wilt never have what thou desirest to see in me unless thou dost put thy hand to the work."

6. *And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.*

Yes, God can teach us. Even those hidden parts which no human teaching can reach, God can touch, and there he can make us to know wisdom.

7. *Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:*

"Sprinkle the blood of atonement upon me; give me a sacrificial cleansing, and then I shall be clean."

7. *Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*

To my mind, this is a wonderful expression of faith; I do not know of any Scripture that seems more full of holy confidence than this is. David had such a deep sense of his sinfulness that it was a wonderful thing that he should have, side by side with it, such a perfect confidence in the power of God to cleanse him. It is easy enough to say, "I shall be whiter than snow," when we do not realize what scarlet sinners we are; but when the crimson is before us, and we are startled by it, it requires a real and living faith to be able to say to God, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

8. *Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.*

God has a way of making our sins come home to us like the blows of great bone-breaking hammers. I suppose that no pain can be much worse than that of a broken bone, but God can make the pain of sin in the conscience to be as continuous and as intense as that of broken bones; and then, blessed be his name, he knows how to heal the bones which he has broken, and to make each broken bone to sing and rejoice. Whereas it groaned before, he can give it a new power, and make that very bone to be a mouth out of which shall come praise to God.

9. *Hide thy face from my sins,*

"Lord, look no more at them. Do not hide thy face from me, but hide it from my sins."

"O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book!"

- 9. *And blot out all mine iniquities.*

"Do not let them be recorded any longer, O Lord! Run thy pen through them; let them not stand against me in thy books of remembrance!"

10. *Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.*

Here the truly quickened man speaks. It is not salvation from punishment he asks for, but salvation from the power of sin. He wants a new heart. He wants to have removed from him the defiling power of sin over his affections: "'Create in me a clean heart, O God.' It will need the Creator to do it. Only the God who made the world can make me what I ought to be. Great Creator, put thy hand to this work: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.'"

11. *Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.*

"O Lord, do not thrust me into a dungeon, and say, 'Thou shalt never be a favoured child of mine again.' 'Take not thy Holy Spirit from me.' That I should dread beyond everything else."

12. *Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.*

"Lord, I shall slip again unless thou dost hold me up; and, since thou canst not trust thy little child by himself, come and teach me how to walk."

13. *Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.*

"If thou wilt but teach me, and save me, and cleanse me, then I will tell to others what great things thou hast done for me. I will tell out the story of thy love that others also may prove its power."

14. *Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.*

This was a wonderful prayer, but it was not wonderful that David should get relief when he called his sin by its right name. Another man, in his place, might have said, "I did not kill Uriah. It is true that I had him put where he was likely to be slain, but then the sword devoureth one as well as another." That was the way that David did hypocritically talk at first; but now that his conscience has been aroused, he confesses that he is a murderer: "Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God."

15, 16. *O Lord open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise. For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.*

How wonderfully a true sense of sin puts a man on the track of Evangelical doctrine; David could see that sin was too grievous a thing for the blood of sheep and bullocks to wash it away; and though he did not despise the ritual which God had ordained, he looked beyond it to something greater and better of which it was but a type.

17, 18. *The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.*

This is a blessed end to David's mournful Psalm. He felt that his sin had a tendency to do injury to the Church of God,—that he had, in fact, pulled down the towers of Zion by his iniquity, so he prays "Build thou the walls of Jerusalem."

19. *Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.*

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# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

JACOB'S MODEL PRAYER.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Lord's-day Evening, June 16th, 1867.*

"And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee: I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands. Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children. And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude."—Genesis xxxii. 9–12.

You must have noticed, dear friend, how very frequently God makes the life of a man to be the reflection of his character. There is an echo, in his outward experience, to the inward character of the man.

Look at the life of Abraham. He trusted God in a very eminent degree; shall I be incorrect if I say that God also eminently trusted him? The Lord spake with Abraham as a man speaketh with his friend; and when he was about to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah, he said, "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?" And as Abraham had trusted God in so notable a manner, the Lord entrusted his seed with the oracles of God, and with the outward forms of religious worship, so that it was through the seed of Abraham that the truth was handed on, from generation to generation, until the days of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Then, next, in contrast to the life of Abraham, take the case of Jacob. He begins life by cheating his brother; and, however that cheating may have been overruled so as to fulfil the purposes of God, it was altogether unjustifiable. Now, as he had begun with Esau in that fashion, so he had it returned into his own bosom. When he was with Laban, he was cheated again and again,—cheated even in the wife who was given or sold to him. He was a great bargainer, shrewd, crafty, not over scrupulous,—the typical father of the Jews; yet you know how he was continually being overreached by Laban, who could also bargain on his own account.

No. 3,010.

What a bargaining life it was all through, and what a life of sorrow, although he was still favoured of God. His outward experience was the echo of his inward character. As he had done to others, so was it done to him, and in him was fulfilled our Lord's declaration, which had not then been uttered, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Look also at Moses, practically renouncing the throne of Egypt by refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, because he esteemed the reproach of Christ to be greater riches than all the treasures in Egypt; yet what did he afterwards become? Was he not king in Jeshurun, with a strange and marvellous power over the hosts of the Lord, and with a greater kingdom under him, according to the judgment of all who are able to weigh things aright, than he could ever have had if he had become the ruler of Egypt, and the son of Pharaoh's daughter?

I might give you other illustrations of this fact; but I want, rather, to attract your attention to the better side of Jacob's character as we have it revealed in the prayer which I have selected for our meditation on this occasion.

The chapter, from which our text is taken, informs us as to the circumstances of Jacob's case at the time that he offered this prayer. He had just escaped from his trouble with Laban when he received the inexpressible honour of being met by "the angels of God." But, lest he should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations which they made to him, a second trouble followed closely upon the heels of the first. He was soon to meet his brother Esau; and then, the great sin of his earlier years would be brought home to him. He had deceived his old father Isaac, and had gained the birthright blessing by utterly unjustifiable subtlety; and he might reasonably expect that he was about to reap the due reward of his evil deeds.

With true Oriental craft, and also with a considerable amount of common sense, he made various plans for appeasing the wrath of his brother; and then, when he had done what he thought to be wise, he betook himself to prayer. Brethren, let us learn, from Jacob's experience, to expect troubles, especially if we have so acted as to bring trouble upon ourselves; but let us also learn, from Jacob's action, that, while planning is right enough when kept within its proper bounds, prayer is much more important. We may easily go to excess in our planning; we may depend so much upon an arm of flesh, and upon our own wisdom and prudence, and have such confidence in our own scheming that it may, after all, turn out to be utter folly. The staff, on which we lean, may turn out to be, at best, but a broken reed; perhaps even a spear which shall pierce and wound us. "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man;" or to have confidence in ourselves; for, even if we had all the wisdom that it is possible for man to attain, it would be but created wisdom; whereas, if we go at once to the Lord our God, we shall go to infinite wisdom, and we may expect to be guided aright through all the difficulties of the way.

Prayer, my brethren, must be our first resource; or if it is also

the last, let it be the first as well. Let us not merely go to God's door because we have tried everybody else, and failed. Let us not go to the fountain simply because the cisterns are exhausted; but let us go to our God first and foremost, and let us say, "Even if earth's cisterns did contain water, we would not forsake our God for them; and if all the forces of our fellow-creatures were as real and powerful as they profess to be, we would still lean upon the arm that bears up the whole universe,—the unseen arm of the faithful Creator."

I selected this subject for our meditations, on this occasion, because it appears to me to give us a sort of model of what prayer should be. We shall view it first in that light; and when we have so done, I shall have a little to say about *Jacob's last plea*, for it is most suggestive; and then I shall close with a word or two upon the answer to this model prayer of the patriarch.

I. First, then, concerning JACOB'S MODEL PRAYER, which is one of the earliest that is recorded in Holy Scripture; at least, in such detail.

I commend it for your imitation, my dear friends, first, because of the plainness of its matter. Jacob does not come before God with a long roundabout story, telling in general terms the fact that he was in some sort of trouble, out of which he wished to be divinely helped; but he distinctly mentions the perilous circumstances in which he found himself. "He says, "O God, . . . deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau." Of course, God knew that the name of Jacob's brother was Esau; yet Jacob thought it was necessary to mention his brother's name in order that his prayer should be definite and clear. So he pleaded, "Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children." He was probably then alluding to his dearly-beloved Rachel and her son Joseph, though he may also have referred to the other mothers in the company, for he was a tender father, and cared for his children, and he mentioned them as being very near his heart, and specially needing divine protection. So you see that Jacob is very clear as to what he asks of God; and I urge you, my brethren, to imitate him in this respect.

"When we pray, we sometimes use very roundabout expressions; we do not come straight to the point; we seem to imagine that a kind of religious etiquette forbids us from speaking plainly at the throne of grace. I am persuaded that this notion is altogether wrong; and instead of God approving this mode of speaking to him in prayer, he would much rather have us speak to him as a child speaks to his earthly father,—respectfully, reverently, remembering that he is in heaven, and we are on earth, yet simply and plainly, for our Heavenly Father needs no garnishing of our speech; and the poor tawdry flowers of eloquence, with which some of our brethren at times adorn their prayers, must be displeasing to God rather than acceptable to him. Especially must you unconverted ones imitate Jacob in this matter of plainness of speech; when you pray, never mind about the mode of your expression, but come to



the main point at once. Tell the Lord that you have grievously offended him; and mention your sins to him in private, by name. If your great sin has been drunkenness, call it by that name; if it has been uncleanness, call it by that name. Do not endeavour to dissimulate before the Lord, or to cloak your sin before the all-seeing Jehovah. You need not reach down a prayer-book to see how the bishops would have you pray, nor borrow somebody's Morning Devotions to see how a certain eminent divine prayed; but go straight to God, and say, "O Lord, thou knowest what I want! I am a poor guilty sinner, and I cannot express myself in such a way as to please my fellow-creatures; but thou knowest what I am, and what I need. Wilt thou graciously give me the pardon of my sin, O thou who alone canst forgive the guilty? Wilt thou receive me to thy bosom, thou blessed Saviour of the lost?" Come to the point with God, dear friends; be explicit with him; let it be seen that you are not praying for the mere sake of performing a certain religious ceremony, but that you have real business to transact with the Most High. You know what your request is, and you do not intend to leave the mercy-seat until your request is granted.

So I commend Jacob's prayer to you because of the plainness of its speech.

Next, it is to be commended for *the humility of its spirit*. Notice especially these words of the patriarch, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two hands." If you even hint that there is any worthiness in yourself, the power of your prayer is at once destroyed; but if you plead your unworthiness, you will then be standing where the publican stood when he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and you know how "he went down to his house justified rather than the" Pharisee, who said that he fasted twice in the week, gave tithes of all he possessed, and was not like other men, especially that publican! In that way he destroyed any power that his prayer might otherwise have possessed. His self-conceit tore the chariot wheels from his prayer, so that it dragged heavily, and soon could not move even an inch. On the other hand, a deep sense of sin, a full consciousness of utter undesert, will enable you, like Jacob, to wrestle with the great Angel of the covenant, and to prevail over him. Possibly, you have not succeeded with God because you have not sunk low enough before him. You unconverted ones especially, if you put your mouths in the very dust, that will be the best attitude for you to assume. If you still have some relics of strength, you will not receive divine strength. If there are some remnants of the pristine idea of human merit tolerated in your heart, the robe of Christ's righteousness will not be wrapped around you. Ask the Lord to strip you of every rag of self-righteousness, to enable you to trust in Jesus alone, and to have no confidence in the flesh, either in the feelings which you experience or in the works which you do. Your time of uplifting will follow close upon your time of falling down flat upon your face. The dawn of day succeeds the darkest hour of the night, so ask

God to bring you down to that dark hour in which the night covers every hope that is born of human confidence, for then will the Lord appear to you in his brightness. So, imitate the prayer of Jacob in its humility of spirit.

The third point in which I would have you copy Jacob's model prayer is in the *arguments to be used*. The whole prayer is highly argumentative. If some of the prayers I have heard at prayer-meetings,—though I must say that the fault is less in this place than in most others with which I have become acquainted,—if some of the prayers at certain prayer-meetings were less doctrinal, less experimental, and more argumentative with God, they would be more like true prayer should be, for true prayer is just pleading with the Most High, spreading our case before him, and then pressing our suit with all the arguments we can muster.

In this short prayer of the patriarch, no less than four arguments are used. The first is the argument from the covenant: "O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac." God had entered into covenant relationship with Abraham, and made solemn promises to him and to his seed, so Jacob prays, "O Lord, thou hast pledged thyself to be the God of the seed of Abraham, whose grandson I am, and of the seed of Isaac, whose son I am,—now, therefore, by thy faithfulness to thy covenant promise, help me in this dark hour of my life!" Beloved friends, this is the kind of plea that we can use with the Lord: "O God, hast thou not made a covenant with the Lord Jesus by which thou hast promised that thou wilt save all them that trust in him? Hast thou not said, 'I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people'? Then, Lord, though guilty, I trust to the merits of thy dear Son, and I ask to be absolved by virtue of his great atoning sacrifice. Behold, as the earthen vessel hangs upon the nail, so hang I upon him, and upon him alone. Now, by the covenant of thy grace, which is ordered in all things and sure, I beseech thee to manifest thy love to me." If you use such gracious pleading as that with the Lord, you will surely prevail with him. And I urge you also, children of God, to do the same, for the everlasting covenant is a mighty plea with God,—

"In every dark distressful hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power."

Then we pass on to the next use which Jacob makes of the promise which God had given him: "Thou saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee." If you and I know that we are walking in the path of duty, if we are where the Lord has bidden us go, we can always claim the divine promise. The Lord is bound to protect his servants when they are in the path of obedience to his command. If you follow your own counsel, you must manage to take care of yourselves; but if you go where the Bible and the clear indications of divine providence guide you, you may always reckon that the Master who sent you will protect his obedient servants, let the dangers of the way be whatever they may. If God should command you to go to the

utmost verge of this green earth, to rivers unknown to song; or if he should bid you travel through distant deserts, as Mungo Park journeyed through the midst of Africa, yet he could preserve your life there as well as here in England; and being there, sent by him, you may rest assured that you shall hear the sound of your Master's feet behind you, or have other unmistakable evidences of his presence with you.

And, sinner, this is a good plea for you to use. You can say, "Lord, thou didst tell me to believe in Jesus Christ, thy Son; then, wilt thou not accept me, for his sake, for I have done what thou didst bid me do? Thou hast said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble;' Lord, this is a day of trouble with me, and I do call upon thee; so wilt thou not answer me?" If you argue with the Lord in such a style as this, you will find that this kind of pleading is potent with him who is omnipotent.

Then, further, Jacob argued with God from his past history. He said that he was not worthy of the least of God's mercies, yet he had received many of them. "Though he went over the river Jordan, when he left his home, a sad and solitary man, with nothing but his walking-staff in his hand, yet he had come back with wives and children, and so great a number of servants, and cattle, and camels, and goats, and sheep, and asses that he had become like two bands. "Now, Lord," says he, "after all thy past mercies to me, I beseech thee, do not leave me now. Hast thou blessed thy servant up to this moment, and canst thou leave him now?" I cannot tell you how often I have been comforted by the truth implied in John Newton's words,—

"Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path  
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death:  
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,  
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?"

"His love in time past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink,  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through."

So Jacob prayed, in effect, "Lord, thou hast often been my Helper in the past; so now deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau." You, my unconverted friend, may even adopt this form of pleading, for you can say, "Lord, thou hast spared my life many a time when I have provoked thee. Let thy longsuffering, which now leads me to repentance, also move thee to forgive my sin. I remember what thou didst on Calvary for sinners in ages long past. Didst thou give thy well-beloved and only-begotten Son to die for sinners, and wilt thou not now accept every trembling sinner who seeks thy favour?" This also shall prove to be the kind of pleading that will cause the gates of God's grace to open.

The fourth argument that Jacob used was perhaps the best of all: "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good," and so on. Ah, that was the master-stroke; and, in like manner, if you would succeed

at the mercy of it, you must bring down the hammer of the promise upon the head of the nail of prayer, and then clinch it, as Jacob did, by saying to the Lord, "Thou saidst" so-and-so, and so-and-so. David once said to God in prayer, "Do as thou hast said." When a man has promised you something that you really need, you take him by the button-hole, and you say to him, "Now, you promised to give me that;" and if he is an honest man, you can hold him by his own word; and shall the God of truth ever fail to perform his promise? No, that is one of the things that God cannot do; he cannot lie, and he cannot run back from his promise, nor does he want to do so. O Christian, if you would get anything from God, find a promise of it in his Word, and then thou mayest count the thing as good as received. When a man of means gives you his cheque, you count it just as good as hard cash; and God's promises are even better than cheques or bank notes. We have only to take them, and plead them before him, and we may rest assured that he will honour them.

II. Thus I have tried to place before you the points in which Jacob's prayer is worthy of both commendation and imitation; and now I want to say something concerning HIS LAST PLEA, which seems to me to be very suggestive: "Thou saidst."

Believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, I need not say more to you upon this matter, for you know the value of the promises of God, and you know how to use them. But to those who are not converted, I may perhaps speak a few words suggested by Jacob's last plea: "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." Sinner, lay hold, as fast as thou canst, of the promise of God, and then plead it with him. To this end, I would say to every unconverted one here who desires to obtain the priceless blessing of salvation,—Study the Word of God very diligently, and always read it with the view of finding a promise that may suit your special case; and when you read it, study it with the firm conviction that it is God's Word, and that, in each promise, God is as truly speaking to you as though he had sent an angel to apply that promise personally to you. Take a text which you find to be applicable to yourself, and say, "This is what the Lord says to me as certainly as though he now spoke it in my ear."

Next, I beseech you to remember that God's Word is absolutely true. Fix that fact in your memory, and then say to yourself that the promise, being true, must be fulfilled. Next to the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, the great object of faith is the promise of God; and if we were more familiar with his promises, we should more speedily get out of that Slough of Despond in which so many of us flounder so long. Bunyan says that "there are, by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of this Slough; . . . but these steps are hardly seen; or if they be, men, through the dizziness of their heads, step besides, and then they are bewildered to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there." Look out for these steps of promise, my friend. There is, in the Bible, a promise just exactly suited to your case, so mind that you find it. Did you never

send for a locksmith to open a drawer because you had lost the key, and could not open it? He comes with a great bunch of rusty keys,—very like God's promises which you have allowed to get rusty through not using them,—and first he tries one key, and then another, and another, till, at last, he gets the right one, and the treasures in your drawers are spread open before you. It is just so with the treasures of God's mercy. There is one special promise in Scripture which will fit the wards of the lock of your experience; and you must try promise after promise till, at last, you get the right one, and then you can say to the Lord, as Jacob did, "Thou saidst." That is the main matter, what God has said. Never mind what I say; that does not signify an atom except so far as I say what God says. Never mind what anybody else has said; but let your one concern be to know what God says.

Good Mr. William Jay, of Bath, writing upon this passage, "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good," makes four observations which I commend to both saints and sinners. The first is, *God has the ability to do you good.* Whatever good it is that you need, God can give it to you. Pardon of sin, help in trouble, comfort in distress, whatever it is that you really need, God has the ability to give it to you, and so to do you good. In the second place, *God has the inclination to do you good.* You need not speak to him as if he were unwilling to bless you; it is according to his nature to be gracious. Love is one of his chief attributes; and his loving-kindness and tender mercies greatly abound. He as much delights to show kindness to the needy as a generous man delights to relieve the wants of the poor. In the next place, *God is under an engagement to do you good.* "Thou saidst, Surely I will do thee good." God has given a promise to seeking sinners, that he will be found of them; to repentant sinners, that he will pardon them; to believing sinners, that they shall find eternal life. And then, the fourth thing is, *God has already done good to you.* This fact ought to strengthen your faith. The Lord has the ability, and the inclination, and he is under engagement to do you good, and he has already begun to do it. I may say to you, my hearers, that the Lord has done you some good in bringing you here to listen to the gospel, and in making that gospel so sweet and so generous a gospel as it is,—a gospel for those who labour, and are heavy laden, and who can find no rest anywhere else,—a gospel for the very chief of sinners, as Paul wrote to Timothy, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." I put into your hands this plea of Jacob, "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." Go and plead it, and the Lord do unto you according to your faith!

III. My last words—which must be very few,—concern THE ANSWER WHICH JACOB'S PRAYER RECEIVED.

His prayer was answered, but it was not answered in the way he expected it would be. When he had done praying, he found that all his plans had been knocked on the head; so you need not wonder if you find the same thing happen to you when you have

done praying. Do not be astonished, my dear hearers, if, when you have gone to God in prayer, you should seem to feel worse than you did before.\* There is a young friend,—I daresay he is here now,—who told me that he came to hear me for many months, that he became outwardly reformed, and was, as he thought, going on well, till there came, one Lord's-day morning, a sermon\* about the corruption of the human heart which knocked all to pieces his pretty castle in the air, upset all his hopes, and utterly destroyed his self-confidence. I am very glad it did, for his hopes and trust were all false; and, afterwards, by God's grace, he began to build upon a far firmer foundation. Sometimes, when you have been praying for salvation, God answers you by destroying all your hopes. You asked him to save you, and you thought he would do it in a way that would make you happy; but, instead of that,\* he plucked up all your fine plants by the roots, and turned your pretty garden into a desert, because he knew that the flowers you were growing were all poisonous, and must be cleared away before he could plant there those which would\* be the plants of his right hand planting.

When God answered Jacob, he met him, not as his Friend, but as his wrestling Opponent. Jacob had a fierce duel, which lasted all night long, by Jabbok's brook; and if God really appears to you, I should not be surprised if he comes at first like an enemy; and if you should have to say to him as Job did, "Thou huntest me as a fierce lion." God's choicest mercies often come to us under the guise of adversities. God sends his love-letters to us in black-edged envelopes, and sometimes we are afraid to open them. If we would but do so, we should soon know the lovingkindness of the Lord. Jacob was to have an answer to his prayer; but, before the answer came, he had to wrestle; nay, worse than that, before Jacob was fully delivered, he had to be made to limp, and all his life afterwards he went halting upon his thigh. You, poor sinner, may be made to feel your sinfulness so much that you will be driven almost to despair; and you, believer, will have to fight with Satan, possibly as long as you are in this body.

Although Jacob's own plans were put on one side, and God met him as though he were his enemy, and the poor patriarch went on limping when the sun rose over Penuel, yet, for all that, he did get his prayer answered. His brother "Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." So, beloved, trust ye in the Lord, and wait patiently for him, and your enemies shall become your friends, your doubts shall end in joy, your tribulations shall melt away into the glory, and you shall prove that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

Brethren, the pith of the whole matter is this, "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." As for you who know him not, I pray you to trust in the sacrifice of his dear Son, Jesus Christ. As the doves hide themselves in the

\* See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 732, "The Heart—a Den of Evil."

clefts of the rock, hide yourselves in the wounds of Jesus by trusting in his atoning sacrifice. And as for you, the saints of the Lord, return unto your rest, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with you; therefore, "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him," remembering that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

May the Lord graciously give all of us his blessing and benediction, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

## Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

### GENESIS XXXII.

Jacob had just come out of a great trouble. God's gracious interposition had delivered him out of the hand of the angry Laban,—Laban the churl, who cared for Jacob only for what he could get out of him.

Verses 1, 2. *And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. And when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's host: and he called the name of that place Mahanaim.*

The angels of God are always round about his people. It was well for Jacob to be reminded of that fact, for he was about to pass into another trouble. John Bunyan truly says,—

"A Christian man is seldom long at ease;

When one trouble's gone another doth him seize."

Certainly it was so with Jacob; for, after he had escaped from Laban, he knew that he had to meet his brother Esau, whom he had so greatly wronged so many years before. Then it was that "the angels of God met him." Go on your way in peace and safety, beloved believer, for God's hosts are all around you. You do not go unattended at any single moment of your life. Better than squadrons of horse and regiments of foot are the ministering spirits who are "sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."

3—5. *And Jacob sent messengers before him to Esau his brother unto the land of Seir, the country of Edom. And he commanded them, saying, Thus shall ye speak unto my lord Esau; Thy servant Jacob saith thus, I have sojourned with Laban, and stayed there until now: and I have oxen, and asses, flocks, and menservants, and womenservants: and I have sent to tell my lord, that I may find grace in thy sight.*

This was a wise and proper action on the part of Jacob, for he had grossly wronged his brother, and it was right for him to make advances toward a reconciliation. He prayed to God for help, but he also used such means as he could,—the means that ought always to be used when any of us realize that we have done an injury to others. We should even be willing to humiliate ourselves in order to make peace.

I think that, when Christians differ from one another, there should be a holy emulation between them as to which shall be the first to give way, and which will give way the more to the other. How many quarrels might soon be ended if there were this spirit of conciliation among all professing Christians. I have heard of one, who had offended a brother-Christian during the day; possibly, the brother-Christian had offended him quite as much. But the first one saw that the sun was going down, so he turned to seek his friend, that he might say to him, "Friend So-and-so, I was wrong in being angry to-day." Half-way between their two houses, they met, and each of them said, "I was just coming to say that I was

wrong." There is no need of any arbitrator when each of the disputants is willing to say, "It was wrong;" and the trouble is soon over when that point is reached. In this case, it certainly was Jacob's duty to make some reparation to his brother, whether Esau accepted it or not.

6. *And the messengers returned to Jacob, saying, We came to thy brother Esau, and also he cometh to meet thee, and four hundred men with him.*

He would not have minded Esau coming alone to meet him, but the thought of the four hundred rough men, who had gathered around this wild warrior of the desert, made him wonder, what they might do, and what Esau might do with their help.

7, 8. *Then Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed: and he divided the people that was with him, and the flocks, and herds, and the camels, into two bands; and said, If Esau come to the one company, and smite it, then the other company which is left shall escape.*

He used the means that he judged to be the best under the existing circumstances, and I believe that God intends us always to use our best wits and judgment, and then to fall back upon him in confiding prayer just as if we had done nothing at all. Do everything as if God were not about to help you, and then trust in God as if you had done nothing at all. An Arab said to Mahomet, "I let my camel run loose, and trusted it to Providence;" but Mahomet replied, "You should have tied it up first, and then trusted it to Providence;" and Jacob was very much of that mind, and a very sensible mind it was, not at all inconsistent with the very best of faith.

9-12. *And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the LORD which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee: I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands. Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children. And thou saidst, —*

That is always the most powerful plea when we can quote God's own promise: "Thou saidst,"—

12-19. *I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude. And he lodged there that same night; and took of that which came to his hand a present for Esau his brother; two hundred she goats, and twenty he goats, two hundred ewes, and twenty rams, thirty milch camels with their colts, forty kine, and ten bulls, twenty she asses, and ten foals. And he delivered them into the hand of his servants, every drove by themselves; and said unto his servants, Pass over before me, and put a space betwixt drove and drove. And he commanded the foremost, saying, When Esau my brother meeteth thee, and asketh thee, saying, Whose art thou? and whither goest thou? and whose are these before thee? Then thou shalt say, They be thy servant Jacob's; it is a present sent unto my lord Esau: and, behold, also he is behind us. And so commanded he the second, and the third, and all that followed the droves, saying, On this manner shall ye speak unto Esau, when ye find him.*

That was a very anxious night for Jacob; he was to have another night of sterner work still, but in doing as he did he acted wisely and rightly.

20. *And say ye moreover, Behold, thy servant Jacob is behind us. For he said, I will appease him with the present that goeth before me, and afterward I will see his face; peradventure he will accept of me.*

Depend upon it, our sins will come home to us sooner or later. Jacob must have bitterly regretted, that night, that he had ever wronged Esau.



There was a long interval between Jacob's going away, and his coming back again, but his sin came home to him; and if you are a child of God, and you do wrong, it is more certain to come home to you, in this life, than if you were one of the ungodly. As for them, they are often left to be punished in another world; but if you are a child of God, you will be chastened here for your iniquity. Remember how earnestly David prayed about the sins of his youth, and his later transgressions too; and Jacob, in deep humility, must have most vividly remembered his sin against his brother.

21—24. *So went the present over before him: and himself lodged that night in the company. And he rose up that night, and took his two wives, and his two womenservants, and his eleven sons, and passed over the ford Jabbok. And he took them, and sent them over the brook, and sent over that he had. And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.*

We know who that Divine Man was, the God who afterwards actually became man, of whom it might even then be said that "His delights were with the sons of men."

25. *And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him.*

For even with a dislocated hip Jacob would not give up wrestling; he meant to hold this wondrous Man until he got a blessing from him.

26—29. *And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there.*

He would not gratify Jacob's curiosity concerning his name, but he gave him the blessing that he craved. This was just as our Divine Master acted when his disciples enquired of him concerning the times and seasons; he told them it was not for them to know what the Father had retained in his own power; but Christ added, what was much better for them, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." He will not tell us all we want to know, but he will give us all we need to have. What a wise and prudent Lord is ours!

30, 31. *And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved. And as he passed over Peniel the sun rose upon him, and he halted upon his thigh.*

He was lame, and probably remained lame for life.

32. *Therefore the children of Israel eat not of the sinew which shrank, which is upon the hollow of the thigh, unto this day: because he touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh in the sinew that shrank.*

Some touch of human weakness must always accompany the divinest strength that God may give to us. If we are allowed the high honour of carrying the untold treasure of the gospel, we must be reminded that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." Yet who would not be content to limp for life if he might but win such a victory as Jacob won on that memorable night by the brook Jabbok?

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

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FAITH FIRST, CONFESSION FOLLOWING.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

On Thursday Evening, July 4th, 1867.

"For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—ROMANS x. 10.\*

IN speaking of this important matter,—confessing with the mouth what we have believed with the heart, I call your attention, first of all, to *the order of the two things*. Believing with the heart must come first; confession with the mouth must and should come afterwards. To confess with the mouth what I do not believe with the heart would be hypocrisy; instead of being an acceptable sacrifice, it would be an abomination in the sight of God. How dare I profess to have faith if I do not possess it? How dare I assume a form of godliness unless I have proved its power in my spirit? So first comes the heart's believing, and then follows the mouth's confession. Do not reverse the Scriptural order, but take care that you do all things in their due course. Among the last words of the Lord Jesus Christ to his disciples are these, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Note the order.—not baptism first, and believing afterwards; but he who first believes, and then is baptized upon profession of his faith, is the servant of Christ who obeys his Master's commands in their right order; and he it is who "shall be saved."

Having noted the order of faith and its confession, next note *the connection between them*. Confessing with the mouth is to follow believing with the heart just as effect follows cause. We are to confess with the mouth *because* we believe with the heart. The heart's belief is to be so potent and energetic a thing that it constrains us to confess openly what we have received inwardly; and no confession is worth anything unless it is the outcome of the grace by which we have received the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour.

\* Other Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon upon this Text are Nos. 519 and 520 in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, "Believing with the Heart," and "Confession with the Mouth."

No. 3,011.

There is a due order for faith and confession, and there is a clear connection between faith and confession.

Notice, also, *the result of the two put together*: "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." The result of faith and confession is salvation. "I do not doubt that a man, who truly believes in Jesus, is saved even before he makes a confession of his faith; but it is very remarkable that the blessing of salvation is constantly connected with these two things rather than with either one of them alone; and we must not put asunder what God has joined together. The same truth is taught in the memorable sentence which I quoted to you just now: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." There is no saving efficacy in baptism, yet belief and baptism are joined together by our Lord Jesus Christ, and again I say, "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." I would not like to attend to one duty, and neglect another, when I found my Master laying both upon me. The path of obedience is ever the path of happiness; and if any God-given command should ever seem to your imperfect apprehension to be less important than another, remember the wise words of the mother of Jesus to the servants at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, "Whatsoever HE saith unto you, do it;" and do it conscientiously, gladly, promptly, because HE commanded it, even though you cannot see any other reason for doing it.\*

We have, on this occasion, to consider the lesser duty of the two, which is, nevertheless, most certainly enjoined upon all believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. In talking of it, I shall have to speak of four things:—first, *what it is that we are to confess*; secondly, *when we are to confess it*; thirdly, *why we should confess it*; and, fourthly, *how, and in what spirit we should confess it*.

I. First, then, AS BELIEVERS IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, WHAT IS IT THAT WE ARE TO CONFESS?

It is clear, from the text, that we are to confess, with the mouth that which we believe with the heart. The same things which, through our faith in them, are the basis of our salvation, become the subject of our confession before God. "That which we privately and personally rest upon for salvation, we are to publicly and emphatically avow to others as the ground of our confidence; and you know what that is, beloved. It is neither more nor less than the person, work, character, and offices of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We build for eternity upon him. He is the foundation and the chief corner-stone of the invisible yet most substantial structure upon which all our confidence rests; and if any believer should ask, "What am I to confess?" the answer is plain enough,—confess JESUS CHRIST.

First, we are to confess that we believe him to be the appointed Saviour of sinners:—that we look upon him as being the long-promised Seed of the woman who came into this world to bruise the

\* Other Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon, upon this subject, published in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, are the following:—No. 2,275, "Belief, Baptism, Blessing;" and No. 2,339, "Baptism Essential to Obedience."

old serpent's head, and to recover his chosen people from among the terrible ruins of the Fall. We believe him to be the Son of God, equal with the Father and the ever-blessed Spirit; and we accept him, and confess him, as our Saviour, in whom alone we have confidence, upon whose unique sacrifice we rely for pardon of all our sins, and upon whose constant intercession we depend for our preservation unto the end. We confess Christ before men as King of kings and Lord of lords, as "the Apostle and High Priest of our profession," the Messiah by whom alone can be fulfilled Gabriel's prophecy to Daniel "to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sin, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness." We must confess Christ in all his offices and characters: and if we lay stress upon any part of his life, or any attribute of his character, it must be upon that which is most attacked in the age in which we live. The great point of controversy in Paul's day was the resurrection of Jesus; and hence, wherever he went, he preached the resurrection. He knew that this truth would excite the ridicule of the philosopher, and bring down upon him the fierce opposition of the Jew; but, nevertheless, this was always a prominent point in his preaching and writing, "Christ is risen from the dead." Sometimes, it has been the duty of Christians to make most prominent the Deity of Christ, because that truth has been the one most attacked just then. Some years ago, many insults were cast upon the Godhead of our Lord, and then every genuine Christian was bound to expound and defend that master-doctrine that Jesus Christ "is over all, God blessed for ever." Whatever may be the point in the character of our Lord which is most debated and controverted, it is the duty of his true disciples to bear witness upon that point with especial distinctness and frequency. To confess Christ, is to say of him, "I have received him into my soul as my Saviour, and he is my sole hope for time and for eternity. I honour him as the Son of God, and I submit to his laws as those of the great King who is worthy to rule as he pleases: let others set up what lords they will, and be governed by what laws they choose, as for me, the crucified Man of Nazareth—who is none other than the ever-blessed Son of God, co-equal with the Father and the Spirit,—shall have the absolute control of all my powers and faculties. This, I take it, is the way in which "with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

But, in confessing Christ, *we must take care that we confess all his words as well as himself.* You recollect that solemn declaration of the Lord Jesus Christ, "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." A Scriptural confession of Christ involves our profession of faith in the form of doctrine which is revealed in the divinely-inspired Scriptures, our union with that body of believers who most clearly comply with the requirements of our Master's Word, our willing subjection to whatever we perceive to be according to the mind and will of Christ; and we are not faithful to our conscience altogether unless, in every

point, as far as we receive the light, when we know our Master's will, we do it. Oh, that all Christians would look upon this kind of confession as being one of the most important parts of the Christian's business here below! Instead of that, it seems to be the view of some that you are to keep a great many truths in the background just because they happen to be inconvenient either to yourselves or to other people. But, brethren and sisters in Christ, the true ideal of a New Testament Christian Church is that of a company of believers witnessing to the whole of Christ's truth, counting every fragment of the Word to be so precious that, if the entire Christian community should go to martyrdom in defence of that one truth, that priceless truth of revelation would be saved at a cheap rate even by so great a sacrifice. To stand firmly by God's Word in everything, to conform to our Master's will even to the jots and tittles, to savour the things that be of God, and not those that be of men;—this it is that every Christian should seek to do by the aid of the ever-blessed Spirit.

Further, dear friends, *it is the duty of each Christian to confess his own faith in Christ.* You should avow before your fellow-men that you have believed in Jesus. I think the Scriptures teach us that this ought to be done early in our Christian career. We should not live as secret Christians, for years, as some do, as though they were ashamed of Jesus, and saying, "nothing to show," that they have believed in him. Confess that, unless you are dreadfully deceived, you are saved by Christ, and are resting in him. Then confess what Christ has done for you, and do not be ashamed to confess the details of your case. Paul told Timothy that "before he was a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious;" but he adds, "Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting." Do not be ashamed to confess that there is a change in you, that you are not now what you once were; tell the story of your spiritual experience. Is it not written, concerning God's deliverance of his people, "It shall be to the Lord for a name"? Do not rob God of the great name of Deliverer, to which he is so fully entitled. It is due to a physician, when he has been the means of curing some extraordinary disease, that you should tell of what he has done; so, tell to others what the great Physician has done for you.

If you have been, spiritually, raised from the dead by the Lord Jesus Christ, never cease to publish abroad what he has done for you; and as you grow older, and your experience increases, confess with your mouth the deeper truths that have been revealed to you. Tell to the young people around you what the Lord did for you in your time of trouble. Speak well of your Master; imitate the holy resolution of David: "I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad;" and when the time comes for you to die, mind that you bear a closing testimony to Christ then, if it is possible to you. Let those

around your bed hear you tell, in your last moments, how real and true you find Christ to be to you when all else in the world seems like a dream, and your life melts away like a shadow.

This appears to me to be an accurate, though brief, summary of a Christian's confession of faith,—what Christ is in himself, and what Christ has been to him and done for him. You can yourselves supply any deficiency that there may be in my summary, for the flight of time prevents me from dealing further with this part of the subject.

II. Now, secondly, let us enquire WHEN SHOULD ONE, WHO BELIEVES WITH THE HEART, MAKE CONFESSION WITH THE MOUTH?

Should he not make it *as soon as he is converted*? Is it not the most fitting time for making his first confession when he comes forward to unite himself with a Christian church? Many churches, nowadays, have given up the old-fashioned custom, which once prevailed in Baptist churches, of candidates coming before the church, and making a public avowal of their faith before their fellow-believers; and, through the abandonment of that Scriptural method, they have bred a race of cowardly good-for-nothings, who hardly dare to say that their souls are their own, who never know what their religious convictions are, but are turned this way and that, with every wind that blows, like so many weather-cocks. But you, my brethren, and my sisters too, though some of you once thought it a great ordeal and trial, have all testified before the church, "Yes, we do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." Some of you said it with very trembling lips; but, still, you all said, personally and individually, as your turn came, "Yes, we are on the Lord's side." It seems to me that this is an apostolical custom which ought never to be given up; and I scarcely count that to be a church which receives its members without any testimony of their faith being verbally given. We know that Paul himself, when he went up to Jerusalem, "essay'd to join himself to the disciples;" but they were afraid to receive him until they had heard how he had been converted to God, "and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus." Then they gladly received him, "and he was with them coming in and going out at Jerusalem." Why it is that good Christian people are so frightened over the little matter of saying to their fellow-Christians, "We believe in Jesus," utterly amazes me. If you have been, as Jeremiah says, wearied by running with the footmen, how can you contend with horses; and if, in these little billows of trouble through making your open avowal of faith to your own brothers and sisters in Christ, you get so frightened, what will you do in the swellings of Jordan? You are afraid of going to see your minister about joining the church, are you? Yet you have to meet the devil, foot to foot, as Bunyan's Christian had to meet Apollyon! Are you afraid of meeting a few of your fellow-Christians? Why, you have to meet death; you have to face a scorning, scoffing, frowning, jeering, persecuting world! If you are afraid of a company of believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, who are only too glad to hear you say that you are on the Lord's side if it is really true, and who will cheer, and comfort, and help

you as far they possibly can,—if you are afraid of us, surely you cannot have the courage which ought to be the possession of all good soldiers of Je-u<sup>s</sup> Christ.

Then, next, *the two ordinances of the Christian religion are both of them confessions of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.* It seems to me that the baptism of believers is a most impressive and instructive mode of confessing with the mouth what we have believed with the heart. Coming to the open pool, the believer says to you who look on, "I believe that Jesus Christ died, and was buried, and rose again on my behalf; in testimony to which I also am about to be buried in this liquid tomb, out of which I shall rise, as he rose from the grave. I believe that this flesh of mine is past improvement, and must die. I look for no perfection in my body, for I know that the perfection I am to receive is spiritual; as Paul wrote to the Romans, 'If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness;' and I give up this body of mine to be buried, the body of my flesh, these old corruptions, to be buried once for all; I avow, this day, that I am dead to the world, that my life is hid with Christ in God, and that the life which I henceforth live shall be a resurrection-life, a life in the power of the Holy Spirit, who hath quickened me, and raised me up from among the dead to live with Jesus Christ in newness of life." I cannot conceive a more impressive and instructive form of confession with the mouth than that which our Master himself has enjoined upon us, not only by precept, but also by example when he bade John baptize him in the river Jordan, and said to him, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

And then, when we gather around the table of communion, in obedience to our Master's command, "This do in remembrance of me," we "do shew the Lord's death till he come;" and there, in the breaking and eating of the bread, and the pouring out and drinking of the wine, we make another confession with the mouth that we have trusted in Jesus as our Saviour, that he is "the living bread which came down from heaven," upon which we live, and "the wine on the lees, well refined," which is the choicest cordial our quickened spirits can enjoy.

So you see that both the ordinances are God's own methods by which we are to confess our confidence in his Son, Jesus Christ.

More than this, *every Christian is bound to avow his faith in Christ at all times when it is possible.* We are not merely Christians on some special occasions; we are Christians always, and Christians evermore, if we are Christians at all. We are not only believers in Jesus when we meet each other at the communion table, or at a prayer-meeting; but we are believers in Jesus out of doors, at our work, in our business, or our daily occupation, whatever it may be. "I utterly abhor that so-called 'piety' which belongs only to places and to dates! Your 'holy' places, and your 'holy' dates, and your 'holy' water, and so on are all alike anti-Christian and Popish. To the Christian, every day is alike holy, every place alike holy, and everything alike holy. He is a sanctified man, and all things that are round about him are sanctified to God's service,

and to his fellow-creatures' good; and, to that end, he confesses Christ with his mouth at all times.

Still, there are certain special occasions when he should do this. For instance, it is our duty to confess Christ with the mouth when enquirers ask us for information about him. There are many persons, in the world, with a sufficiently candid spirit to want to know what Christianity really is; so, as the apostle Peter says, "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason for the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." Do not let such enquirers go away unsatisfied, even though it may be a very long and difficult matter to satisfy their enquiries.

Mind, also, that you are always ready to make confession of your faith to objectors, even though they should only ask questions and raise objections just for the sake of opposition. When a controversy is started, and someone else speaks on the wrong side, do not hesitate to put in a word for that which is right and true. I have heard of some people, who are of so gentle a spirit that, if they hear others engaged in controversy, they always walk away. Well, have you never heard of the soldier, who was so gentle-spirited that, whenever there was any fighting to be done, he always hid away in a corner, or some other safe place? That was not very creditable on his part, and when he was discovered he was shot; and that mode of skulking, which some people adopt whenever a religious controversy is on, is about as honourable to them. If you can say a word that will really help a good cause, do not keep it back; for, sometimes, even the simplest observation may come in just at the right time, and may overthrow the adversary of the truth. So, bear your personal testimony for the truth in times of controversy. And take care that you always confess Christ when you are likely to be ridiculed for doing so. This, indeed, will be a test of your sincerity. To confess Christ in summer weather, when religion, as it were, walks in silver slippers, is what a hypocrite might do; but to take your place beside Christ when he stands in the pillory, and every man's hand is full of mud and filth to throw at him, this is what only a genuine Christian can do. Confess Christ when his followers are in rags; acknowledge him when his disciples are oppressed and persecuted. Remember what Paul mentions to the praise of Onesiphorus: "he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain." Do not any of you Christians be ashamed of Christ's chain; but count it your highest honour and glory, as Paul says, to "fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ," "for his body's sake, which is the Church."

Let me, having thus given you sufficient opportunity for making your confession of faith, urge upon those present, who have believed in Jesus, but have never yet confessed their faith, the duty of doing so at once. Be no longer backward, but say, "I also am on the Lord's side." I pray you, if you have never done so, take the first opportunity you have of doing it; and, in some way, but especially in your Lord and Master's own way, come forward, and say, "He is my Saviour, my King, my All-in-all; and I hereby avow him in the midst of this crooked and perverse generation."



### III. Now, thirdly, let us ask, WHY SHOULD WE CONFESS OUR FAITH IN CHRIST!

I shall not spend many minutes over this point, for it seems to me that every true Christian's heart can supply him with many reasons for acting thus. To confess God, in the person of his Son, Jesus Christ, is *a part of true religious homage which is naturally due to the Most High*. Our prayers and praises are rightly due to the great Being who created us, and who still preserves and provides for us; and our confession of Christ, if we have truly believed in him, is due to the One who has redeemed us from destruction with his own most precious blood.

We should confess Christ with the mouth *because he claims this from us*. I repeat the solemn words I quoted to you a little while ago: "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." Tremble, lest you should incur the doom of those who are ashamed of Christ. There is another terrible passage in the 21st chapter of the Revelation, and the 8th verse: "But the fearful, and unbelieving, . . . shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death." "The fearful"—that is, those who are afraid to confess Christ;—not those who are fearful concerning their own salvation; not the Little-faiths and the Much-afraids:—but those *towards who are* afraid to suffer for Christ's sake, and who therefore take the side of the world for the sake of their present ease and comfort;—these are they who shall be shut out of heaven, and have their everlasting portion with idolaters and fars in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. I implore you to tremble lest that should be your lot.

We should avow Jesus Christ, my brethren, *if only for our own sake*, for really it does a Christian great good to say openly, "I love the Lord." It gives happiness, comfort, satisfaction, rest of heart, and lasting joy to confess Christ before men. I have not the time to tell you of all the blessings that I personally received through publicly avowing that Christ was my Saviour. One thing I may say, however; I believe that, up to that time, I was one of the most timid persons in the world; I never spoke to anybody, and never ventured to give an opinion upon anything without tears coming into my eyes. But, from that happy day when I walked into the water, at Isleham Ferry, to be baptized into the name of Christ, I have never been afraid of any man in the world, nor of the devil either, while engaged in the pursuit of the things of God. My baptism was a sort of crossing of the Rubicon for me. I had burnt my boats, drawn my sword, and thrown away the scabbard, so there was no possibility of going back, and I never wished to do so; and I believe that others, who are always timorous, and trembling, and afraid, would derive perpetual benefit from once for all boldly avowing themselves to be on the Lord's side.

And, brethren, *we ought also to do this for the sake of others*. Who knows what good you may do in your family by confessing

Christ with the mouth if you have believed on him with your heart? There is another poor trembler in your home; if you come out for Christ first, that other one will soon come out too. Frequently, it is my happy lot to see a daughter come to join the church; and when I ask her if her parents are godly people, she says, "Oh, yes, I hope so, sir!" "Do they attend the Tabernacle?" "Oh, yes, sir!" "Then how is it that they have not joined us?" "Well, sir, I think it is because they are so timid;" and then, often, in about a month afterwards, the father and mother both come; they cannot let their daughter be in the church without them, so they also come and avow their faith in Christ. It is not the right order, you now, for the child to come first, but it often is so; and when one comes, others soon follow. I have known, many a time, the youngsters of the family to be the boldest in owning Christ as their Lord and Master; and then, when they have broken the ice, the other believers in the household have followed them, and made the heroic plunge. Confess Christ, therefore, because of the good you may do to others by so doing.

Further, by giving such public testimony to your faith,—that is, if you live up to it,—*you help to let the world know that the old faith has not died out*; and, though they may hate you for doing it, you will have borne your personal witness that there is a God, that there is a Saviour, and the wicked world will not be able to sleep so soundly as it did before. Your confession will touch its guilty conscience, and cause it to have disquieting dreams; it may be that you will help to awaken it, and so be the means of bringing some out of it whom Christ has bought with his precious blood, who also will boldly come out on the Lord's side.

Beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, *if you will look through the history of the Church of Christ, you will find abundant reasons why every Christian should publicly own his Master*. Look at those days of diabolical persecution under Diocletian and the other Roman emperors. Look all down the blood-red path of the noble army of martyrs. Where would the confessors of Christ have been if all Christians had kept the knowledge of their faith to themselves? Where would the Church of Christ itself have been if every believer had done as some do now, namely, choke the good seed within their own hearts by never giving expression to the faith that is in them? Why, when the fires of persecution were the hottest, Christians were the bravest, and multitudes of men and boys, matrons and maidens, were not ashamed to come to the Roman and other tribunals, and say, "We are followers of Christ, we own the Man of Nazareth as our Lord and Saviour." They did not hide themselves away; many of them even seemed to court grim Death, though he came dressed in his most terrifying garb. Torture, flaying alive, breaking on the wheel, dragging at the heels of wild horses, rotting in foul dungeons, burning at the stake,—none of these things could quench their courage. They knew whom they had believed, and were persuaded that he was able to keep that which they had committed unto him, and therefore they marched bravely to prison and to death. What then? Shall others fight to

won the prize, and shall you, as a coward, abide by the staff? God forbid! In stead thereof, the Lord help you to confess Christ in the day of his rejection that you may be honoured with him in the day of his exaltation! God be your help to take his part in the midst of the sneers of the world, that you may be with him when the acclamations of cherubim and seraphim, and the innumerable host redeemed by his blood, shall make all heaven ring and ring again with the music of his matchless name!

IV. And now, *boldly*, IS WHAT SPIRIT SHOULD WE CONFESS CHRIST?

We should confess Christ, *first*, with due self-examination. As it is with the Lord's supper, so is it with this important matter of confessing Christ with the mouth. Let a man examine himself," says the apostle, and so say we fear, remember that confession with the mouth will be very dangerous unless you are sure that you have believed in Christ with your heart. I am greatly afraid for those of you who do not do it, but who have united yourselves with some Christian church. After the exercise of the best judgment on the part of church-friends, such a calamity will occasionally occur. But if I misread this is your case, you are in a most perilous position. You are not very likely to be converted now, for the preaching message to the sinner will pass on to somebody else when it should be received by you. The fact of your being in the church may be very much to your spiritual injury; therefore do not confess with the mouth what you have not believed with the heart.

But when you have believed with the heart take care that you promptly and unflinchingly confess Christ with the mouth. Do not need to be persuaded to do it. Do not need that mother, or father, or friend should urge you to do it. Christ did not need any persuading to give himself to die for you, so you should not need any persuading to live for him. The best wine flows most freely from the grape, and the sweetest honey is that which drops unpressed from the comb. Let your soul freely drop with love to Christ, like the droppings of the honeycomb. "Freely we have received, freely give to him who freely gave his all for you."

Therefore, too, confess Christ *boldly*. Do not be ashamed to confess Christ with the mouth in his own appointed way. What you are about to do is none other than connected with it. If you sincerely believe in Jesus, you have no more need to blush at being baptised than a knight has when he comes forward to be crowned, or a knight when he kneels to receive the accolade from his sovereign. There is no sin in being a disciple of the Son of God, and no shame in confessing that I am his.

'Ashamed of Jesus' that dear Friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name."

Further, *confess Christ with the mouth very plainly*. Do not own him in a mystical sort of way which nobody can understand, but bear your testimony by plain words and by still plainer actions. Remember that actions speak more loudly than words; and there-

fore, make your confession most of all by the consistent Christian character, of your daily life. "Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ."

*Then, make your confession with the mouth constantly.* Do not retract at home what you say abroad; and, on the other hand, do not disown abroad what you acknowledge to be true at home. Do not be one thing in the church, and another thing in the world. Remember that you are always a Christian if you are ever a Christian; stand fast in the faith, therefore, at all times. Nail your colours to the mast if you have entered the service of the Lord High Admiral of the Galilean Lake.

Above all things, *confess the Lord Jesus Christ sincerely.* Let there be no hypocrisy about your confession in any way. Do not repeat some other Christian's experience which is not your own. Do not borrow your confession of faith from the biography of some eminent Christian. Let your own experience be what you profess; say, with the apostle John, "that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you."

Also, *make your confession modestly*:—not as though you had anything to boast of in being a Christian,—not as though your Christianity was the result of any good thing in you. Take care to ascribe it all to sovereign grace. Do not blush at being a Christian; but, at the same time, do not boast about it. As Paul wrote to the Philippians, "Rejoice in Christ Jesus," but "have no confidence in the flesh."

Further, *make your confession of Christ wisely*:—not doing it so as to irritate others unnecessarily;—being willing to suffer for Christ if need be, but not making a martyr of yourself when there is no occasion for doing so. Boldly speak out for Christ whenever you can, but always blend the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove.

Finally, *confess Christ, out of love to him, because you cannot help doing so.* Let holy zeal blaze and burn within you till the sparks fly out of your soul in the form of a burning confession of Christ. Let your feet be dipped in the holy oil of complete consecration to Christ, that you may leave a sacred unction behind you wherever you walk. That will be the best confession of your faith that you can make. Still, do not dissociate the word of confession from the action; for it is to be *confession with the mouth*. Do say, and say it unmistakably, "I am a Christian." If Christians have any other nickname beside that of Christians,—for so it was given to them at the first,—do not be ashamed of that nickname. Do not be ashamed of the denomination to which you belong, even though some may denounce you as a sectarian. Remember that the genuine Christian is and must be a sectarian; that is to say, he is one who firmly holds the whole truth which he has learned from the Scriptures, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit; and, therefore, he is what the world calls "a sectarian." But as for latitudinarianism, which believes nothing, and counts no truth to be worth anything,—the modern Diana of the Ephesians,—I pray you, make no shrines for that hideous idol, and pay no reverence to

it; but, like honest men and women, read your Bibles, find out what is there revealed, and stand to it at all costs. If it brings an ugly name upon you, and you are called a sectarian, be willing to bear that name for Christ's sake; only take care that, in bearing it, you have not the horrible spirit of some sectarians, who denounce all others because they do not see eye to eye with them, and who have no fellowship with them because they cannot say "Shibboleth" exactly as the sectarians say it. Love the whole family of God, but do not be ashamed of those distinctive truths which give you a name which makes you a separatist from the ungodly, and from those who do not follow the whole counsel of God. Stand out boldly for Christ and for his truth, so that, when he comes again, he may say to you, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

You, who have not yet believed on Jesus with the heart, must make no confession with the mouth; but I pray that you may be even now led to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. The way of salvation is simply this.—Trust Jesus Christ, that is believing with the heart. Depend upon his merits, rely upon his all-sufficient atoning sacrifice, rest in his perfect righteousness. If you do that, you are saved; and then, being saved, come forward, and avow your faith, and God bless you in so doing, for Christ's sake! Amen.

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## JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S ALMANACK FOR 1907.

The great broadsheet bearing the familiar name of JOHN PLOUGHMAN, one of C. H. SPURGEON'S pen-names, is nearly ready for publication. The 365 proverbs, proverbial sayings, mottoes, &c., compiled for the coming year, are said by competent judges to be fully equal to those on previous Sheet Almanacks. The three large pictures, which go right down the centre of the sheet, all refer to kindness to animals; and in the letterpress reference is made to C. H. Spurgeon's dogs and horses, and two of his capital stories about dogs are reprinted for the benefit of readers who may not have heard or read them. "John Ploughman" was fond of dumb animals, but he was more fond of boys and girls, and his Almanack again presents several pleas for the fatherless (and, in some cases, motherless) children at the Stockwell Orphanage.

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# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

GOD COMFORTING HIS PEOPLE

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On Thursday Evening, July 11th, 1867.*

"The Lord hath comforted his people."—Isaiah xlix. 13.

THE joy of the prophet was too great for him to give adequate expression to it with his own solitary tongue; and, therefore, he would have even the angels of God and the redeemed from among men in heaven to praise the Lord for his superabounding mercy. He would also have the redeemed upon earth, and all the works of God's hands take up the joyful strain of praise to the Most High; and he would have even the great uncounted masses of inanimate nature find tongues wherewith to express the greatness of God's lovingkindness and tender mercy in having comforted his people.

And, when we come to think of it aright, we see at once that it is a theme for wonder, worthy of the consideration of heaven and of earth, that ever the infinite God should stoop so low as to comfort finite and fallible creatures such as we are. Had he nothing better than that to do? Were there no more worlds to be created? Were there no other deeds of power and glory to be performed that he must needs come to this poor earth, to comfort the sick, and the sad, and the sorrowing; to speak comfortably even to those who had rebelled against him, and to give them peace and joy when their penitent hearts were breaking in earnest longing for his pardoning mercy? That is a wonderful passage in the 147th Psalm: "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." He is truly great in the majesty of his power, but he is equally great in the condescending character of his love; and as "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy" when Jehovah's great creative works were wrought, let them not be slack in their music when his condescending works are wrought,—when, from the highest heavens, he stoops to the couch of deepest woe, to lift us up from our sins and sorrows by the power of his eternal love.

No. 3,012.

Taking the text somewhat out of its immediate connection, and speaking simply upon these six words, "The Lord hath comforted his people," we see that, in the first place, *the Lord has a people*; secondly, *they are a people who need to be comforted*; and, thirdly, *the Lord gives them the comfort that they need*.

First, then, it is clear, from the very wording of our text, that THE LORD HAS A PEOPLE. Isaiah does not say, in general terms, that the Lord hath comforted the children of men as a whole; but he says, "the Lord hath comforted *his people*." Here is, as Dr. Watts says,—

"A garden wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground;  
A little spot, enclosed by grace  
Out of the world's wide wilderness;"—

and it is concerning this particular portion of the human race,—selected and elected by God,—that the prophet was moved by the Holy Ghost to write, "the Lord hath comforted his people."

Observe, in the first place, that the children of God are "*his people*" in this sense, that *they enjoy his special love*. Never let us doubt the universal benevolence of God. Let us hold it as a fundamental doctrine that "the Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works;" and let us firmly believe that, if any man shall be consigned to eternal misery, it will be because it is just that he should so suffer, and he has brought his terrible doom upon his own head; for, as the apostle Peter tells us, God is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Yet we must never forget that, inside this universal love, there is a private, secret, distinguishing, discriminating love, which is set only upon those whom God chose, before the foundation of the world, to be his own peculiar people. Paul writes to his son Timothy, "We trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe;" and Moses, long before, was inspired to write, "The Lord's portion is his people." There is something peculiarly personal in his affection for them. He is kind and generous to all his creatures; but he is lavishly liberal to his own people, and Paul bids us imitate him when he says, "Let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

The Lord, then, has a people whom he regards with a special love which is not shed abroad in the hearts of others. These people he set apart for himself from eternity. They are a people who are near and dear unto him, to whom he says, by the pen of the apostle Peter, "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light."

They are not only God's people because he has thus chosen them unto himself, but because, having fallen into sin, they are now his by *particular and special redemption*. Again let me remind you that the Scriptures plainly teach us that the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ has a universal bearing; and it seems to me that those

Who limit the value of the atonement do most seriously err from the faith. I believe the sacrifice of Jesus Christ was so infinite that, if there had been ten thousand worlds full of sinners to have been redeemed, it was amply sufficient to have redeemed them all. Paul writes to Timothy, "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time;" and I am not wont to put a limit where I see no limit put by God's Word. Yet, notwithstanding that truth, you cannot read the Scriptures diligently, and study them under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, without learning that there is a special aim and object in the redemptive work of the Lord Jesus Christ. He himself said, "I lay down my life for the sheep." The singers in heaven, in their new song, declare that "these were redeemed from among men;"—they were bought out of the great mass of mankind; "not with corruptible things, as silver and gold; . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." Paul says that "Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it."

The special object of Christ, in coming to this world, was that he might "save his people from their sins." That is the very meaning of his name Jesus. It is in them that redemption attains its great end. It is in them that Christ sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied. It is for each of them, personally and individually, that the Lord Jesus Christ shed his blood on Calvary, with the distinct purpose of saving them. Christ did not die for Judas as he did for Peter; he did not shed his blood for Demas as he shed it for Paul. There is, in the redemptive work of Christ, an inner and select circle, into which none but those who are spiritually quickened by the Spirit of God are ever privileged to enter; and herein, beloved, we see that God has a people who are specially his,—a people specially loved and specially redeemed.

These same people, too, are specially called by the Spirit of God. Again, to keep up the parallel with which I commenced, let me remind you that all sinners are called to repentance and faith in Christ wherever the Word of God is faithfully proclaimed. It is true that Christ himself said, "Many are called, but few are chosen;" yet the call of the gospel is a universal call to all mankind. Wisdom truly says, "Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of men;" but, beloved, there is another call, a special, peculiar, personal, effectual call, by which only the Lord's chosen and redeemed people are called out from among the mass of men by whom they are surrounded. The New Testament title for the Church of Christ is the *ecclesia*,—the assembly of those who are "called out" from among men by the distinguishing grace of God. The Holy Spirit has breathed upon those who were, spiritually, like the dry bones in the valley, and they have "stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." Though they were, once, heirs of wrath even as others, and far off from God by wicked works, they have been brought nigh by the blood of Christ, and now they are "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." They are now regenerated, quickened, and so completely changed, that "all things



have become new " with them. They now enjoy the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in a way of which others know nothing at all. The Holy Spirit may "strive" with some men who ultimately perish, yet he does not operate upon them as he does upon those in whom he **works** effectually, making them what he would have them to be, without violating their wills, yet so effecting the divine purpose as to constrain them to be obedient to the will of the Most High.

These, then, are the Lord's people,—specially loved, specially redeemed, and specially called.

Besides that, *they are specially cared for in the world.* God's providential care extends, not only to the righteous, but also to the wicked; ay, and not only to the wicked among men, but to the very beasts of the field. You know what I said to you, the other Sabbath morning, about the God who maketh the grass to grow for the cattle.\* It is the same great Provider who feedeth the young ravens when they cry, and the hungry lions when they roar for their food. God's providence not only extends to mankind in general, and to the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, and the innumerable fish in the sea, but also to every atom of matter in the universe. The grain of dust that is blown from the threshing-floor is steered as certainly as "the stars in their courses." It is the same God who provides for the little and for the great,—though all must be infinitely little to him who alone is great. Yet, while all that I have said is true, we cannot read the Bible without knowing that there is a special providence ever watching over and caring for the people of God. That comforting assurance in Psalm xxxiv. 7 applies not to all men, but only to some men: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about *them that fear him*, and delivereth *them*." Then there is that cheering question concerning the holy angels, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister"—not for all men, but—"for *them who shall be heirs of salvation?*" Turn to Romans viii. 28: "We know that all things work together for good"—to whom? Not to every son or daughter of Adam, but—"to *them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.*" The wheels of divine providence are like those wheels which Ezekiel saw,—full of eyes; but every one of those eyes gazes upon everything out of love to the chosen people of God, who are thus specially cared for, as well as specially loved, specially redeemed, and specially called.

I need not try to describe the sense in which the saints are to be God's people *throughout the never-ending eternity of bliss which is specially reserved for them.* It will suffice if I remind you that God has said of them that they are to be his special treasure, his royal regalia, his crown jewels: "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." Just as a man sometimes says of a certain thing that he prizes beyond everything else, "I will give all else away, but I will reserve this for myself;" so, God gives to kings and princes

\* See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 757, "In the Hay-field."

the power to rule in the world, he frequently gives to the ungodly the very fat of the land, and he gives away everything but his people, and of them he says, "They shall be mine." He claims such complete ownership of them that he will never give them away. For them, the Lord Jesus Christ came into this world, and lived, and loved, and laboured, and died. For them, that same Jesus still lives to plead before his Father's throne above. Their names are graven on his hands, and on his heart. He carries them upon his shoulders as the shepherd carries the sheep that was lost, and he will never let go his hold of any one of them till he has brought it home, and called together the holy angels and the redeemed from among men, and said to them, "Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."

Thus I have shown you that God has a people.

II. Now, secondly, and very briefly, because I do not want to make the roll of lamentation too long, THEY ARE A PEOPLE WHO NEED TO BE COMFORTED.

You never find God giving any blessings that are not really required. "Works of supererogation" are talked of by fools and knaves, but such works are never performed by God, nor by man either. So that, when the Lord comforts his people it is because they need comfort.

If I began to tell you why the people of God need to be comforted, you would think that I was attempting a work of supererogation! You do not need to be told *that*; some of you can find reasons enough, in your own recollections, to assure you that the people of God often need comfort. Yet I may, perhaps, give you one or two reasons that occur to me.

We need comfort *because we are in the vale of tears*. We do not travel long in that gloomy valley without finding that the dewdrops of tears are hanging thickly, every morning and every evening, upon the briars and the brambles by the wayside. Many of you have troubles in your family, and these are very heavy troubles. Some of you have dead crosses in the form of those who have been taken from you, and living crosses—which are much heavier to carry,—in the form of those who seem only to live to trouble you. Others of you meet with serious losses in your business, and you have to ask how that bill is to be met, and how that liability can be honourably discharged. There are troubles in the house, and troubles in the field; troubles on the land, and troubles on the sea; and, worst of all, there are troubles even in the Church of God.

"Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward;" but *when we were born again, we were born to a double set of troubles*. Both our births bring us troubles; our first birth brings us the troubles that are incident to sin, and our second birth brings us the troubles that are incident to fighting against sin. But, though we get a double share of trouble, we get a double share, a triple share, a sevenfold share, a thousandfold share of joy when we become partakers of the new life in Christ Jesus. There are troubles incident to ordinary manhood, and troubles incident to Christian manhood; but the worst trouble of all is that caused by our inbred

sin. I would not mind all the trouble that comes from the world if I could but get rid of sin;—if I could but live without temptation; or even with temptation if it came from the devil alone. We could manage very well, even with him, if it were not for the devil that is within our own hearts; for we are worse enemies to ourselves than even the devil is to us. Our great enemy cannot do us much harm, if he is kept locked outside the gates, so long as there is no traitor, within the walls of Mansoul, to admit him into the castle of our heart. The sailor does not fear the roaring billows outside his vessel; but when he finds that a leak in the ship gives the water power to rise in the hold, then he begins to fear. And, alas! we have many a leak in the ship of our soul; and, in that way, temptation gets great power over us. We need comfort from God while we are wrestling with inbred sin. That fearful trinity, "the world, and the flesh, and the devil," will keep a Christian from imagining that this world is his rest, for one or other of them will stuff his pillow with thorns, and make his bed hard for him to lie on, and cause the pilgrimage of his life to be like passing through a hedge of thorns and briers, which lacerate the flesh, and weary the spirit.

The sorrows of God's people not only come from within and from without, from Satan beneath and from the world around, but they also come from God himself when he chastens his people for their good. Is there any son, anywhere, whom his father chasteneth not? If so, he is not a son of God; for he "scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Amongst the mercies of the covenant, the rod is very conspicuous, and when the Lord chastens us with it, he causes us to smart; yet every twig of the rod is sanctified, and every stroke we receive from it is for our lasting good.

I said that I would not enlarge upon this part of the subject, neither will I; but I know that there is not a little trouble in the lives of many whom I am now addressing. As I look around this area, and these galleries,—though I know far less of many of you than I would like to know, and if there were fewer of you, I could know you better,—I remember some of your sorrows, and I know that many of you are seldom long at ease, yet, with all your troubles, you enjoy that peace which is like a river, for you have learned to drink of that river the streams whereof make glad the city of our God.

III. Now I must pass on to the third point, which is more comforting to us. It is this,—as God has a people who need to be comforted, the prophet Isaiah is inspired to tell us that "THE LORD HATH COMFORTED HIS PEOPLE."

It is profitable to us to note the various ways in which God has provided for our comfort in our ever-recurring sorrows. He knew that we should have many fountains of grief, and therefore he appointed quite as many fountains of joy, and even more. And besides opening the fountains for us, blessed be his name, he draws the water for us, and puts it to our parched lips, as the Holy Spirit applies to us the precious promises which God has provided for us in his never-failing fount of comfort.

In the first place, in providing for the comfort of his people, God had been pleased to give us this grand old Book, the Bible. What a storehouse of comfort this is! Many times have we gone to it, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and we have never gone there without finding a portion that just exactly met our needs. Some of you, my brethren and sisters in Christ, are, perhaps, in old Giant Despair's castle; but, if you use this precious Book aright, you will find in it a key that will open every lock in Doubting Castle, and make the way clear for you to pass through the great iron gate. O beloved, what should we do without this Bible of ours? Let us prize it, among other reasons, because through it "the Lord hath comforted his people."

Then he has been also pleased to give us that blessed institution, which is not second in importance even to the Bible, namely, *the mercy-seat*. Wherever we may be, that mercy-seat is always accessible. What a mercy it is that there are no longer any specially holy places, like the temple at Jerusalem; but that -

"Where'er we seek him, he is found,  
And every place is hallowed ground."

If I thought that I had always to go up to a certain "sacred" building in order to be able to pray to God, or that there were certain "holy" hours in which it was right to pray, I should be often miserable\*; but it is not so. At midnight, in prison, prayer is in season and in place, for Paul and Silas thus prayed at Philippi, and the prison walls began to shake, and the prison doors flew open. Prayer is in season at all hours, for David says, "Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and he shall hear my voice." No matter where you are, nor into what state you may have fallen, nor how low and desponding you feel;—and no matter how sinful you are either;—for God has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble;\* I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." After providing for us the mercy-seat, over which is written, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," surely you may truly say, "The Lord hath comforted his people."

You all know that prayer to God is necessary in great things, but it is equally necessary in little things. None of you doubt that when much is at stake you ought to pray, but you ought equally to pray when little is at stake. I do not think that many true believers go wrong in the difficult places of their pilgrimage, for they kneel down, and ask God's guidance then, and so they go right; but when they get to the very plain places, they think they know all about the road, and then it is that they are sure to make a mistake. The warrior was not slain in battle for want of

\* Mr. Spurgeon preached a very remarkable sermon upon this text, and published it, under the title of "Robinson Crusoe's Sermon," in a coloured cover, with a striking picture of "Robinson Crusoe" on the front. It is admirably adapted for widespread distribution, with the three others in the same series, "The Turning Point," "The Way of Salvation," and "Jack the Huckster" (all one penny each, or at a reduced rate for quantities).

courage, nor for want of armour; why was he slain then? It was because one nail was missing from his horse's shoe; as the old saying puts it, "For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for the want of a shoe, the horse was lost; for the want of a horse, the rider was lost;" and many a Christian has been almost lost "for the want of a nail." Mind that you look after the nails, and take care of them. Take the little things to God in prayer, for the little is the mother of the great, and that of the greater, and even the little is great if we only look at it aright. Just as the brush of a bird's wing sets the first snow-flakes moving, which afterwards accumulate into a ball, which grows into a great mass, which comes rushing down the mountain in a mighty avalanche, so it is the little thing that sets the great in motion, and it is for this that we need particularly to enquire of the Lord.

"There is no sorrow, Lord, too light  
To bring in prayer to thee;  
There is no anxious care too slight  
To wake thy sympathy.

"Thou who hast trod the thorny road  
Wilt share each small distress;  
The love which bore the greater load  
Will not refuse the less."

Beside that, he has been pleased graciously to give us *the means of grace*. I trust that you have often gone out of this house of prayer saying, "Truly, 'the Lord hath comforted his people' this morning;" or, "We have certainly had our burdens taken away from us while we have been listening to his precious truth this evening." When God the Holy Ghost has spoken through the preacher, you have found that the Word preached has been to you a delightful spiritual repast and cordial, so that you have been able, at least for the time, to forget your sorrows.

The Lord has, however, comforted us, in a still higher way, *by forgiving all our sins*. I recollect the time when I would gladly have made a strange bargain with God, if he would have agreed to it. My sin was such an awful burden to me that I thought that, if I might but have it all pardoned, I would even be willing to be imprisoned for a hundred years. If you have ever felt the weight of your sin, you must acknowledge that there is no bodily affliction that is at all comparable to it. If you once really know, by sad personal experience, what the word "guilt" means, if its horrors are clearly revealed to your soul, you will be distracted in mind, and know not what to do, and you will admit that all the griefs that could possibly be heaped upon you could not equal the horror of great darkness which comes over the soul under a sense of sin. But, then, "the Lord hath comforted his people," because he has forgiven their sin. Your coat may be threadbare, my brother, but your sins are forgiven you for Christ's sake. Your loaf may be but a very small one, and your bed may be a very hard one; but, being justified by faith, you have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. If you are the very poorest of God's saints, in

pardoning your sins "the Lord hath comforted his people." Is not this the best comfort you could possibly have? Long ago, the prophet Isaiah was inspired to write, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned." The forgiveness of all their sins is the greatest comfort that the Lord's people can ever enjoy.

Moreover, in addition to giving us the pardon of all our sins, *the Lord has graciously adopted us into his family.* Ah, poor son of toil, your brow may often be covered with sweat, but you shall, by-and-by, be made like unto your Divine Elder Brother, for you have become, by grace, a child of God! How delightful it is to us to know that "we have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father"! There is no other peace like this, no other joy like this! The angel Gabriel has not half so much reason to be happy as I have. It is true that he has not my cares, nor my troubles; but, then, he is not a child of God, for, as Paul wisely asks, "Unto which of the angels said he at any time, Thou art my Son?" But he does say that to us who have believed in his Son, Jesus Christ; we are the sons and daughters of the Most High God. The holy angels are highly favoured in having been kept from sinning, yet the Son of God took not up angels, but he became a man, that he might redeem us from destruction; and, through him, we are brought into closer communion with God than the angels ever have. Oh, what cause we have, then, for thankfulness when we think of our adoption as well as of our pardon!

My brethren and sisters in Christ, I have not time even to mention all the blessings which are already in your possession. Truly, the full roll of them would need eternity in which to display it aright before your eyes, "for all things are your's, . . . whether the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are your's; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's;" so you have every reason to rejoice, and no cause to be disconsolate, for God has comforted you with the richest of consolations in the blessings which he has already bestowed upon you.

But *think of what is yet to come!* Let the pearly gates be opened for a moment. You will soon be inside them; how soon, none of us can tell. Unless our Lord shall first come,—as he may,—we who have believed in Jesus shall all pass through the gates of pearl, and our disembodied spirits shall see our Saviour face to face! Glory be to God, there is a crown there that no head but yours shall wear, believer, a harp that no hand but yours shall play, a mansion that none but you shall inhabit. Without you, Christ's mystical body would not be complete; one of its members would be missing. Without you, the hallelujah chorus of heaven would lack some of its jubilant notes, and the eternal orchestra would miss one of its players on golden harps; so you must be brought there. The apostle Paul, speaking of glorified saints who have gone to heaven before us, says, "They without us should not be made perfect." They must have us to perfect the company of the redeemed, to gather in glory the full complement of the elect. Come, brethren, put off

your sackcloth and ashes; take down your harps from the willows; put away the sackbut, and bring out the psaltery, and all kinds of joyous music, and let us sing, in the words of the familiar hymn,—

"My God, I'll praise thee while I live,  
And praise thee when I die;  
And praise thee when I rise again,  
And to eternity."

Well now, what follows from all that I have been saying to you? This question surely follows,—*who would not be one of the Lord's people?* I pity those of you who have great grief, but no consolation; I do not know how some of you manage even to live. You work hard, but what do you get by it all,—food and raiment? Yes; and then you go on again and again, and all your life is like that of the blind horse at the mill, going round, and round, and round, and you never make any real progress. You bring up your children, in a fashion; you grow old, and you die, and that is the end. It would be better for you if it were the end; but, alas! there is something far worse to come. How can you keep on living as you do, without any object beyond this poor grovelling world? I can understand a Christian galley-slave, chained to the oar, and floored all day long, feeling that he was living up to the dignity of a man in Christ Jesus, for he could say, "I have a Saviour on high; and though my legs and wrists are bound, yet my free, immortal spirit has fellowship with the eternal God." But I cannot understand how men can work on day after day, or, being above work, can roll along in their carriages, and yet have no thought beyond this present, sin-stained world. It is not even fit for immortal spirits to think much about; it is too base, too scant, too poor, too barren a thing to satisfy immortals! Its atmosphere is a coverlet too narrow for a man to wrap himself in it, and all that earth calls good or great is a bed too short for a never-dying spirit to stretch itself upon it. How do you live without your God? Especially you who are sick and ill; you young people who have consumption stamped upon your cheeks; you young men who are mortally ill, and know you must soon depart hence; you grey-beards, who are not only awaiting the assaults of death, but are already attacked by him;—how can all of you bear the thought that God's sharp word of infallible justice is hurled against you? How can you make mirth on the very edge of the bottomless pit? Oh, that you would flee away to Christ, lay hold upon him, by a simple faith, and so be saved for ever!

If a man suffers much trouble some persons draw from that an inference that he is one of God's people. I have sometimes heard very great professors of religion pacify their consciences with the idea that, because they were going through much tribulation, they must therefore inherit the kingdom;—because they were tried and troubled, they have therefore inferred that they must necessarily be the children of God. Let such understand that there is a rod for the wicked as well as a rod for the righteous. 'Tis true that many go through much tribulation to the kingdom of heaven;

but it is equally true that many go through all their tribulations to the depths of hell. Well says good Mr. Watson, an old Puritan, "The path to hell is hard and rough to many. Many a man hath gone to perdition in the sweat of his brow, and hath toiled harder to win for himself eternal damnation than ever the Christian hath laboured to serve his Master." I doubt not that this is exactly the truth, or even comes short of it.

There is another thought that is suggested by what I have been saying; it is this, *if God comforts his people, we should imitate him.* If we are his, let us be God-like. I do not know when a man is more like God than when he wipes the tears from a mourner's eyes. God wipes away the tears from all eyes in heaven; so, whenever we have wiped a tear from the eye of a saint here below, we have been doing similar work to God's. If you do not yet know what joy and satisfaction are to be found in helping the fatherless and the widow, I hope you will all soon have that joy and satisfaction by helping them in every way that you can. When you go to visit the widow, and see those many little children, their heads rising one above another like a set of stairs, the father dead, the mother doing a little needlework to provide for her children;—when you see all this, I am sure you will help them all you can. It has been a great joy to some of us, this very night, to receive some six or seven fatherless children into the Orphanage which has yet to be built; and we could not help feeling great joy as we accepted them. There is great joy in helping the fatherless and the widow, relieving the poor and needy, comforting those who are broken-hearted, speaking a cheering word to the mourner, or a guiding word to the soul that is seeking Christ, repeating a word of promise in the ear of a backslider, or of one who, for a while, has lost his evidences. So, my brethren and sisters in Christ, as God has comforted his people, mind that you try to do the same good work, remembering that, in ministering to *them*, you are also ministering to *HIM*, as our hymn puts it,—

"They who feed **THY** sick and faint  
For **THYSELF** a banquet find;  
They who clothe the naked saint  
Round **THY** loins the raiment bind."

And, then, finally, *as God has comforted his people, why do they go about the world as if they were not comforted?* I thank God that there are so many members of this church the sight of whose faces is enough to make us glad even in the worst weather. Some of my brethren, when I am the most disconsolate, cheer me up with the very grasp of their hands. These are cheerful Christians, who live near to God, and who so firmly believe in Christ that they will not believe the devil's lie when he tells them that God has forsaken them. Dear brethren and sisters, should we not all try to be like them? It is a great blessing to be of a happy, thankful spirit, and to carry a cheerful countenance wherever we go. Yet some Christians, when you go to see them, are always telling you how poor they are, how badly they have had the



rheumatics, how many aches and pains, and trials and troubles they have, and so on." I remember one visitor, who had heard this sort of story so often from one good 'old lady whom he used to visit, that one day he said to her, "My dear sister, I have heard all about your troubles so many times that I think I could repeat them word for word; so could you not change the subject for once, and tell me something about your joys?" Whenever we must touch the mournful theme, let us do as the swallow does when it just brushes the brook with its wing, and flies up into the clear air as if its whole being were full of joy. So let it be with us,—touching the waters of trouble sometimes, as we must, yet swiftly mounting in sweet contemplation and holy meditation, leaving the sinful, sorrowing world behind us, and entering into the very presence of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

"Why should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace."

God bless you, dear friends, with the Spirit of consolation! The Holy Spirit is *the* Comforter; may he comfort you, for Jesus' sake! Amen!

*In the Press. Will shortly be Published.*

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PRICE ONE PENNY EACH.

LONDON: PASSMORE & ALABASTER, Paternoster Buildings; or can be procured through all Booksellers, Colporteurs, etc.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle' Pulpit.

WARNING AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE, NEWINGTON,

*On a Lord's-day Evening, in the year 1864.*

"I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."—Solomon's Song v. 2.

How changeable is the creature! In the verse preceding our text, we find the spouse in a happy, healthy, heavenly frame of mind, for her Beloved was with her, and she was in the enjoyment of the closest communion with him. We find him saying, "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk; eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." Yet, from the height of this glorious fellowship, how soon the spouse comes down to the depths of such a cry as this, "I sleep, but my heart waketh"! Truly, the weather of our isle is not more variable than the feelings of believers. One day, the sun shines hot and strong; the next day comes a black cloud, accompanied with the lightning-flash and the voice of thunder; then come the rattling drops of hail; and anon, in a few more hours, it is hot again, or perhaps the chilly North wind begins to blow. Have you not been on Mount Tabor at one moment, and at another in the Vale of Acher? Have you not been, at one time, like the chariots of Ammi-nadib driving so fast that the axes were hot with speed, and soon after you have been like Pharaoh's chariots when the wheels were taken off, so that you drave heavily? Now ye mount as upon eagle's wings, and anon ye sink as in deep mire, where there is no standing; at one moment, delighting in God's goodness and mercy, and the next moment, crying, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me." Lord, what a changeable creature is man! When thou hast taken him up to his highest altitude, how speedily he cometh down, by the force of thy hand, to the very depths! How soon dost thou bring him down from his highest eminence even to the very dust!

No. 2,018.

rheumatics, how many aches and pains, and trials and troubles they have, and so on." I remember one visitor, who had heard this sort of story so often from one good 'old lady whom he used to visit, that one day he said to her, "My dear sister, I have heard all about your troubles so many times that I think I could repeat them word for word; so could you not change the subject for once, and tell me something about your joys?" Whenever we must touch the mournful theme, let us do as the swallow does when it just brushes the brook with its wing, and flies up into the clear air as if its whole being were full of joy. So let it be with us,—touching the waters of trouble sometimes, as we must, yet swiftly mounting in sweet contemplation and holy meditation, leaving the sinful, sorrowing world behind us, and entering into the very presence of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

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## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, . NOVEMBER 8TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

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*On a Lord's-day Evening, in the year 1864.*

"I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."—Solomon's Song v. 2.

How changeable is the creature! In the verse preceding our text, we find the spouse in a happy, healthy, heavenly frame of mind, for her Beloved was with her, and she was in the enjoyment of the closest communion with him. We find him saying, "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk; eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." Yet, from the height of this glorious fellowship, how soon the spouse comes down to the depths of such a cry as this, "I sleep, but my heart waketh." Truly, the weather of our isle is not more variable than the feelings of believers. One day, the sun shines hot and strong; the next day comes a black cloud, accompanied with the lightning-flash and the voice of thunder; then come the rattling drops of hail; and anon, in a few more hours, it is hot again, or perhaps the chilly North wind begins to blow. Have you not been on Mount Tabor at one moment, and at another in the Vale of Achor? Have you not been, at one time, like the chariots of Ammi-nadib, driving so fast that the axes were hot with speed, and soon after you have been like Pharaoh's chariots when the wheels were taken off, so that you drave heavily? Now ye mount as upon eagle's wings, and anon ye sink as in deep mire, where there is no standing; at one moment, delighting in God's goodness and mercy, and the next moment, crying, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me." Lord, what a changeable creature is man! When thou hast taken him up to his highest altitude, how speedily he cometh down, by the force of thy hand, to the very depths! How soon dost thou bring him down from his highest eminence even to the very dust!

No. 3,013.

Christian, when the Lord favours thee, and thy soul walks in near fellowship with him, remember that, there is a devil within thee and a devil without thee. Be careful of thy footsteps; even when thou art on the top of the mountain, even when Jesus is sitting by thee, and whispering in thine ear that thou art his, watch thou with the greatest possible care, for never dost thou lose thy corruption. Thy communion may be transient, but thy corruption is perpetual. To be with Christ is but a thing of a moment with thee, but to be with thy corruption is a thing of every hour in the day. I pray thee, keep this in mind; and whenever thou art in thy best frame, then be doubly careful, lest thou shouldst lose thy Beloved, and have to cry once again, "I sleep, but my heart waketh." Dr. Ives, who used to live on the road to Tyburn at the time when prisoners were always carried in a cart to be hanged there, would frequently say, when he had any friends with him, if he saw the criminals riding by, "There goes Dr. Ives;" and when they asked him what he meant, he replied, "Such crimes as that felon has committed I should have committed but for the grace of God." That is true even of you who live nearest to God. You, who have the most familiarity with Christ, and enjoy the most holy fellowship with him, may soon become the very leaders of the hosts of Satan if your Lord withdraws his grace. David's eyes go astray, and the sweet psalmist of Israel becomes the shameless adulterer, who robs Uriah of his wife. Samson one day slays a thousand of his enemies with the might of his arm, and the valour of his heart; another day his honour is betrayed, his locks are shorn, and his eyes are put out by a strumpet's treacherous wiles. How soon are the mighty fallen! Behold Solomon, the wisest of men, yet the greatest fool who ever lived. Even Job fails in patience, and Abraham staggers as to his faith. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." These observations seem to rise at once to our minds when we consider such passages as abound in this "Song of songs, which is Solomon's." We find, at one moment, that the spouse is so happy that she cries out, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love;" and, at another moment, she is searching for her Beloved, and cannot find him, and mourning because of the darkness, and of the cruelty of "the watchmen that go about the city."

The text very readily suggests three subjects for meditation:—first, a *lamentable state*: "I sleep;" secondly, a *hopeful sign*: "but my heart waketh;" and, thirdly, a *potent remedy*: "It is the voice of my Beloved." Nothing can wake a believer out of his sleep like the voice of his Beloved.

I. First, here is a LAMENTABLE STATE: "I sleep."

I think I can describe this state pretty well, because I experience it too often, and I am afraid many of you could also describe it with some degree of accuracy, for frequently you too fall into it. What is it for a Christian to sleep? Well, thank God, there is a sleep which the believer never knows. He can never again sleep that deadly sleep in which Christ found him while he was in his

sinful state; he shall never sleep the judicial sleep into which some are cast as the result of sin; he shall not sleep, as do others, to his eternal ruin: yet he may sleep dangerously and sinfully; and this is the state in which the Christian is found when he thus sleepeth,—in a state of inaction. You are doing something for God, but you are rather doing it as a matter of custom than as a matter of loving earnestness. You do pray; you do go up to the house of God; you do teach in the Sabbath-school; but you do these things mechanically, as a man walks who is sound asleep. You are in a sort of spiritual somnambulism. The work that you are called upon to perform, you do after a fashion; but there is none of the power of God in the work, there is no earnestness thrown into it. It is done, and there is an end of it; but your heart has been absent from it.

Coupled with this, there is a want of vigour in everything to which such a man sets his hand. If he preaches, there is no force or burning energy, no boiling, scalding periods; he just takes his text, and speaks upon it. Perhaps God's people are edified, perhaps sinners are saved; but that man has no enjoyment in his work during the whole time that he performs it thus sluggishly. A man, to enjoy the work of the Lord, must throw his whole strength into it. It is the same when you come to prayer. You do pray after a sort; but it is not that wrestling with the angel whichgetteth the blessing from him. You do knock at the door, but not with that force which causeth it to open. You have forgotten your former vigour. Whereas, once your place of prayer was the witness of groans and tears, now you can go into it, and come out of it, without so much as a single sob. And it is just the same when you read the Scriptures. Once, the page sparkled with promises, and your soul was satisfied with marrow and fatness: but when you read it now, it is very dull, and you no longer derive refreshing consolation from it. Like the temple out of which God has removed, you walk through it; there are the pillars, there stand all the symbols of worship; the altar is there, but God, the King, has gone; and a voice has been heard to say, "Arise, let us go hence;" and so, you go through the sacred edifice, and find nothing there. In this same sleepy state, we go up to the house of God to listen to his Word; and if our sleep has got a strong hold upon us, we cannot get any comfort. We begin to rail at the minister; because we are not edified as we used to be, we think that a change has come over him. That is possible; but it is just as likely, and more so, that our want of enjoyment of God's Word is owing to ourselves. We sit and hear as God's people hear, and we sing as God's people sing, and pray as they pray, after the outward form; but we go out as a man rises from his bed whereon he hath tossed all night, and we feel that we are not a whit refreshed; and the Sabbath, that was once a joy and delight to us, has perhaps become a weariness and a burden.

There is no enjoyment while a man is thus asleep; and, as there is no enjoyment, there is no consciousness of pain. Ah, beloved, I have known seasons when I would almost have given my right arm

to be able to shed tears of repentance,—when I wished that I might again have a broken heart,—when I have longed to make my soul feel even the pains of hell rather than not feel anything; for this is one of the worst states a Christian can be in,—to go nodding on through life, slumbering over eternal realities, dreaming over heaven, and nodding his head, and continuing still to sleep, when he is in the presence of the Most High God, and should have gathered up all his powers, and strung them to the highest pitch of intensity. Have not you been in such a state? If you have not, happy man are you! There are most holy men, some of the giant servants of God, who have fallen into this state, and have been compelled to cry out, “I sleep,” finding themselves happy indeed if they could add, “I sleep, but my heart waketh.”

*Such a state as this is very sinful.* Is it not sinful, O my soul, to be trifling with the eternal state, to be playing at prayer? Canst thou be so dull and heavy about eternal things, when worldlings are so thoroughly awake about their silver and gold and commercial pursuits? When souls are being hurried to eternity, how is it that I can still be indifferent? While time is speeding on, and eternity is so near, how can I still betake me to my slothful couch, and cry, “A little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep”? Chosen in Christ, redeemed with his precious blood, quickened by the Divine Spirit, and made partakers of the divine nature, how can it be consistent with our position and condition to sleep as do others? The light of God’s grace has shone upon us, is this a time to slumber? Let the world sleep if it will, for its objects and aims are not worthy of the Christian’s high ambition; but shall you and I sleep, when heaven is before us, and hell behind us, when there is temptation everywhere surrounding us, and angels beckon us to heaven, while a glorious company of saints holds us in full survey? Comb, my brethren, we must feel that such a state as this is sinful in the highest degree.

*And how dangerous is it, too!* A man, who sleeps in his enemy’s camp, is exposed to imminent peril. There lies Sisera asleep in Jael’s tent. Little dost thou know, O silly dreamer, when that woman’s hand lifts up the mallet to drive the nail through thy brain! If thou desirest to sleep, Christian, wait until thou gettest home; there thou shalt have rest enough for ever in thy Father’s house; but to sleep here, is to sleep in the dragon’s jaw, to sleep on the top of the mast when the ship is driving before the storm. Nay, awake thou, and bethink thee of thy position and condition, and sleep no longer. O God, have mercy upon thy people who have long prosperity! There is the pinnacle of the temple; and blessed is the man whose feet slip not when he standeth here. I do not think we sleep so much, spiritually, when we have bodily affliction; though pains of body frequently make a Christian long for his rest; nor do I think we have slumbering times when we are losing our friends. Men cannot easily sleep when the funeral knell is tolling in their ears, and when they are following dear departed ones to the grave. Nor do I think we sleep much when we are the subjects of very violent temptations, and have a great many doubts

and fears; but when we are in our vessel, when the day is fine, and the sail is spread, and the wind blows softly, and the ship goes on steadily without a motion, gliding as o'er a sea of glass, then it is that the mariner, perhaps, forgets the rock and the shoal. The poet was right when he said,—

“More the treacherous calm I dread,  
Than tempests lowering overhead.”

I do not like tremble; and pray God to deliver me from it. I cannot well endure bodily pain; I find myself impatient under tribulation; but I am able to say this, that if I had my choice between the severest affliction and a state of sinful slumbering, I would prefer to have the affliction. “There is no devil,” said one, “like having no devil,” that is to say, there is no temptation like the temptation of not being tempted. The worst form of danger is when a man is left to himself, when he is not much tossed about, when he is quiet and easy. It ought not to be so. The greater our prosperity, the better should we love God; and the more our spirit is at ease, the more we should serve him with both our hand, and render him hearty thanksgiving for his favour towards us: it should be so, but it is not so. In these smooth waters, we are sure to meet with mischief, and, therefore, may the Lord, in his mercy, watch over us when we are in much prosperity!

Do I hear somebody ask, “How may I know when I am asleep?” If you are a true Christian, you will soon know it by a sort of instinct, when an unutterable gloom of misery comes over you. The sleep of a sinner may compare to the sleep produced by opium, which gives its victim dreams of the most magnificent character, carrying the soul up to heaven, and then, anon, dashing it down to the depths. All sorts of fantastic imaginings are the offsprings of that deadly drug; yet the man enjoys himself while under its influence; but though it causes some happiness in the use of it, it will bring him to hell as surely as murder itself. The sleep of a Christian, when he falls into this state, is rather like the sleep produced by henbane: it is a kind of uneasy, short, disturbed, unresting rest. It does a man little harm compared with the other; and his constitution recovers from the shock much more readily. Such, I say, is the Christian’s sleep: there is no pleasure in it as there is in the sinner’s sleep; but his sleep is uneasy, his conscience pricketh him, his heart wakes, and he finds no peace in it. It lasts but for a little time, and it does him much damage; but, still, not the deadly damage that the world’s sleep of sin brings to its votaries. God save you from it! May he ever keep you from falling into that kind of sleep!

I think many of you will not need me to warn you of it. Still, if you do want to know, let me ask you to compare yourself with what you used to be. Are you as lively in divine things as you once were? Is prayer as fervent and refreshing to your souls as it once was? Do you find that willingness to pray that you once had? Do you find that you have to flog yourself into your closet, and,



when you get there, do you offer up your prayers and desires with coldness which you were wont to offer with warm and loving fervour? Do you still continue to have the blessedness you had when first you knew the Lord? If not, that is a symptom of sleep. Then, compare yourself with what you ought to be. Think how you ought to have grown during the years that you have been a believer. Are you what you ought to have been? Then, if you are not, you must be asleep, or else you would have made better progress. Compare yourself with what others have been, and you will see cause for shame; and if so, my brethren, you are asleep; you are in a dangerous condition, and I pray the living God, by the demand for watchfulness when the prince of this world cometh, by the agonies of Christ in Gethsemane, yea, by the blood of him who poured out his soul unto death, to arouse you out of this deadly sleep; for it is a state that will lead to some great and grievous sin, some black and terrible fall, unless God shall prevent it by his grace. First you sleep, then you slumber, then you sin, then you sin again, then you go deeper still, and so will you continue, unless God, in his grace, steps in to deliver you from the consequences of this dreadful sleep.

II. Yet, secondly, there is, in the text, A HOPEFUL SIGN.

I think that most of us, though we do sleep, can say as the spouse does, "my heart waketh." Beloved, it is a blessed sign that the spouse knows her state, and truly confesses it. She does not say, mark you, "I am a little tired; my eyes are heavy;" no; but with honesty of heart she says, "I sleep." Ah, it is a good sign when you and I know our state, and are willing to confess it before God. I have heard of a believer in Christ, who, on one occasion, was intoxicated, and he was expelled from the church as the result of it; but he was visited by many Christian brethren, and amongst the rest by one who prayed with him. They prayed together to God, but he could not get any peace. "No," said his friend, "and you never will until you come to the point, and confess your sin as it really is;" and when the man said, in his prayer, "Lord, thou knowest that I have disgraced myself: I have been drunk;" it was then that he obtained peace. He had directed the lancet to the wound; he had put before God the right state of the case; and this is what we must do, beloved, if we would have restoring and renewing grace,—we must tell the Lord what our sin really is; as the spouse did, we must confess, "I sleep."

But you will observe that the spouse is as bold in saying, "my heart waketh," as she was in saying, "I sleep." What does this mean, "my heart waketh"? Why, just this. "My conscience tells me that this sleepy state is not a proper one for me to be in; and my heart cries that I must get out of it. I cannot find any rest while I slumber. At a distance from God, I cannot be happy." Peter may follow afar off, but Peter cannot be happy afar off; Peter may sit and warm his hands with the servants in Pilate's hall, but he cannot warm his heart. Sinners may say, "Why make all this fuss about a little sleep? There is no great sin in it." Ah, but little sins trouble believers far more than great sins trouble sinners. If a

Christian's soul be but a little away from God, it is sufficient to mar his joy, and make him unhappy. A man clad in armour may go walking through a wood, and may never feel the thorns; but another man, who has had his armour taken off, will be scratched and torn therewith. Sinners clad in the armour of sin feel not the thorn of Christ's desertion; but saints who have thrown this armour aside, and are tender of heart, feel even his slightest frown.

My dear hearer, perhaps you are slumbering this evening, and are content to be so; then you are no child of God; but if you are slumbering, and there is some power, something within you that keeps crying out, "O God, I would be delivered;" though this voice be never so feeble, though this cruel sleep of yours may almost have gagged it, yet still, if it doth rebel against this state, and cries out, "Lord, I would be changed; I would be different; turn thou unto me, and I shall be turned; revive me, and I shall be revived;" if there be such a longing as this in you, you are still a child of God, and well may you exclaim, "I sleep, but my heart waketh. Lord, I would live near to thee if I could. I am like a man that rideth a sorry jade of a horse; the horse will not go, but he spurreth him, hacketh at the bit, and striketh him again and again, for the man would go if he could; and so it is with me. 'The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak;' and 'when I would do good, evil is present with me,' and 'how to perform that which is good I find not.'" - Lord, help thy servants, and let them not sleep any longer!

III. Now, thirdly, here is A POTENT REMEDY: "the voice of my Beloved."

Some Christians try to get themselves into a healthy state of heart by looking to the law, by self-examination, and by a thousand other remedies; but, after all, *the true cure for every disease in the Christian is in Christ himself*. You may try to chide yourselves for your sins, but you will continue to sin if that be all that you do. Beloved, I know that the heart has a great objection to coming to Christ after being in a sleepy state. Old Legality whispers in our ears that, "You cannot go and trust Christ as you did, for see how badly you have behaved; you must not go to the fountain filled with blood now, as you did at first, for see, you have played the harlot, and you cannot go with the same confidence as you went at first." "Ah, Old Legality, I can, and I will." The law never did bring us out of our state of nature, and will it bring us now out of our state of lethargy? If the law had first of all quickened us, then it would be well to look for restoration by the law; but inasmuch as we found our first life by simply believing in Christ, the only way to renew that life is by believing in Jesus Christ again. I will listen, then, not to the voice of the curse, not to the condemnation of Moses, but to the voice of my Beloved, for no music is like his, and nothing can so wake my soul as hearing him speak to me. Hear, then, the voice of thy Beloved in the Gospel; he is thy Beloved still, though thou art asleep; but he sleeps not; and he calls to thee, "Come to my bosom; come,

my beloved, open the doors of thy heart to me. Come, my affianced and precious one, I have not put thee away, though thou hast grieved me, and opened my wounds afresh; I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Open the doors of thy heart to me, and let me come into communion with thee." It is the voice of Jesus speaking to you through your minister, and he cries to you, "Come to me now; trust me once again; and your spiritual strength shall be renewed."

Then turn to this precious Book, and you will hear the voice of your Beloved there; in words like these he speaks to you, "Turn, backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you." Hear him as he crieth unto you, "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." Hear him as he cries to you, ungodly ones, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

Hear, then, your Beloved's voice; and mark, dear brethren, if you do not hear the voice of your Beloved in the days of prosperity, you will be likely enough to hear it in affliction. If nothing else will keep you awake, the rod will. If you will sleep in prosperity, you shall have adversity; and sooner than you shall be lost, you shall lose everything. If, my brethren, God sees we cannot stand out present ease and prosperity, he will send his servant Death into our families; he will take away our possessions; he will place us in adversity; he will wither all our fair flowers, and break all our idols, and dash in pieces everything that stands between our soul and himself. Oh, that we were wise, and would hear his gentle voice! "Be not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle;" but hear what the Lord says to you from the watch-tower of his ministry and from the witness-box of his Word, and then you shall escape the rod.

And perhaps, my brethren, the Beloved may speak to you without the ministry, and without the Word. If he shall do so, I pray you to catch his words. It may be, while you are sitting here, or when you are walking home, or perhaps at the Lord's table, where some of us hope to meet directly, you will hear him whisper some kind, assuring word that shall sink your fears again. I have known what it is to preach, sometimes, on a Sunday here, and I have felt like a butcher, who stands in his shop cutting out joints of meat for others; they are fed, but he himself has nothing; or as a cook, who prepares and sends up dinners, but cannot so much as get a taste himself. Then I have gone downstairs to the Lord's table with a dull heart, and, perhaps, in a second, as though a strange miracle has been wrought, my soul has been as full of devout joy and holy mirth as ever spirit was out of heaven; and if you ask me how that has been caused, I would say it has been caused by some kindly look of my Beloved, some loving glancing of his eye, or some sweet word from his mouth, and my soul has rejoiced with joy unspeakable. Why should it not be so with you to-night? That is the best

thing to waken you up. If your heart is dull and heavy, as soon as your Beloved speaks, you will at once awake to spirit and to life.

My time has gone, but I want to say this to you, I am sometimes, nay, I am often haunted with the fear lest we, as a church, should fall asleep. Oh, how greatly has the Lord blessed us these many years! And what favour seems to rest upon every agency! The preaching of the Word has been very successful, but still it is open to the conversion of many. In our classes how is God honoured! Ah, you little know, some of you, what others of us see; and even we do not see one-tenth of what God is doing in the class conducted by one of our sisters here; and our Sabbath-schools may very well be a delight, for the Lord is working a great work in them; but I am always jealous over you, lest you should slumber. How easy it is to fall asleep! I often fear that my voice, which was once like a trumpet to you, will become like sleep-music; that you will become so used to it, and I, perhaps, shall become so dull and heavy, that the life of God will almost die out amongst us. My soul weepeth and crieth to God over this matter. My Master knoweth that I would cheerfully resign, that another voice might speak to you, if that would keep alive your zeal and enthusiasm. If it is, however, not my fault, even a change of ministry would not suffice. When churches grow to a great size, people think they must always continue so, and that God will always bless them as he has done. Why, sirs, as our first blessings came in answer to prayer, all future blessings must come in the same way.

I remember well, when we used to meet together in Park Street to have holy communion with the Lord, how we used to wrestle with him in prayer; so much so that I have scarcely been able to pronounce the benediction, much less give any address, because we all seemed to be carried away in the mighty majesty of wrestling prayer. We have now, sometimes, very choice seasons; but I am afraid not altogether such as we once had. At any rate, if there be any falling off, I thank God there is very little indeed; it is scarcely perceptible as yet: but how soon may there be, unless we watch and be jealous with a holy jealousy? Let us work with Christian earnestness in prayer. O you who have done little for Christ of late, I pray you, do more for him. You who think your time of service is over, and that you may retire like pensioners, and no more fight, I want you to enlist again, put on the colours once more, as if you were but raw recruits. You, who once could defy persecution, and stand up in the street to preach Christ, and laugh at all your fears, gather up your courage once again. Oh, that you would wake up, as a church, and put on your beautiful array of past times, when you were despised and persecuted, and the minister's name was a by-word and a proverb, and you yourselves, because you were linked with him, were thought to be fools and the off-scouring of all things. But now I tremble lest we should grow respectable and great, and lest men should think we are respectable, and depart from us. My soul begs and beseeches of you to renew your prayers for me, that I may preach with greater vigour. What if my ministry should become as dull and stupid as the ministry of

one-half of my brethren; what if it should become as useless and as unprofitable as the ministry of nine out of ten who occupy the pulpit? I had sooner die than live to be such a thing as many who stand up in the pulpit merely to waste people's time, and not to win souls. My spirit pants to have the consuming zeal of Baxter, and the earnest, passionate enthusiasm of Whitefield; but I cannot get it, except through your prayers; or getting it, it cannot be maintained without your vehement cries and entreaties before the Lord.

Perhaps we, as a church, have been brought to our present state for a great purpose which has never dawned upon us. We have done something for God already; we are filling the pulpits of our village churches with men sound in the faith, and earnest for God; we are erecting a great barrier against the every-day increasing encroachment of heresy and infidelity; but we want to do something more, and something looms upon us in the future,—I scarcely know what,—some high and holy purpose which this church has been brought up to this point to accomplish. Shall we draw back? Men of Ephraim, will ye draw back in the day of battle? Will you be condemned for not coming to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Shall the angel pronounce over you the sentence, "Ichabod, for the glory of the Lord has departed from you, because of your declining to continue earnest in zeal"? If it is so to any extent, let us return unto the Lord; let us take to Christ words of repentance and faith; and let us beseech him to make this church again his buckler and two-edged sword, and to make his minister once more a captain in the midst of the Lord's hosts; for the day of the Lord is mighty, and the battle of the Lord is terrible; and every man must take his place, and every soldier must draw his weapon from his thigh; for the day of the Lord draweth nigh, and the battle of God is to be fought now, even now. Let us arise, my brethren; let us rush like lions to the prey, like swift eagles to the chase; and God shall help us, God shall help us, and that right early. This church cries to-night, "I sleep;" but she can also say, "my heart waketh." The heart of the church is awake still. I think my voice to you to-night is an echo of the voice of your Beloved. Sisters, brothers, bestir yourselves: let us cry mightily unto God; let us labour for the winning of souls; let us pant and pray for a great increase to our membership; and God will save sinners, in answer to our prayer, and his name shall be glorified for ever and ever. Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

#### EXODUS XII 1—27.

Verses 1, 2. *And the LORD spake unto Moses and Aaron in the land of Egypt, saying, This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you.*

And for this reason that, now, as a nation, they were to begin their separate history, separate in existence from all the rest of mankind.

3, 4. *Speak ye unto all the congregations of Israel, saying, In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house: and if the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbour next unto his house take it according to the number of the souls; every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb.*

The separation of the lamb was to take place some four days before the time of its slaughter. Probably it was kept in the house; according to the Jewish tradition it was so, and they would hear it bleating, and be reminded of the purpose for which it was to be slain.

5. *Your lamb shall be without blemish, a male of the first year: ye shall take it out from the sheep, or from the goats:*

You know what a type this is of Christ, "without blemish," offered up for us in the very fulness of his strength, in the prime and glory of his manhood, giving himself up to be our Paschal Lamb, "The Lamb of God."

6. *And ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month: and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening.*

Just as the sun went down, or just before it set for the evening. There is also the marginal reading "between the two evenings." The even, before the sun set, was the first, and then the daylight after the sun set was the second evening.

7. *And they shall take of the blood, and strike it on the two side posts and on the upper door post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it.*

Not on the threshold, lest it should be trodden upon; and woe be unto the man who shall trample upon the blood of Christ! On the two side posts and on the lintel was placed the mark indicating that God had redeemed the inmates of that house with blood.

8, 9. *And they shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread; and with bitter herbs they shall eat it. Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire; his head with his legs, and with the purtenance thereof.*

We are to have a whole Christ, with his head of wisdom and his heart of love, the walk and conversation of Christ, and all the inward secret life and grace of Christ all to be ours.

10. *And ye shall let nothing of it remain until the morning; and that which remaineth of it until the morning ye shall burn with fire.*

Not a bone was to be left for the Egyptians to treat with dishonour, but all was to be consumed.

11, 12. *And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste: it is the LORD'S passover. For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment: I am the LORD.*

All those false gods had been smitten in the different plagues; and now, inasmuch as the Egyptians regarded the firstborn in the family with veneration, the last stroke was about to be struck, and Pharaoh and all his subjects would stagger under the tremendous blow.

13. *And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are:*

Oh, that we would all look upon the blood of Jesus as a token,—a token of divine love in giving the Well-beloved to die for us,—a token that justice has had its due,—a token that we are perfectly secure for ever!

13. *And when I see the blood, I will pass over you,*

It is God's view of the blood of Christ, which is the all-important matter; when he looks at Christ upon the cross, and is satisfied with the atonement.

that he there offered, the Lord passes over all those for whom Christ died as a Substitute.

13—15. *And the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt. And this day shall be unto you for a memorial; and ye shall keep it a feast to the LORD throughout your generations; ye shall keep it a feast by ordinance for ever. Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses: for whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel.*

Therefore he was no partaker in the redemption purchased by blood. He who is not purged from hypocrisy may say what he likes, but the blood will not save him unless he repents; there must be the putting away of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy, or else even the blood of atonement will not avail.

16. *And in the first day there shall be an holy convocation, and in the seventh day there shall be an holy convocation to you; no manner of work shall be done in them, save that which every man must eat, that only may be done of you.*

What rest this brought into the houses of the Israelites! There was no only deliverance from the plagues, but there was also rest from all manner of work. Herein is the blessedness of the blood of the Lamb; when it comes to the home and the heart of the believer, it gives him rest of soul while others are toiling in vain to get relief by their own works.

17—25. *And ye shall observe the feast of unleavened bread; for in this self-same day have I brought your armies out of the land of Egypt: therefore shall ye observe this day in your generations by an ordinance for ever. In the first month, on the fourteenth day of the month at even, ye shall eat unleavened bread until the one and twentieth day of the month at even. Seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses: for whosoever eateth that which is leavened, even that soul shall be cut off from the congregation of Israel, whether he be a stranger, or born in the land. Ye shall eat nothing leavened; in all your habitations shall ye eat unleavened bread. Then Moses called for all the elders of Israel, and said unto them, Draw out and take you a lamb according to your families, and kill the passover. And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the bason, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood that is in the bason; and none of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning. For the LORD will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when he seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side posts, the LORD will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you. And ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance to thee and to thy sons for ever. And it shall come to pass, when ye be come to the land which the LORD will give you, according as he hath promised, that ye shall keep this service.*

What! Were they never to forget the slaying of the lamb and the sprinkling of the blood? No, never. Not when they came to Canaan, to the land that flowed with milk and honey, and when God had wrought other great marvels for them? No, never; and the highest honour that we shall ever have will be this, to be able truthfully to sing,—

“A monument of grace,

A sinner saved by blood.”

26, 27. *And it shall come to pass, when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? That ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the LORD'S passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses. And the people bowed the head and worshipped.*

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

A SERMON FROM A SICK PREACHER

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAcle, NEWINGTON,

On a Lord's-day Evening, in the year 1859.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Peter ii. 7.\*

My brethren, I am quite out of order for addressing you to-night. I feel extremely unwell, excessively heavy and exceedingly depressed, and yet I could not deny myself the pleasure of trying to say a few words to you. I have taken a text upon which I think I could preach in my sleep; and I believe that, if I were dying, and were graciously led into the old track, I could, with my last expiring breath, pour out a heartfelt utterance upon the delightful verse which I have selected. It happens to be the passage from which I first essayed to speak in public when I was but a boy of sixteen years of age; and I am sure it contains the marrow of what I have always taught in the pulpit from that day until now. The words are in the second chapter of the first Epistle of Peter, and the seventh verse: "*Unto you therefore which believe he is precious.*"

We might find "ample room and verge enough" if we were to enlarge upon the preciousness of Christ in his person as God and perfect man; his preciousness to his Father, his preciousness to the Holy Spirit, his preciousness to angels and glorified men. We might next speak of him in the preciousness of his work; showing his preciousness as the Mediator of the new covenant, and as the incarnate Messenger of that covenant on earth; his preciousness in working out a perfect righteousness, and as rendering a complete expiation. We might dwell upon his preciousness in all his offices, whether as Prophet, Priest, or King, and in all his relationships as Friend, Brother, or Bridegroom. Indeed, we have before us a subject as inexhaustible as the river of God, and as bright as the sapphire throne. If we should endeavour to show how precious

\* Not only was this the first text from which Mr. Spurgeon preached, but it was his theme on many subsequent occasions. Two of these discourses bear the same title,—"*Christ Precious to Believers*," although one of them is No. 242 in the *New Park Street Pulpit*, and the other is No. 2,137 in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*.



the Well-beloved is in all respects, we should need eternity in which to complete the task.

"Precious is the name of Jesus,  
Who can half its worth unfold?  
Far beyond angelic praises,  
Sweetly sung to harps of gold.

"Precious when to Calvary groaning,  
He sustain'd the cursèd tree;  
Precious when his death atoning  
Made an end of sin for me.

"Precious when the bloody scourges  
Caused the sacred drops to roll;  
Precious when of wrath the surges  
Overwhelm'd his holy soul.

"Precious in his death victorious,  
He the host of hell o'erthrows;  
In his resurrection glorious,  
Victor crown'd o'er all his foes.

"Precious, Lord! beyond expressing,  
Are thy beauties all divine;  
Glory, honour, power, and blessing  
Be henceforth for ever thine."

The wording of the text binds our thoughts to one point. "*Unto you therefore which believe* he is precious;" it is not so much how precious he is, as how precious he is *to you*. If you are a believer, the text affirms that Jesus Christ is, without any adverb to limit the extent of the descriptive word, precious *to you*.

I. We shall, first, talk awhile upon the truth that Jesus CHRIST IS NOW PRECIOUS TO BELIEVERS.

Notice, attentively, *how personally precious Jesus is*. There are two persons in the text: "*Unto you therefore which believe* He is precious." "You" and "he." You are a real person, and you feel that you are such. To yourself, you must ever be the most real of existences. You do not think of yourself as a person of whom you have read in history, or heard of in discourse, or seen from a window years ago. You have (to use an ugly word, since I do not know any substitute for it,) realized yourself; you are quite clear about your own existence. Now, in the same way, I pray you strive to realize the other Person. "*Unto you therefore which believe* He is precious." Jesus exists just as really as you do, and you must not regard him as a personage who was here one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine years ago, or one of whom you have heard, and whom you like to think of as a poetical conception; but there is a real Christ now existing; in spirit existing here; in real flesh and blood, now standing at the right hand of the Father; and between him and you, if you are a believer, there exists a bond of unity which, though invisible, is nevertheless most matter-of-fact and positive. You believe in him, he loves you; you love him in return, and he sheds abroad in your heart a sense of his love. You twain are bound together fastly and firmly; there is neither

myth, nor dream, either in him or in your union to him. He is and you are, and he is in very deed most precious to you.

Notice, too, that while the text gleams with this vividness of personality, to which the most of professors are blind, it is weighted with a most solid positiveness: "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." It does not speak as though he might be or might not be; but "he is precious." There are some things about myself as a Christian which are frequently matters of question. I may gravely question whether I am growing in grace; and under such a doubt I may search my heart to see whether I love my Lord better, or whether I have more fully conquered my sins; but one thing I do not question, namely, that being a believer in him, Jesus Christ is unutterably precious to my soul. If thou doubtest thy faith, thou mayest doubt whether Christ is precious to thee; but if thy faith be certain, the preciousness of Christ to thy heart is quite as certain. "He is precious." If the new life be in thee, thou art as sure to love the Saviour as fish love the stream, or the birds the air, or as brave men love liberty, or as all men love their lives. Tolerate no peradventures here; allow no debate upon this vital point of thy religion. Jesus must be precious to thee. Cleanse thine eye if any dust hath dimmed thy sight of Jesus's preciousness, and be not satisfied till, in the language of the spouse, thou canst say, "My Beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand;" "yea, he is altogether lovely."

Mark, further, the absoluteness of the text: "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." It is not written how precious he is. The text does not attempt, by any form of computation, to measure the price which the regenerate soul sets upon her bosom's Lord. There is no hint that he is moderately precious; it does not even say positively or comparatively precious. I infer therefore that I may, if I choose, insert the word "superlatively" and, certainly, if I did so, there would be no exaggeration, for more dear than light to the eyes, or life to the body, is Jesus to the sanctified heart. Each saint can truthfully sing,—

"Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust:  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust."

Since no sparkling gems or precious metals, no royal regalia, or caskets of rare jewels can ever equal the value of Jesus, the comparison is vain. We therefore place him by himself alone, and say that he is absolutely precious to believers. Gold is precious, but the diamond is more so; and, in comparison with the diamond, the gold is of small account. The diamond is precious; but give a man a bagful of diamonds of the first water, and put him down in a desert, or let him be out on the wild waste of ocean, he would give all his diamonds for a draught of pure water to drink, or a crust of bread to eat; so that, in certain cases, even the excellent crystal would lose its value. In fact, mineral substances are merely arbitrary signs of value, they have but little worth in themselves; gold in itself is less useful than iron, and a diamond of little more account than

a piece of glass. They have no absolute intrinsic value which would remain the same under all contingencies. But Christ is absolutely precious; that is to say, nothing can ever match him, much less excel him; and he is precious under all circumstances. There never can arrive a time when we shall be compelled to confess him want of value, or to lower our estimate of him. He is infinitely precious. O my soul, dost thou esteem him so? My heart, art thou sure of this, that unto thee he is precious beyond compare; precious positively, precious comparatively, though heaven itself were compared, precious superlatively, beyond all things that can be dreamed of, or imagined? Is he to thee essential preciousness, the very standard of all value? Thus it should be, for the text means no less: "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."

The thought which I desire to bring out into fullest relief is this, *that Jesus Christ is, to-day, continually precious to his people.* The moment a soul believes in Jesus, his sins are forgiven. Well, then, the precious blood that washes all sin away, is not that done with? Oh, no! Unto you that believe, though you have believed to the saving of your soul, he is still precious; for your guilt will return upon your conscience, and you will yet sin, being still in the body, but there is a fountain still filled with blood, and thus unto you, experimentally, the cleansing atonement is as precious as when you first relied upon its expiating power. Nay, Jesus is more precious to you now than when first you were washed in his blood, and were made white as snow; for you know your own needs more fully, have proved more often the adaptation of his saving grace, and have received a thousand more gifts at his blessed hands. I do fear me that some Christians imagine that, after believing, all is done; but my Lord Jesus Christ is no old Almanack, used up, and of no further service. He is not like the physic which I took months ago, which then healed me of my disease, so that now I can afford to put the rest of it on the shelf, and laugh at it; oh, no! he is still my divine medicine. "Still I need him, and still I have him. If I believe in him, I feel I want him more than ever I did, and he is dearer to me than ever he was. If I needed him aforetime as a poor guilty sinner, I want him just as much as a poor needy saint, hanging upon his daily bounty, deriving life perpetually from his life, peace from the virtue of his precious blood, and joy from the outflowings of his love to me. Instead of Christ's losing value to the believer, the pith of the text is this,—that you, believer, when you get Christ, and get what Christ bringeth to you, instead of esteeming him as though he were an empty vessel, out of which you had drained the last drop, prize him more highly than ever you did before. He is not a gold mine worked out and exhausted, a field reaped of its harvest, or a vineyard where the grape gleaming is done: he has still the dew of his youth, the fulness of his strength, the infinity of his wealth, the perfection of his power.

II. Now, beloved, just for a minute or two, let us think now CHRIST IS TO-DAY PRECIOUS TO YOU.

He is to-day precious to you because his blood, even now this day, is the only thing which keeps you from being a condemned sinner,

*exposed to the wrath of God.* There has been enough sin upon your soul, my brother, my sister, this very day, to cast you into hell, if your Surety had not stood between you and God's justice. You have been into no sinful company to-day; you have been in your Sunday-school class, and I have been in the pulpit; but, ah! my pulpit sin would have damned me to-day, if it had not been for that precious blood, and thy Sunday-school sins would have shut thee up in hell, if that dear Mediator had not stood between thee and God. So, you see, it is not merely the first day in which you believe in which he is precious to you, but right on still, as long as you are a sinner, the Intercessor stands and pleads for you, evermore putting your sin away; being yesterday, to-day, and for ever, your Saviour, your shield, and your defence, and therefore evermore supremely precious.

Remember, too, he is precious, *because the only righteousness you have is still his perfect righteousness.* That which pleads with God for you is not what you are, but what He is. You are accepted at this moment, but you are only "accepted in the Beloved." You are not justified because you feel in a sweet frame of mind, or because your heart rejoices in the name of God. Oh, no! your acceptance is all in your great Surety; and if it could be possible that he and the entire system of his grace could be withdrawn, and covenant engagements abrogated, you would be as unacceptable as even lost spirits are, and would be, like them, for ever driven from the face and favour of God. Is he not, then, as your accepted Substitute, at this hour most precious to you?

Moreover, beloved, Jesus Christ is precious to you at this moment, as much as ever he was, *because from henceforth it is his example which you strive to imitate.* So far as he is an example to his people, his character has always been most admirable in your esteem, and this day you delight to know that, in his life, God's law appears—

"Drawn out in living characters."

You aspire to be like him now; you expect to be perfectly like him in the day of his appearing. Now, because he shows you what you shall be, and because in him lies the power to make you what you shall be, is he not therefore daily precious to you? In proportion as you fight with sin, in proportion as you seek for holiness with inward longings and sublime pantings, in that proportion will Jesus Christ, the Paragon of all perfection, be precious in your esteem. Beloved, you are to be crucified with him; your flesh, with its corruptions and lusts, must die upon his cross as he died. Is he not precious when you believe that it will be by virtue of his death that sin will die in you? You are to rise in him; nay, I trust you have already risen in him, into newness of life; I hope you are panting more and more after the resurrection life, that you may no longer regard the dead things of this world, but live for eternal things, as those whose "life is hid with Christ in God." If so, I know you will prize a risen Saviour, and your appreciation of him will increase as you drink more deeply into the fellowship of the

risen life. Forget not, beloved, that our Redeemer has ascended, and in that ascension every saint has his share. I do not say that you all enjoy your share yet; but, in proportion as you do so, you will reckon Christ to be precious; for he "hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places;" "our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ," whose Second Advent is to be the perfection of our spiritual life, the unveiling of the hidden beauties and manifestations of the sons of God. Just in proportion as you enter into your royal heritage, and live in it, and believe in it, in this proportion Jesus Christ will be precious to you.

Beloved, let me tell you a secret. To many of you, there is as much in Christ undiscovered as you have already enjoyed. Your faith has only yet grasped Christ as saving you from going down to the pit,—Christ is precious to you so far; but if your faith could even now comprehend the fact that you are one with Christ, members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones, that you are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, ah, then, how doubly precious would Jesus be! As surely as your faith grasps more, and becomes more capacious, and appropriating, Christ will grow in preciousness to you. I am persuaded that there is a meaning in these words which none of God's saints have yet been able to discover, a deep mysterious preciousness of Jesus, only to be known by a close and intimate acquaintance with him such as falls to the lot of few. "Unto you therefore which believe,"—just in proportion as you believe, the larger, the stronger, the deeper, the purer, the sublimer, the more full-grown your faith, the more unto you Jesus Christ is precious. Ask, then, for more faith, that Jesus may be more precious to you, and God grant it to you, for his name's sake!

III. Thus much on that point, now a few words on another. BECAUSE JESUS IS PRECIOUS TO BELIEVERS, HE EFFICACIOUSLY OPERATES UPON THEM. The preciousness of Christ is, as it were, the leverage of Christ in lifting up his saints to holiness and righteousness.

Let me show you this. *The man who trusts Christ values Christ*; that which I value I hold fast; hence, our valuing Christ helps us to abide steadfast in times of temptation. The world saith to a Christian, "Follow me, and I will enrich thee." "Nay," saith the Christian, "Thou canst not enrich me; I have Christ, and I am rich enough." "Follow me," saith the world, "and I will bless thee; I will give thee the delights of the flesh." "Nay," saith the heart, "thou canst not bless me, for these things are accursed, and would bring me sorrow, and not pleasure; Jesus Christ is my pleasure, and to love him and to do his will is my joy." Do you not see that, the greater your value of Christ, the greater your strength against temptation? Although the devil may tempt you with this, and that, yet Jesus Christ, being more precious than all else, you say, "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou canst not tempt me while Christ is dear to my spirit." Oh, may you set a very high value upon Christ, that thus you may be kept firm in the day of temptation!

Notice further; *this valuing of Christ helps the believer to make*

*sacrifices.* Sacrifice-making constitutes a large part of any high character. He who never makes a sacrifice, in his religion, may shrewdly suspect that it is not worth more than his own practical valuation of it. When a man hath a very important document about him, on which depends his title to his estates, if a thief should try to take it from him, he will suffer the thief to tear away his garments, to rob him of anything he has except his treasure; that he takes care to hold fast as long as he can. Indian messengers, men entrusted with jewels, have been known to swallow them to preserve them from robbers, and to allow themselves to be stripped naked of every rag they wore, but they would not lose the jewel with which their prince had entrusted them. So the Christian will say to the world, 'Take away my fortune; take away my livelihood; take away my good name, if thou wilt, O lying world; but, despite all, I will retain my Saviour, for he is precious!' Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for Christ, and he never will or can give Christ up if Christ be precious to him.

See, then, that believing in Jesus makes him precious, and his being precious helps us to make sacrifices most cheerfully for his dear sake.

Moreover, brethren, *this valuing of Christ makes us jealous against sin.* What, I say, does Jesus Christ deign to live under my roof? Then, while he lives in my heart, I will give no roosting-place to any foul bird of sin that might begin hooting in his ear. No, ye enemies of Christ, begone, begone, begone! My Beloved shall have the best chamber of my spirit, undefiled by your filthy feet. We are afraid lest we should do anything to grieve the heavenly Lover of our souls, this makes us keep our garments white, and pick our steps through this miry world. Hence, a right valuing of Christ promotes directly the highest degree of sanctification. He who loves the Redeemer best purifies himself most, even as his Lord is pure.

Besides, beloved, *high valuing of Christ helps the Christian in the selection of his associates in life.* If I hold my Divine Lord to be precious, how can I have fellowship with those who do not esteem him? You will not find a man of refined habits, and cultured spirit, happy amongst the lowest and most illiterate. "Birds of a feather flock together." Workers and traders unite in companies according to their occupations. Lovers of Christ rejoice in lovers of Christ, and they delight to meet together; for they can talk to each other of things in which they are agreed. I would recommend you, to choose the church of which you would be a member, and the pastor whom you would hear, by this one thing; by how much of Christ there is in that church, and how much of the savour of Christ there is in that ministry. It is an evil thing for a child of God to be enchanted by mere rhetoric. As well might you choose a table to feast at merely on account of the knives and forks, or the polish of its mahogany. You require food for the soul, and there is nothing that will long feed a true heart but Jesus Christ, who is the meat and the drink of his people. Love to Christ soon makes a Christian discontented with mere oratory. He

cannot be satisfied even with the best doctrine apart from Jesus. "They have taken away my Lord," saith he, "and I know not where they have laid him." I must hear about Jesus; and if that silver bell does not ring, then all the rest may chime as they may, but my ear is at unrest until I hear that celestial sound.

Thus, a lofty estimate of Christ will be seen, if I had time to track it, to operate through the entire history of a Christian.

Little need is there more fully to particularize, but we must not fail to remark that a sense of the Redeemer's preciousness makes the Christian useful, for that which is much on the heart will soon creep up to the tongue, and the testimony of the heart is a notable method of spreading the gospel. If thou lovest Christ much, thou wilt speak about him. Thy restrained speech will almost choke thee, thy soul will be hot within thee whilst thou art silent, till, at last, like a fire in thy bones which cannot longer be concealed, it will break out, and thou wilt say to others, "My Beloved is the fairest and noblest of all beloveds; oh, that you all knew him and loved him as I do! If you see him, his face is brighter than the sun in its strength; if you hear him, his voice is sweeter than the chorus of heaven; if you draw near to him, his garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia; and if you trust him, you will find him to be faithfulness and truth itself." Broken the words may be, the sentences may not flow with rhythmical harmony, but he who really loves Christ must out with it, somehow or other. Thus, telling out, with a burning heart, the things which he has made touching the King, others will hear the good news, and they will ask, "Who is this Precious One?" and they will, by God's good Spirit, be led to seek him and find him too. So, the Christian valuing Christ will come to be useful to the souls of men; indeed, as I have said before, it will exercise an operating power on the entire Christian manhood, and render it holiness unto the Lord.

IV. Christ being thus precious, HIS PRECIOUSNESS BECOMES THE TEST OF OUR CHRISTIANITY.

I shall not prolong this humble talk; but shall, in conclusion, put a question to you. Beloved brother or sister, you know very well that I would be the last person in the world to speak lightly of the value of sound doctrine. I wish we were all far more acquainted with the Scriptures than we are; and that the doctrines of grace were more clear to our understandings, and more imprinted upon our hearts; but there are some people, who love a certain set of doctrines so much, that, if you diverge a hair's breadth, they will denounce you as rotten at the core. They will not associate with any who do not say, "Shibboleth," and sound the "sh" very harshly too. They will cut off and condemn all God's people who do not precisely agree with them. Now, mark you, it is not written, "Unto you that believe a code of doctrines will be precious." That is true, but it is not written so in the text. The text is, "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." It is better to count Christ precious than it is to count orthodoxy precious. It is not leaving a creed, but it is loving Jesus, that proves you a Christian. You may become such a bigot that it may be only the

laws of the land which keep you from burning those who differ from you, and yet you may have none of the grace of God in your heart. I love Protestantism; but if there is anything in this world that I have a horror of, it is that political Protestantism which does nothing but sneer and snarl at its fellow-citizens, but which is as ignorant as a cow about what Protestantism truly is. The great truths of Protestantism—not merely Protestant ascendancy;—and the great secret power of those truths, far more than the mere letter of them, is the thing to be prized. You may get it into your head that you are a member of the one only true church, you may wrap yourself about with any quantity of self-conceit, but that does not at all prove you to be a possessor of grace. It is love to Christ that is the root of the matter. I am very sorry, my dear brother, if you should hold unsound views on some points; but I love you with all my heart if Jesus is precious to you. I cannot give up believers' baptism; it is no invention of mine, and, therefore, I cannot give up my Master's ordinance. I am sure that it is Scriptural. I cannot give up the doctrine of election, it seems to me so plainly taught in the Word; but over the head of all doctrines and ordinances, and over everything, my brother, I embrace thee in my heart if thou believest in Jesus, and if he be precious to thee, for that is the vital point. These are the matters of heart-work that mark a Christian; nothing else is so true a test. If you cannot say, "Jesus is precious to me," I do not care to what church you belong, or what creed you are ready to die for, you do not know the truth of God unless the person of Christ is dear to you.

This may serve as a test for each one here. My brother, my sister, dost thou believe in him who is the Son of God, and yet was born of the Virgin Mary on earth? Dost thou rely alone on him who, on the cross, poured out his heart's blood to redeem sinners? Dost thou depend on him who now standeth with his priestly garments on before the throne of the infinite majesty, pleading for the unjust, that they may live through him? If thou dost, then answer this question: Dost thou love Jesus now? Dost thou love him with thy heart and soul? Wouldst thou serve him? Dost thou serve him? Wilt thou serve him? Wilt thou subscribe thy hand to be his servant from this day forth? Dost thou declare now, if not with lip, yet honestly with thy soul, "He is precious to me, and I would give up all else sooner than give up him"? Then it is well with thee! Be thou happy and rejoice. Come thou to his table, and feast with him at the banquet of love.

If not, thou hast not built on the rock. If thou art not loving Christ, I pray thee examine thyself, and see where thou art, for there is but a step between thee and hell. Repent! May God convert thee, and give thee now to put thy confidence in Jesus, and now to be saved, that he may be glorified in thee, for hitherto he has had no glory from thee. Unto you that do not believe, Christ is not precious, and you will go your way, and despise him. Oh, that you were made wise by the Holy Ghost, and taught to consider things aright! Then Christ would be precious indeed to you. He



is the only way for your escape from the wrath to come. He is the only hope for you of ever entering the gates of heaven. He must be your only shelter when the world will be on a blaze, as soon it shall; when the stars shall fall like withered leaves from the trees; when all creation shall rock and reel, and his voice shall resound in earth, and heaven, and hell, "Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment!" The only hope of a Saviour, in that last tremendous day, must be found in Jesus. Oh, seek him now while he may be found, call upon him now while he is near! Turn not your heel away from him now, lest you turn once for all to perdition. Come to him now; believe in him now; and he shall have the glory. Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

#### 1 PETER II.

Verse 1. *Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings,*

Putting these evil things right away from you, having nothing further to do with any of them. Notice the repetition of the word "all." "All malice, and all guile,"—everything in the shape of deceit,—"*and all evil speakings.*" All these are to be put away by all believers, as rags are put away in the rag-basket, or refuse on the dunghill.

2. *As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby :*

Be glad to get simple truth, the "milk of the Word." Even if you can digest the strong meat of the Word, never grow weary of the milk, for it is always good diet even for a full-grown man in Christ. Do not crave milk and water, but "desire the unadulterated milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." It is not enough for you to be spiritually alive, you must grow; and especially while you are babes in grace, your great desire should be that you may grow.

3. *If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious.*

You begin with tasting that the Lord is gracious, you go on to desire the unadulterated milk of the Word, and so you grow in grace more and more.

4. *To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious,*

No one figure is sufficient to set forth Christ as he really is. A stone is a Scriptural simile and symbol of Christ, but we have to make the metaphor somewhat incongruous by comparing him to "a living stone."

5. *Ye also, as living stones,—*

It is not "lively" stones; it is the same word, in the original, in both cases,—"*a living stone*," and "*living stones*." The translators of our Authorized Version have often rendered the same Hebrew or Greek word in a different way, which is a pity, as it is in this instance. "*Ye also, as living stones,*"—

5. *Are built up a spiritual house,—*

A house that is a living structure from the foundation to the topstone.

5. *An holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.*

He is a living stone, and you, as living stones, are built upon him; and he and you together make up a living spiritual house; and in order that the house may have suitable tenants, and be properly furnished, you also

become priests; and, as priests, you "offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

6. *Wherefore also it is contained in the scripture, Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded.*

Thus the apostle quotes from the prophet Isaiah the ancient prophecy concerning Christ.

7. *Unto you therefore which believe he is precious: but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner,*

Here Peter quotes from Psalm cxviii. 22. What reverence these inspired men had for the inspired Book! The Spirit of God could have spoken fresh words if he had pleased; but, as if he meant to honour above everything else the Book which he had himself inspired, he "moved" Peter to quote the ancient prophet and psalmist in confirmation of what he was writing.

8. *And a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them which stumble at the word, being disobedient: whereunto also they were appointed.*

These are terrible words, but they are true. I cannot fully explain them. As Archbishop Leighton says, "It is easier to get into a depth over this awful truth than it is to get out again." O God, grant that none of us may stumble at Christ! If we do, Christ will not move because we kick at him, or fall over him.

9. *But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people;*

These are wonderful epithets that are here heaped upon believers. May we have the grace to be able to appropriate them, and to expound them in our lives!

9. *That ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light:*

See where you once were, and see also to what you have been called by God's grace: "out of darkness into light." That is not all: into His light. Even that is not all: "into his marvellous light." The light of the gospel is full of wonders. As common light is made up of many colours, so the light of God's grace is made up of many marvellous colours,—the colours of all the attributes of God.

10. *Which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God: which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy.*

What a great change conversion is! And how great a change conversion works! How wonderful is the effect of regeneration! We had not obtained mercy, but now we have obtained mercy; we were not a people, but now we are the people of God.

11. *Dearly beloved, I beseech you—*

Peter puts his hands together, and pleads with intense earnestness.

11. *As strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul;*

Those fleshly lusts belong to this present evil world, but you do not belong to it; you are "strangers and pilgrims" here, therefore feel an absolute alienation towards such things, an utter abhorrence of them. Do not even think of them, much less practise them. "Abstain from fleshly lusts;" for, while they infuse the body, that is not the worst thing that they do, for they "war against the soul."

12, 13. *Having your conversation honest among the Gentiles: that, whereas they speak against you as evildoers, they may by your good works, which they*

*shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation. Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake :*

You are not to be disturbers of the peace; you Christian people are to cultivate the spirit of conciliation wherever you dwell, submitting yourselves, "for the Lord's sake," even to some things which you do not like.

13. *Whether it be to the king, as supreme ;*

In Peter's day, the king was a poor creature, and something worse than that. Indeed, I might say of the bulk of the Emperors of Rome, who were the chief "kings" of that day, that they were monsters of iniquity; yet the office was to be respected even when the man who occupied it could not be; much more should it be respected when the occupant is what a true "king" should be.

14—16. *Or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evildoers, and for the praise of them that do well. For so is the will of God; that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men : as free,—*

Free in yourselves, free in your conscience, free in your mind and heart.

16. *And not using your liberty for a cloke of maliciousness, but as the servants of God.*

You possess a freedom which others claim, but do not know. You feel that you are no man's slave, yet you do not use your liberty for evil, or to the injury of others.

17—19. *Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king. Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully.*

There is no credit in suffering rightfully; the credit is in patiently enduring suffering, which you do not deserve.

20—21. *For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called :*

It is part of a true Christian's calling to bear what is put upon him wrongfully.

21—23. *Because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps : who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth : who when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not : but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously :*

This leads Peter to make the following glorious declaration concerning the atoning sacrifice of Christ.

24. *Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree,—*

There was a transference of sin from sinners to Christ. This is no fiction. He, "his own self," bore that sin "in his own body on the tree,"—

24. *That we, being dead to sins,—*

Because he died for us, and we died in him,—

24. *Should live unto righteousness : by whose stripes ye were healed.*

By his sufferings, you were cured of sin. His death not only removed from you the penalty of sin; but what is far better, it also removed from you the dread disease itself.

25. *For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.*

God grant that this may be true concerning every one of us, for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

THE TWO DEBTORS.\*

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22ND, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE, NEWINGTON.

On Lord's-day Evening, July 14th, 1867.

"There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most?"—Luke vii. 41, 42.

It is not wise to compare ourselves with our fellow-men. It is comparing one incorrect standard with another, and is very apt to mislead. Still, as men will do this, as they will sail upon this tack, we will for the moment do the same with the view of correcting some of their mistakes.

L. The very brief Parable before us suggests four thoughts, upon which we will dwell for a few minutes. The first is, that THERE ARE DIFFERENT DEGREES IN OUR SINNERSHIP,—some owe five hundred pence, and others only fifty.

It would be very incorrect to say, of all men, that they are alike sinful. That they are all guilty, is true; but that they are all equally guilty, is not true. There are persons who would contend very earnestly for this distinction because they claim to be among the better sort of sinners. They claim that they are not one tithe as guilty as many whom they know, and that, in comparison with more grossly vicious persons, they are all but innocent. We will admit that, my excellent friend. We will admit—not all, perhaps, that you would like us to admit;—but we will at once allow that you are not so guilty as others. We will also admit that all sins are not alike degrading. There are vices, especially those which pollute the body, which manifestly lower men to the level of beasts, or worse than that; and we would not for a moment insinuate that our young friends, who have been educated in the midst of godliness, and have been preserved from any taint of vice, are so degraded by sin as drunkards and revellers, the profane and the debauched.

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\* Mr. Spurgeon had commenced to revise the manuscript of this Sermon in readiness for publication. Other Sermons by him, in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, on various parts of this Parable, are as follows:—No. 2,768, "Debtors and Debtors"; No. 1,739, "Bankrupt Debtors Discharged"; and No. 2,127, "Love's Competition." No. 3,015.

Moreover, we are persuaded that the penalties of sin will differ; and that, albeit all the wicked shall be cast into hell, yet there will be degrees in the anguish of that lost state. Our Master has himself told us, "That servant, which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." There are great criminals, whose punishment shall be more intolerable than that of others; and there are others, who have not sinned to the same extent, who, though justly punished with God's wrath, shall not endure it to the same extent as those who have plunged more deeply into iniquity.

Thus, we are prepared to admit that there are differences in sin, differences in the consequent degradation of sinners, and differences in the punishment due to sin. Our own conscience, common sense, and right judgment teach us this; yet, notwithstanding these admissions, I want to put a few plain questions to you, dear friends, who think that you are among the fifty-pence debtors, and who look down with some sort of disdain upon those who owe five hundred pence. And, first, let me ask you this question,—*Are you quite sure that you are the lesser sinners?* Are you certain that you are to be reckoned among the fifty-pence debtors? Remember that we must always judge of sin, not merely by its outward appearance, but by the motives and character of the person committing it, and also by the circumstances under which the offence was perpetrated.

Will you not all admit that a *sin, committed against light and knowledge, is far worse than a sin of ignorance?* If a man should offend against the law of the land, not knowing it to be the law, his offence would not be as gross as that of another man who, understanding what the law is, deliberately sets himself in opposition to it. It may be that some of those, upon whom you have looked down as owing God five hundred pence, may have been without the light that you have had. Probably, the most of them never had the privileges that you have enjoyed. Did not your godly mother pray over you from your very birth? Did not your anxious father diligently instruct you in the way of salvation? You have read the Bible, you have a tolerably clear notion what is right and what is wrong, so you have sinned in the light, you have sinned knowing it to be sin. May not, therefore, your little sins, as you think them to be, really be more heinous in the sight of God than those apparently greater sins which others have committed without the same degree of light and knowledge that you have had?

Further, *must not sin also be measured by the violence which a man has to do to his conscience in order to commit it?* To some persons, no doubt, from their early habits, and even from their very constitution, I will not say that sin becomes inevitable, but certainly they glide into it almost by nature, and without being conscious of any restraint, or the restraint is so little that they scarcely feel it. I know that there are some of you who, happily.

and to pull and tug against the bit and bridle before you could live as sinners. Conscience has so sharply pricked you, and made you so uneasy in your course of life, that you have had to wrestle with your own conscience as a man struggles with his adversary. You have had to clutch conscience by the throat, and try to throttle him; and if you could have done so, you would have stifled, once for all, that warning cry which became a constant nuisance to you. You could not sin with such pleasure as others could, because your conscience would not keep silence: so, may not those minor offences of yours, which have been committed notwithstanding the alarms of your outraged conscience, have had in them a heinousness which does not appertain to the sins of others, who have not had to contend against this inward monitor when plunging into sin?

Yet, again, dear friends, *may not example sometimes have a great deal to do with sin?* When I see some of our young people inclining to be drunkards, I am very sorry, and I blame them: but can I wonder at their conduct when I see how many parents train up their children as if they really intended to make drunkards of them,—tempting them to drink, and giving them their first taste of that which becomes a cause of stumbling to them? I do not see how, if it were the object of some parents to make their boys drunkards, they could act otherwise than as they now do. I have heard a working-man say to his son, when he has passed him a jug of ale, “Take a drink, my lad,” and he has looked quite pleased when the boy has taken a deep draught; and then he has taken him to the gin-palace, and let him mingle freely with the evil company usually found in such a place; so, is there any wonder that the boy becomes a drunkard? Can a father blame his son for swearing when he is himself a blasphemer? No; and I say that people, who have thus been in the midst of sin from their very childhood, may not, after all, be such great sinners as others, who have had the very opposite example set before them, and yet have committed these sins, contrary to all the training of their early childhood. Some of us cannot recollect a fault on the part of our parents. Honestly looking back upon the private life of my father and mother, I cannot recall anything in their example which it would have been unsafe for me to imitate. Well then, if I have sinned, I have sinned against a parental example which I ought to have followed; and, therefore, there must be more guilt in my fifty-pence sin than in the five-hundred-pence sin of others who have not had such an example as I had.

*Do you not think, too, that circumstances greatly affect the comparative enormity of sin?* If a thief steals a loaf because he has starving children crying at home, would you give him the same punishment as you would award to another man who steals what he really does not need, and who seriously injures the man he robs merely for the greed of gain? You all make distinctions as to the motives which prompt to various actions; if you find that the motive, in one case, although not right, was more excusable than in the case of another, you judge the first one the more leniently. How do you know, my dear hearer, who resisted the calls of divine

grace last Lord's-day, that you were not more guilty than that man who was not here, but who ~~feels~~ <sup>felt</sup> home, that same night, intoxicated? You came into direct contact with God's mercy, and you resisted it; and that is more than the poor drunkard did. And as to some of you, seat-holders, who are constantly here, yet still remain unconverted though we have entreated you to lay hold on Christ,—I will not say it, but I almost think that your resistance of those continued invitations of grace may have in it more of moral guilt, in the sight of God, than some of those offences for which men are shut up in prison, and are execrated by their fellows. Many people do not regard sins against God as being so heinous as crimes against men, yet they are even more so; and it is one of the marks of our common moral obliquity that, while a man may not be greatly offended if you call him a sinner, he would be very angry if you called him a criminal. That is to say, such a man thinks there is not much amiss in having offended God, but he thinks it would be a dreadful thing to have broken the laws of his fellow-men.

If you think these things over seriously, I should not wonder if any one of you—who at first said, "I am a fifty-pence debtor; I thank God that there are differences between sinners, and that I am not so degraded as other men are,"—should have to say, "It makes very little difference to me after all; it is true that I have never been a thief, I have never committed an act of unchastity, I have been an honest, upright, respectable member of society, yet, as I have not believed in Jesus, and turned from sin, I may be among those who were apparently first, who shall be last, while some, who seemed to be last, shall stand far before me." I shall not be sorry, dear hearer, if that is the point to which you come; indeed, I shall rather be glad, for it will be a more hopeful position for you to occupy than that which you once felt was your right place.

II. Having thus shown you that there are degrees in sin, I shall now pass on to show you that, THERE IS AN EQUALITY IN THE BANKRUPTCY OF BOTH THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE SINNERS.

Neither of the debtors in the Parable had anything with which to pay his debt; and when God means to save a soul, he makes it realize that it has nothing with which it can discharge its debt to God. If any of you think that you can do anything towards saving yourselves, go and do it; but Christ will have nothing to do with you on those terms. You must be brought to feel that you are helpless, hopeless, lost, ruined, and undone, and that you cannot lift even a finger to save yourself; but that the grace of God must do everything for you, from the first to the last; and unless you are thus emptied, and humbled, and laid low in the dust before God, I see no sign that his Spirit is effectually working in you.

"While we can call one mite our own,  
We get no full discharge."

Both these debtors knew that "they had nothing to pay." *There are some men, who are conscious of a great deal of guilt, who offer*

to discharge their liability by their repentance. "Oh!" says such a man, "I am very sorry for my sin, and that sorrow will surely make up for it. My tears shall flow freely, and I will deprive myself of this pleasure and that; surely that is all that is needed." But the man, whom God means to save, knows that his repentance cannot atone for his past guilt. If I get into debt, it is no use for me to be sorry; that sorrow will not pay my debt, and as I am immeasurably indebted to God, my tears of repentance will not discharge that debt.

"Could my tears for ever flow,"

they would not atone for sin. I hope you all realize the truth of what I am saying; for, if you do, it is a token for good in your case.

Some others, though they cannot pay the full amount of their debt, hope to make a composition. They will do their best, and leave the Lord Jesus Christ to make up the rest. They cannot offer to God perfect obedience, so they offer such obedience as they can, and they trust that will satisfy him. But a soul, that has been truly awakened by the Holy Spirit, knows that "composition" is quite out of the question. The divine declaration is, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." There is not a word about some things which are required, and other things which may be excused. My dear hearer, I trust you are convinced that no half-obedience can ever be accepted by God. If you are to be saved by your own works, you must be absolutely perfect, in thought, and word, and deed, from the moment of your birth to the hour of your death. One crack in the crystal vase of perfection spoils it; and you all know that the vase was not only cracked, but smashed to atoms long ago. Do not trust in your own righteousness, but confess before God that you have "nothing to pay" off that terrible debt which you have incurred through sin.

Some men give their note of hand, and promise to pay their debt. They hope they will be better in the future than they have been in the past; but suppose they are, they will then be no better than they are always bound to be; and how can that improvement discharge their past debts? Try that plan on one of your tradesmen; you owe him, shall I say fifty pounds? Well, then, go to him, and say, "I cannot pay what I owe you, but I will never get into your debt again." Will that promise take your flame off his ledger? You know that it will not; and so, even if you could serve God perfectly in the future, that would not put away your sins in the past. The fact is, these promises of yours are just like the paper money which represents no real security, and so lead to bankruptcy. You may build up a nice-looking structure with promises of good works which you will do in the future; but it will all come tumbling down one of these days, and great will be the fall thereof.

This is the only safe declaration for a man to make:—"O God, I am deeply in thy debt, and have nothing to pay! If thou wouldst save me through my repenting, even then, if thou didst not



enable me to repent, I could not repent, for my heart is hard as a stone! Lord, wilt thou not take away my heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh! And, Lord, if I am to be holy in the future, it must be thy grace which will make me so. I know that, if I am ever to enter heaven, I must be holy; and I also know that holiness must be wrought in me by thy Holy Spirit; consequently, it cannot be any credit to me; thou must have the credit of it all. As for me, I am like the two debtors, I have 'nothing to pay,'—nothing whatever. If thou dost send the sheriff's officer to take me, and put me in prison, and tell me that I shall never come out thence till I have paid the uttermost farthing, I must lie there for ever and ever, for I know that it is not in my power to meet even one in ten thousand of thy just demands. If thou shouldst lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, my building for eternity must be found wanting. Pull it down, Lord, and then build me up as thou wouldst have me!"

We are all equal here; "there is no difference." You respectable ladies and gentlemen are on a level with the worst villain in the land. My lord, you are no better off, in this respect, than a chimney-sweeper. Your Majesty, even you have no preference, in this matter, over the poorest woman in your dominions. If you are to be saved,—high and low, rich and poor, ye great and mighty ones, and ye despised and abandoned ones,—ye must all bow together here. As you will have to lie in earth's common grave, so must you bow down in one common lowliness of mind before your God, whose debtors you all are, confessing that you have "nothing to pay,"—not a single rusty farthing of goodness in the whole human race. Jew and Gentile must bow together before God, crying, "Guilty, guilty, GUILTY! We are guilty, every one of us; and we have nothing to plead, in answer to the demands of thy righteous law, and even this confession itself is forced from our lips because we cannot help feeling that it is, alas! but too true." We are all equal here.

III. Passing on to the next point, we observe that, when sovereign mercy dealt with these two debtors,—the fifty-pence man, and the five-hundred-pence man,—IT PUT THEM ON A LEVEL AGAIN, for their creditor "frankly forgave them both."

The man, who owed the five hundred pence, could turn to the other debtor, and say, "I am out of debt, my brother;" and the other one could say to him, "Give me your hand; I cannot say any more than you can; but, glory be to God! I cannot say any less, for I also am out of debt. I could not pay my fifty pence, so I must have been shut up in the debtors' prison; and you could not pay your five hundred pence, so you also would have been kept in prison too; and though I did not owe as much as you did, yet I owed more than I could ever have paid, so let us together bless the name of the Lord, who has frankly forgiven us both because his only-begotten and well-beloved Son has redeemed us from going down to the pit by paying all our debt on Calvary's cross."

There is one word that I want you specially to notice: "He *frankly* forgave them both." By that I understand that he forgave

them altogether because he willed to do so, and not because of any reason in them why he should do so. Once for all, he fully cancelled all their debts; and now, just as if they had never been in debt at all, he could not arrest them for debt, and they had no cause to be afraid that he would do so, for he had no legal claim against them, for he had himself, by an act of grace, forgiven them all that they owed, and they were therefore clear. Ah, my dear hearers, your hearts must leap for joy if you know that God has forgiven all your past sin. Sometimes, when we get talking about the perfect pardon which we have received from God, some people say, "How egotistical, how presumptuous you are!" Well, we will be egotistical and presumptuous in that sense; and the more we are so, the better will it be. Anyone who has believed in Jesus is wholly forgiven. Against me, if I believe in Jesus, and against you, if you believe in Jesus, there is no sin recorded in God's Book of Remembrance; it is all blotted out. If you could turn the pages over, you would not find a single entry of the sin of a believer. In God's sight, if I have trusted in Christ, I am as pure as though I had never sinned, for I have been so washed in Christ's precious blood that not a spot or wrinkle remains upon me; and you, too, believer, are not half-pardoned. Christ is not half a Saviour to us, but a whole Saviour; and the pardon which God gives to us is a full and final pardon. He does not forgive us upon condition that we do not go back to the world. He makes no such condition, and he will not let us go back. He forgives us outright, and puts the whole of our sin away for ever. He receives the prodigal back into his bosom, and bids him sit at the table, and feast, while the music and the dancing make glad his heart.

Do you know, dear hearer, that you are forgiven? "Oh!" saith one, "I would give all I have to know that." You may know it. If you trust the Lord Jesus Christ, that is a sure proof that you are pardoned; and you may live, and you ought to live, in a constant realization of perfect pardon through the precious blood of Jesus. There may have come into this place, one, who would not like his name to be known, or his character to be described. He has gone very, very far into everything that is evil; but he is now standing at the foot of the cross, and he is looking up to the crucified Christ, and he can say, "My trust is in Jesus only." There is probably also here a young man, whose life, from his youth up, has been most excellent; nobody would ever detect a flaw in his moral character. He, too, is looking upon the wounds of Jesus, and he also can say, "My trust is in him alone." Now, these two persons are equally pardoned; that great sinner has no more against him in God's Book than that excellent youth who is also forgiven: "He frankly forgave them both;"—not forgave one of them fully, and the other only partially, but "he frankly forgave them both."

My eye glances here and there, upon some of my brethren and sisters in Christ, whose life stories remind me of the differences there are between them, and also of the likeness which grace has wrought in them. There are some here, whose tongues were used in blasphemy not long ago. The drunkard's cup was often at their

lip, and the drunkard's language was their usual speech; but they are washed, and cleansed, and sanctified; and, now, there is no difference between them and those who were preserved from wandering out of the path of morality. "No difference," did I say? Sometimes, I think that there is this difference,—that those who have sinned much, and have had much forgiven, are the warmest hearted amongst us, the most faithful and the most earnest; so that if we, in our earlier days, seemed to excel them, they now excel us, and we almost envy them their holy joy and earnest love to the Lord who has washed them from their many sins. Still, there is an equality between these two classes. They are both alike pardoned, both washed in the same precious blood, both clothed in the same spotless righteousness, both equally adopted into the family of God, both equally secured by the everlasting covenant, both equally have the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and they shall both equally stand at the right hand of Christ, wearing the white robes, waving the palm branches, and they shall equally share his victory as they sing, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

IV. Now, lastly, THERE IS ANOTHER POINT OF DIFFERENCE: "Which of them will love him most?"

It is quite certain that there are some Christians who love the Lord Jesus Christ better than others do; some who love him much while others only love him a little. Shall I describe those who love Christ only a little? If I do, some of you will be able to recognize your own portraits. They come to the place of worship pretty regularly. They sing, but not too loudly, for they are afraid of being too enthusiastic. They seldom come to a prayer meeting, and only occasionally to the week-night service. They take just sufficient spiritual nourishment to keep them alive. I suppose they are afraid of taking too much, lest their spiritual nature should become too vigorous. They do have family prayer,—sometimes. They do pray regularly, but it is very short; it may be sweet, but it is certainly very short. They do some good in the world; at least, we hope they do. They could count on one hand all the souls they have ever brought to Christ; and all the good work they have ever done for the Lord Jesus Christ might be recorded on a very small scrap of paper. Some of them are wealthy; and they heard a man ask them to give a tithe of their income to Christ. They thought he was a fanatic; they never dreamed of doing such a thing as he urged, though they do sometimes give a sixpence to the collection. They like other people to be earnest; they do not object to that, unless those people ask them also to be earnest. These little-love people have believed in Jesus, so they will go to heaven; but such a change will have taken place in them that we shall scarcely know them.

I have seen whole congregations of this sort of people. I have preached to them;—that was terrible work, I can assure you. I have gone home with the deacon, and he has been a person of the

same sort; he didn't care to know how the cause was getting on in London; indeed, he didn't care much whether it was getting on. At for revivals, if you only mention the word in the presence of such brethren, they say, "No good ever comes of them." These people have had little forgiven, so they only love a little. They never were very great sinners, and never had any very deep repentance, so, in their own estimation, they never owed Jesus Christ very much; they are a sort of superficial Christians, who will be "saved, yet so as by fire."

You hardly need that I should describe those who love Christ much;—those who delight to praise him, to pray in his name, and to do all in their power to make him known to others;—those who give to God's cause at no ordinary rate, and help us to fight Satan in no ordinary way, and to spread the gospel of Christ in no common fashion. Last week, some of us were at a meeting, at which there was present a dear brother in the ministry, the very flash of whose eyes seemed to set us all on fire; and when we have heard him speak from this platform, the very place has seemed to shake under the power of his fervent proclamation of the truth, and his impassioned prayers. A man who is thus all soul and all heart cannot preach lifeless, heavy, drugging sermons, and cannot bear to be with people who are dull, and cold, and heavy of heart. He feels that he has had much forgiven, and therefore he loves much. I could also tell you of some godly sisters, who have given to the cause of God almost all their living; and of others, who give up all their time to God's service, having sacrificed everything else that they may devote themselves to the cause of Christ. These are they who love much.

We have differences even in the ministry. We have some brethren, who preach twice in the week, and they get so weary that they have to go away for a long holiday; but there are others, who can preach ten times in the week, or who, if they are not preaching, are visiting their people from door to door, and yet they do not die, but bless God that they have the strength thus to serve him. As it is in the pulpit, so is it in the Sunday-school, and so it is with all classes of Christians,—there is a difference. Some seem to be all heart, and others seem to have no heart at all. There are some who serve the Lord with their whole soul, and others who give him just the odds and ends of their time and strength. I pray God to raise up amongst us many brethren and sisters who shall be eminent for their grace and consecration to Christ.

What is the best way to reach this point? Not to be great sinners, but to feel that you are great sinners, to have a deep sense of your own sinfulness. If you have never plunged into open vice, be thankful that you have not done so; but regard your sin in the light in which I tried to put it in the earlier part of this sermon. Get a clear view of it till you are humbled, and broken down, and crushed under its ponderous weight. Then go to Jesus Christ with this load of sin; and, trusting in him, know that you are forgiven through his atoning sacrifice; and then there will be

a potent motive within you which will give strength to your entire life, and put muscle, and nerve, and sinew, and bone into your Christianity. Then will you sing,—

"Love I much? I've more forgiven;  
I'm a miracle of grace."

God bless th's message to those poor trembling souls who are deeply in debt through sin, that they may see God's way of forgiving them through the merits and death of his dear Son, Jesus Christ, and may those who are forgiven much love Jesus much, and may God bless you all, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

LUKE VII. 36—50.

Verse 36. *And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat.*

It was usually a suspicious circumstance when a Pharisee desired to be familiar with Christ; it might generally be suspected that he wished to entrap him. Yet, on this occasion, if there was no real friendliness to Christ, there was at least the appearance of it. We see what our Saviour did when the Pharisee gave him an invitation: "He went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat." The Lord saw there an opportunity for usefulness. He knew that he would have a good reason for speaking personally to this Pharisee; who, peradventure, was one of the better sort. At all events, our Lord felt that it was right for him to go into that house, even if they did watch him, and try to catch him in his talk. If there was hypocrisy there, there was the more need for his presence, as Jesus himself said concerning his eating with publicans and sinners, "They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick."

37, 38. *And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.*

She was not a sinner in the ordinary sense of the word, but she was "a sinner" by trade, "a sinner" by profession. It always seems to me that, in this description of her, every word is emphatic. There is much meaning in every separate action of the woman; and even in her little mannerisms there is something that is instructive to us. Our Lord was reclining at his meal, and his feet were turned towards the door, so that she had not to come far into the house before she reached his feet; and there she stood, "at his feet." Those are blessed words: "at his feet." That is where we also would stand and weep. That is where we would sit and learn. That is where we would wait and serve. That is where we hope to live and reign for ever: "at his feet."

This woman "stood at his feet behind him,"—as if she were unworthy to be looked upon by him, but found it honour enough to be behind him, so long as she was but near him: "at his feet behind him weeping,"—with sorrow for her sin, with joy for her pardon, with delight in her Lord's presence, perhaps with grief at the prospect of what yet awaited him. And she "began to wash his feet with tears." O sweet repentance, which fills the basin better than the purest streams of earth could ever do! Then she unbound her tresses,—those nets in which she had, mayhap, caught

nany a man when she had hunted for the precious life after her former sinful manner. But now she uses those tresses for something better; she takes a towel of her hair. That which was her pride shall now fill that humble office, and even be honoured thereby. "And kissed his feet." Oh, the tenderness of her love, and the strength of her passion—a sacred one, not torn of earth at all,—for that dear Lord of hers! she kissed his feet; and then she poured upon them the precious perfumed ointment which had cost so much.

39. *Now when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying,—*

Well, what did he say? I think that, if some of us, taught of God, and let into the secret of eternal love, had been there, we should have whispered to one another, "What a change has been wrought in that woman! There she is, weeping, and washing the Saviour's feet, when, but the other day, she was standing at the corners of the streets, in the attire of a harlot, plying her accursed trade." How greatly we should have rejoiced to see her! But it is only grace that teaches us to rejoice over even one sinner that repenteth, and Simon the Pharisee appeared to know little or nothing of grace. He had, however, the good manners not to say aloud what he thought, but "he spake within himself, saying,"—

39. *This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a sinner.*

Yet "this man" was a prophet, and he did know "who and what manner of woman" that was who touched him. More than that, he knew what manner of woman his grace had made her, and how true, how pure, was the love which she was then manifesting to him; and he knew how deep was her repentance, how changed her heart, how renewed her entire life was. He knew all about her, but poor Simon could not know "this woman" as Christ knew her.

40. *And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on.*

Christ often answers people who do not speak audibly; he answers those who only speak in their hearts. So you, who are silently praying, may take comfort. If Jesus answers a Pharisee who speaks in his heart against him, much more readily will he answer his own people when they are speaking in their hearts to him. It was a hopeful sign that Simon used a respectful title in speaking to Christ, and that he was willing to listen.

41—43. *There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged.*

Now, dear friends, I hope that those of us who have had much forgiven are proving, by the warmth of our love, how right was this judgment on the part of Simon. If thou hast had much forgiven, be well to the front in every struggle on behalf of the cause of Christ. Be well to the front also with thy gift for him; bring thy alabaster box, and break it for him. Wait not for anyone to ask thee, much less to press thee, to give to him who gave his all for thee; but, spontaneously, out of the love, thou bearest to him who has loved thee so much as to die for thee, prove that thou owest him most of all.

44. *And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman?*

Christ knew that Simon did see her, and that he had just been sneering at her in his heart: "Seest thou this woman?"

44. *I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.*

"I became thy guest; and, therefore, as my host, the first thing thou shouldst have done was to give the ordinary Oriental hospitality of washing my feet: 'Thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.' " What a changing of places there is now! The Lord has made the first to be last, and the last to be first. Simon thought himself far in advance of this woman; but now that Christ had explained their true positions, I should think he began to see that the woman was far ahead of him.

45. *Thou gavest me no kiss:*

Yet that was the Eastern custom in welcoming an honoured guest.

45. *But this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet.*

"At best, thou wouldst only have kissed me once; but this woman, since I came in, has never left off kissing my feet. With a sacred audacity of love, she has lifted my feet to her lips, and kissed them again and again." So, see here again how the first is last, and the last first.

46. *My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.*

"That is a common custom in the case of a guest of honourable estate, but thou didst not observe it; yet this woman has poured upon my feet the most precious form of perfume that could be procured anywhere."

47, 48. *Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.*

There I see the clear run of the argument,—that she is a woman who has had much forgiven by Christ, and that is the reason why she loves him so much. But, often, when an inference is very natural and plain, the Saviour leaves men to draw that one for themselves, while he draws another. He puts the same truth in another shape: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." I am afraid that there are many professed Christians, who must have had very little forgiven them, for they love Christ very little. This seems to be the age of little love to Christ. There are some few who love the Master intensely, but, oh, how few they are! Some persons think they are only very little sinners; and we are told, nowadays, what a little thing sin is, and what a little place hell is, and what a very short time the punishment of sin will last. Everything is according to scale, and it must be so in religion; as you diminish the guilt of sin, and the punishment of sin, you also diminish the sense of obligation in being saved from sin. Consequently, you diminish our love to Christ, and we shall gradually get less and less, I fear, until the old scale, the old balance, the old scale of the sanctuary, shall once again be used by us.

49. *And they that eat at meat with him began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also?*

"Who's this who can thus absolve from guilt?"

50. *And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.*

"Go home, good woman; do not stop here and be bothered by these people." And, oftentimes, that is the best advice that we can give to new converts. There is a theological controversy raging, and the jargon of the different schools of thought is being used by one and another; but, do you go home, good soul. You need not trouble about controversial matters. Your sins are forgiven you; your faith has saved you; if you know that, you know as much as you need to know just now. Go home, and be quiet and happy: "Go in peace."

# Metropolitan Tabernacle. Pulpit.

GOOD CHEER FROM FORGIVEN SIN.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1906,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

"And, behold, they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed: and Jesus seeing their faith said unto the sick of the palsy; Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee."—Matt. ix. 2.

"And they come unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay. When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."—Mark ii. 3—5.

"And, behold, men brought in a bed a man which was taken with a palsy: and they sought means to bring him in, and to lay him before him. And when they could not find by what way they might bring him in because of the multitude, they went upon the housetop, and let him down through the tiling with his couch into the midst before Jesus. And when he saw their faith, he said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee."—Luke v. 18—20.\*

THIS man was paralyzed in body, but he was very far from being paralyzed in mind. From the little we know of him, he would appear to have been earnest, resolute, energetic, and persevering. You very seldom find persons attempting more for you than you yourself desire; and if the four men who carried this paralytic person were so zealous in getting him under the Lord's notice, we may be morally certain that he, himself, was even more set upon it. His bearers would never have gone the length of breaking up the roof, and letting him down upon the heads of the crowd, unless he had urged them so to do. He was something more than passive under such heroic treatment. If he did not suggest the plan, he evidently entered into it most willingly.

Suppose it to be your own case, my dear hearer. Are you not persuaded that if, broken in spirit, you were to say to your friends, "let me alone, my case is hopeless," few would dream of exciting themselves to desperate efforts on your behalf, but would let you lie still in your apathy, according to your request? It is a rule that you must yourself be energetic if you are to

\* Other Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon, upon this Miracle, published in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, are as follows:—No. 2,337, "The Physician Pardons His Palsied Patient"; and No. 2,417, "First Forgiveness, then Healing."



make other people energetic on your behalf; and, therefore, it seems to me that this man had a resolute and intense spirit, and had such influence over his friends that he inspired them by his eagerness, having first won them by his importunity. He besought them to aid him in what had become a necessity of life; he must see Jesus. He must be brought before the great Healing One, somehow or other; and because of his personal eagerness and pressing importunity, his friends made up their minds to help him.

We may yet discover a little more about this palsied man, and it will not be mere conjecture; for, by certain rules established by observation and experience, we may often learn much of character from very small circumstances. Our Lord Jesus was accustomed to address the persons who came to him very much according to their mental condition. When one poor man, half imbecile in spirit, was brought to him, he asked him, "Wilt thou be made whole?" He was so listless as barely to have the will to be restored, and Christ's saying, "Wilt thou be made whole?" is evidence to us that even the poor creature's wishes had begun to slumber. Take it as a general rule that, while Christ regarded the onlookers, and spoke with some view to them, yet, in the main, his first thoughts were concerning his patient, and he generally spoke with an eye to that patient's case. I gather, therefore, from the fact that Jesus said to this man, "Son, be of good cheer," that he was very greatly depressed in spirit and unhappy; and when he added, not "Thy palsy shall be removed," but "Thy sins be forgiven thee," we are quite safe in concluding that the cause of the man's sadness was his sin, for which beyond all things else he desired pardon. Our Lord went straight to the roots of the mischief: the man was sad, and he cheered him; the man was sad about his sin and so he granted him forgiveness. His palsy would, secondarily, be a fountain of bitter grief to the sick man; and, therefore, the Saviour dealt with it in the second place; but, first and foremost, over and above all grief for his infirmity, was his painful sense of unforgiven sin. It is not likely that he told his bearers about that, for they might not have been able to sympathize with such a spiritual necessity; to them he spoke of his affliction, and not of his repentance; for, while they would pity him for his palsy, they might have ridiculed him for his guilty conscience. The Lord, however, knew the heart's grief without telling; he read it in the sufferer's looks. The great Sin-Forgiver knew right well that earnest gaze which meant, "Be merciful to me a sinner;" and he met that wistful glance with a smile, and the cheering words, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

I suppose that the patient was a young man, for the word "son" would hardly have been spoken by our Lord to a man older than himself. I gather that he was a man of childlike faith, for Jesus did not call people his "sons and daughters" unless there was something of the childlike spirit about them. He was evidently a man of simple-hearted faith, who fully believed that Christ could forgive his sin; and so it happened to him, after the rule of the kingdom, "According to your faith, be it unto you."

The case stood thus:—The paralyzed man was burdened with

sin, weighed down and oppressed in conscience. This urged him to seek the Saviour. "I must see the Christ," said he. His passionate earnestness extracts a promise from the neighbours that they will take him to Jesus. He begs them to do it *now*. But the Lord could not be got at, for a dense crowd shut him in. "I must see Jesus," cries the man. His friends reply, "You cannot rise from your bed." "Carry me upon it," cries he. "But we cannot get in." "Try," says he. They reached the door, and they cried, "Make room. Here is a man sick of the palsy, who must see Jesus." They are gruffly answered, "Plenty of other poor men want to see him. Why should everybody give place to you? What is the use of pushing? There is no room for that bed here! What folly to drag a sick man into all this pressure and heat. The Prophet is speaking; you will interrupt him. Away with you!" The bearers cannot enter. They plead and they push, but all in vain.

"Then," cries the resolute man, "take me up the back stairs. Get me to the top of the verandah, and let down the bed through the ceiling. Run any risk; for I must get to Jesus." Possibly, his friends demur, and state the difficulties of the procedure suggested. "Why," says one, "you will be hanging over the people's heads, for there will be no room for you when we let you down." "Try it," cries he. "If I am let down from the top, there will be no fear of my not reaching the ground; they cannot push me up again, or keep me on their heads. They must make room for me." His earnestness having been ingenious, now becomes infectious. His bearers smile at his eagerness, and enter into it with zest. He will give them no rest till his desire is accomplished, and so they break up the tiling, and let him down before Jesus, with the glad result described in the Gospel, "Jesus said to him, Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee."

We have before us, first, *a doctrine*,—the doctrine that it is one of the grandest comforts in the world to have your sins forgiven you: "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." Secondly, we have before us *a question*. May every one of you have the honesty to put it, and to answer it in your own case: the question, Have I had any sins forgiven me? For, if so, I have a right to be of good cheer, and to be as merry as the birds in spring. But, if not, I am destitute of the greatest comfort which Christ himself can speak to a sinner's heart.

I. Dear hearer, let us give our hearts at once to THE DOCTRINE. It is plainly taught us here that the pardon of sin is one of the richest comforts which the Lord can give to a man.

It is so, first, because *the pardon of sin removes the heaviest sorrow which a man can feel*. Some know little about this grief. May the Lord cause them to mourn with broken hearts, or they will perish in their sins! Those of us who have known the burden of sin can tell you that it is a crushing load. Thoughtful persons, who have seen things in their true light, honest persons who refuse to be flattered, pure-minded people, who long to be right with God,—all these will tell you that a sense of sin is of all miseries the most sharp and disquieting. To know that you have sinned against light and

knowledge with special aggravations, is as a hot iron to the flesh, and as a serpent's venom in the blood. There is no rest day or night to a soul which carries this hell within it.

"Sin, like a venomous disease,  
Infects our vital blood;  
The only balm is sovereign grace,  
And the physician God."

I speak what I do know from personal experience, and I only say what many a hearer knows, too, within his own soul. Once let conviction flash in upon the soul, and the world loses its fascinations, the music-hall, the ball-room, and the theatre are robbed of their enchantments; even business wearies, and domestic joys are deprived of sweetness; for a sense of sin spoils all. Guilt on the conscience hangs over everything like a funeral pall, it drowns all music with its prophetic knell, and withers every green herb beneath its burning feet.

Sin, sin,—what direr ill than thou art can even Satan himself beget? A man infected with a deadly disease is never at ease; whatever garments he may put on, or at whatever tables he may feast, he is still unhappy, because he has the arrows of death sticking in him. Such is a man conscious of sin. Nothing can please him, nothing can ease him, till his sin is removed. But when sin is gone,—when he knows that he is pardoned, he is as a bird set free from its cage.

A great fire raged one night in a village, and a large thatched mansion, in which a man of God resided, caught fire. It blazed furiously, but he and his wife and the most of his children escaped. Judge of their horror, when they counted them over, to discover that one little one was missing. Nothing would content them while that dear child was in the burning house. "Mr. Wesley," his neighbour might say, "we have saved your chest of drawers. We have saved your valuable books from the house." "Ah, but," the good man would have said, "my boy is in danger." What his wife thought of it, when she recollected that little John would be burned to death, I need not tell you; but when, at last, he was lifted out of the window, and brought to his parents' arms, then be sure that the good man would gather his whole family about him, and bless the Lord, even though all his substance was consumed. Now, when a sensible man's soul is in danger, nothing can content him. He prospers in business, his happy children play around him; but what of these while his soul remains in deadly peril? When once, through pardoned sin, his soul becomes like a brand plucked from the burning, then his daily troubles lose all their weight, and his heart is full of joyful song. It is clear to every experienced man that the pardon of sin is an immense comfort, because it removes the bitterest cause of distress and alarm.

Next, forgiveness of sin is a comfort of the first order, for, indeed, it is altogether indispensable. You may possess every luxury, but you cannot be solidly happy until sin is forgiven. "Why!" says one, "I am really happy, and yet I am not pardoned." Yes, but

it is a remarkable thing that happy people of your kind are never pleased while they are quiet; they must get up an excitement, and dance, or fiddle, or drink, or play the fool in some sort, or they are not happy. I call that real happiness which I can enjoy by the hour together in my room alone, calmly looking into things, and feeling content. I call that real joy which I feel when I wake up at night, and, though full of pain, can lie still, and bless God for his goodness. It was said of old, "Philosophers can be merry without music;" and so can the saints of God; but the ungodly, as a rule, cannot enjoy themselves without external objects to raise their spirits. The truly happy man is satisfied from himself. A spring within him of living water quenches his thirst, so that he never feels the drought.

A man cannot be really happy till his sin is pardoned, because sin brings, more or less, a sense of condemnation. Picture a man in the condemned cell. Try to make him comfortable. We provide him with a dainty supper, we sing him gladsome glees, we exhibit fine pictures to him; but he is condemned to die to-morrow, and he loathes our feast and our fineries. Bring in a thousand pounds, and make him a present of it. He looks at the golden sovereigns, and he says, "What is the use of these to me?" Tell him that a rich man has left him heir to a wide estate. "Yes," says he, "but how can I enjoy it? I am condemned to die." He is always in his dreams hearing his death knell, and picturing to himself the dreary scene when he is to be launched into eternity. If you could only whisper in his ear, "Her Majesty has granted you a free pardon," he would say, "You may take away the feast; I feel too happy to eat. All the gold in the world could not make me more delighted than I am now, as a pardoned man." When men have come out of prison, after they have been shut up for years, everything has been a joy to them. Though they went home, perhaps, and found everybody dead whom they once knew, and saw their own hair turned grey through having lain so long in a mouldy den, yet the sweets of liberty made the stones of the streets shine as if they were made of gold, and the fields seemed like fairy-land to them. Such is the joy of pardon when it comes from our God. A man must have forgiveness; or else, everything will be emptiness to him; but when he is absolved, he goes forth with joy, and is led forth with peace.

*Pardon of sin makes all our sorrows light.* If a condemned man is permitted to live, he will not ask whether he is to live like a gentleman or like a peasant. When some kind-hearted men struggle to get the life of a condemned criminal spared, the man's friends think of nothing but his life. When a judge sentences a man to penal servitude for life, it may be thought a hard sentence; but you never hear of complaints, when a condemned criminal has his life spared, if we find that he is to be kept a prisoner as long as he lives. The heaviest punishment seems nothing if life be spared. You heave a sigh of relief to think that the gallows will bear one sad fruit the less, and you forget all about the servitude or the imprisonment which the convict will have to endure. So, depend

upon it, if you get sin pardoned, and so are saved from the eternal wrath of God, you will make no bargain with God whether you have meat to eat and raiment to put on, or are left hungry and naked. No, Lord, I will shiver in a beggar's rags with full content, if I be but pardoned. I will dwell in prison with a dry crust for my food if I be but delivered from thy wrath. Thus it is clear that the blotting out of sin takes the sting from every other sorrow.

Let me add that *it makes death itself light*. I remember the story of a felon, in those days when they used to hang people for very little indeed. A poor man, who had committed some offence, was condemned to die: while he lay waiting for the sentence, the Lord sent a choice minister of the gospel to him, and his heart was enlightened so that he found Christ. As he was on the way to the gallows tree, what, think you, was this man's cry? He was overwhelmed with joy; and, lifting up his hands, he said many times, "Oh, he is a great Forgiver! He is a great Forgiver!" Death was no terror now that he had found forgiveness through Jesus Christ. Poverty repines not when sin is removed. Sickness frets no longer when conscience is at ease. It may cost you many a pang to feel yourself melting away in consumption; but what matters it now that your transgression is forgiven? Every breath may be a labour, every pulse may be a pang; but, when sin is forgiven, the Lord has created such a spring of joy within the heart that the soul can never faint.

Yet again, dear friend, remember that *the pardon of sin is the guarantee of every other blessing*. When Christ said, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," was there any question at all as to whether that paralytic man would be healed? Certainly not; for the love which had forgiven the sufferer's sin was there to prompt the Saviour to say afterwards, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house." So, dear friend, if your sin is pardoned, it is true concerning you, that no good thing will God withhold from you who walk uprightly, and that all things work together for good to you who love God, to you who are so called according to his purpose. Everything between here and heaven is secured by the covenant of grace for your best benefit, and you can sing,—

"If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;  
Death hath no sting beside:  
The law gives sin its damning power;  
But Christ, my ransom, died."

"You shall never have a need but God will assuredly supply it, since he has already bestowed on you the major blessing, the all-comprehending blessing of forgiveness. Covenant mercies follow each other like the links of a chain:—"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Do you think that God forgives men their sins, and then leaves them to perish? Such cruel "mercy" would be more worthy of a demon than of the

Deity. Pardon is the pledge of everlasting love, and the pledge will never be forfeited.

"Alas!" cries one, "perhaps, after the Lord has forgiven me, he may yet turn again, and punish me." Listen: "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." That is, God never repents of what he does in the way of grace. If he forgives, he forgives once for all, and for ever. It would be blasphemy to represent God as making a transient truce with men instead of an eternal peace. The Lord casts the iniquities of his people into the depths of the sea, and their transgressions he remembers against them no more for ever. Is not this a blessed act of grace? It secures the removal of all the evil results of sin, and is the guarantee of all that will be needed this side of heaven, yea, and of glory for ever. If you do but hear Jesus say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," you may also hear him say, "Be of good cheer," for there is everything in the fact of pardon to make your heart dance for joy.

We will not linger longer upon the doctrine, but make our meditation personally practical by pressing home the work of self examination.

II. So, now, let us consider THE QUESTION, *Are you forgiven?*

Has God, for Christ's sake, forgiven you? "Ah!" cries one, "do not judge us." "I shall not attempt to do so, but I would beg you to judge yourselves." "We cannot be sure of our salvation," answers another. Can you not? Then you ought never to be happy; for a man who is in doubt about a matter so vital as this, which involves his all, ought never to enjoy a moment's peace. How can we rest in fear of hell, in danger of eternal wrath?

Do you not long for certainties? A great novelist began a favourite story with the sentence, "What I want is facts." In that short sentence, he expressed the longing of many a thoughtful soul; many of us feel that we want indisputable facts. Our proverb hath it, "Fast bind, fast find." Prudent men will take double care about this weightiest of all concerns, and will not be content till they are infallibly assured. I will help you to answer this question by remarking that there is a way by which we may know if we are not forgiven.

We may know that we are not forgiven if we have never felt that we need forgiveness. Where guilt has never been perceived, it has never been removed. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." If I feel that I am as good as most people, and perhaps a little better; if I try to justify myself, and think of gaining heaven by my own endeavours, then I am under condemnation. God has never healed the man who was never wounded, nor has he made the man alive who was never dead. If you have never been humbled before God, so as to acknowledge your sinfulness, then you are still abiding under his wrath. Think of that, I pray you, you who are at ease, wrapping yourself about in the garments of your own deservings. "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing," thou mayest be sure that, in God's sight, "thou art wretched, and

miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Dear friend, I hope it is not so with you.

Again, *he has never been forgiven who does not at this moment hate sin.* Jesus never came to save us in our sins, but to save us from our sins; and whenever he takes away the guilt of sin, he also kills the love of it. Sin never seems so black as when we see it put away by Jesus's blood. At the sight of the cross, we grow angry with ourselves for having slain our Lord by our transgressions. Never dream that you can be pardoned, and then be allowed to live as you did before; the very wish to do so would show that you were still under condemnation.

Again, *you are not forgiven if you have never sought Christ and his atoning blood.* If you have laboured by other means to procure mercy, you have not found it; for no one else can give it but the one appointed Mediator. Can your "priest" grant you pardon? Did you offend the priest? Then the priest can forgive you for offending him; but he cannot forgive you for offending God. None but God in Christ Jesus can blot out sin, and you must go to him; and if you do not, you are not forgiven, whatever you may dream.

Once more, *have you forgiven everybody else?* This is a home question to some minds; but remember how needful it is to answer it. If ye do not forgive everyone his brother his trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you. There it stands, "Forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us." If you cannot pardon everyone, no matter how grievous the offence, neither has God pardoned you. A malicious heart is an unrenewed heart. A revengeful spirit is clean contrary to the Spirit of God, who passeth by transgression, iniquity, and sin. This truth may be little preached, but Holy Scripture makes it very prominent, and you will be most unwise if in any measure you ignore it. You are not forgiven if you cannot forgive.

Let me now help you, by some positive test, to see whether you are forgiven. Only one is needed: *you are pardoned if you are a true believer in Jesus Christ.* It is written, "Jesus seeing their faith,"—that is, the faith of the four bearers, and the faith of the man who lay upon the bed,—said unto him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." The poor palsied man so believed in Jesus that his very face beamed with confidence when he came into Christ's presence; and so Jesus, seeing his faith, said to him, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Do you believe in Jesus? I know that you believe that Jesus Christ is God and a great Saviour; but is this a mere matter of doctrine to you, or do you really believe in him? You know what it is to believe in a man so that you can trust him, and leave your affairs in his hand: do you in this way believe in Jesus? That is the faith which saves. When a man believes in Christ so as to commit himself to Christ for salvation, he believes aright; for believing is but another word for trusting, relying, depending upon.

Do not trifle with this question. It is my hope that you can answer, "Yes, unless I am awfully deceived, I am trusting the blood and merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I am so trusting

him that I endeavour to follow in his footsteps, and to copy his example." Then you are saved, for "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Dwell on that word, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God." If you really trust Christ, though you have only done so during the last hour, your transgressions are put away, and your iniquity is covered, for he immediately pardons those who come to him: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." If you have confessed your sin to him, and trusted in him, you are most assuredly cleansed by his blood.

Now for my last word; it is this. Jesus said, "Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." Come, then, *let us be of good cheer if our sins are forgiven.* Let us be happy. Let us be merry in the Lord. Let us begin to sing for very joy of heart, because our sins are forgiven us for Christ's sake. We are very poor, but our sin is forgiven us. We are very weak, but our sin is forgiven us. We are, perhaps, getting very old, and near to our end, but our sin is forgiven us. We are full of infirmity, and vexed with temptations; but our sin is forgiven us for his name's sake. "Son, be of good cheer," said the Saviour, and shall we be otherwise? What if our room is a very small one, what matters it if our sin is forgiven? "Ah, but there is a sick one at home!" "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." You know how the Master, when the disciples found another source of joy, turned them back to this: "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven;" and so, when you find a multitude of troubles, follow the like good advice.

Does someone say, "I am over head and ears in trouble, for I am in great straits"? Let me lay my hand upon your shoulder, and say, "Brother, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." "Oh, but I have very little to live upon!" True, but you have this comforting message, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Be of good cheer; thy Lord bids thee to be so, for thy sins are forgiven thee.

If you are not happy, it will be disobedience to Christ, for he commands you to "be of good cheer." It will look as if you did not value the blessing that cost him his blood. "Thy sins be forgiven thee." It cost him his life to buy you this redemption; and are you going to groan when you get it? No doubt you are pleased to give good things to poor persons; and, if so, you like to see their gratitude. I gave something, not many days ago, to a man, and he just put it in his pocket, and walked off without a word, as if he would say, "I thought you would have given me at least ten times as much." I thought, "If I had seen the way you would take it, my man, I should not have been in such a hurry with my gift." When you give your children a little treat, you like to see them pleased and thankful; but if they sit down and fret over your kindness, you are disappointed, and are in no great haste to indulge them again. Our Heavenly Father's gifts must be valued and delighted in: if he has forgiven us our sins, let us be happy.



"Son, be of good cheer." Have some regard to the outside world, for, if they see pardoned men and women with grungy countenances, they will infer that there is not much comfort in the grace of God, after all. "My wife," says one, "declares that her sins are forgiven her; yet I am sure, when there is a little trouble in the house, she is more downhearted than I am." "There," cries a woman, "my husband tells me that his sins are washed away, but he grumbles and murmurs till we are all made miserable by him." Do not let it be so. If we have a cross to carry, let us bear it joyfully for Christ's sake. If we have work to do for Christ, let us do it with delight. Let us live to music. Let us march to heaven to a gladsome tune, rejoicing in the Lord because our sins are forgiven, and let each one of us say,—

"All that remains for me  
Is but to love and sing,  
And wait until the angels come  
To bear me to the King."

### Exposition by C. D. Spurgeon.

#### MARK II.

Verses 1, 2. *And again he entered into Capernaum after some days; and it was noted that he was in the house. And straightway many were gathered together, insomuch that there was no room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door: and he preached the word unto them.*

It is a very singular fact that, although man, in his natural state of heart, is opposed to the gospel, yet he is drawn to hear it. Even though he abhors it, yet oftentimes he cannot help listening to it. Wherever Jesus Christ is, whether he is present in person, or in the preaching of the Word, it will be certain to be noticed abroad, and multitudes will come to hear. The grandest attraction either in or out of heaven, is still the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

3—5. *And they come unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay. When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.*

In Luke's account of this gathering, we read that "the power of the Lord was present to heal them;" and when we ask, "Why was that power so remarkably present?" we think that one reason was, because there were persons present who were anxious about the good of others; and, to-day, wherever four persons come together praying for some poor soul, yet may rest assured that the power of the Lord will there be present to heal. I do not think that so much of the success of sermons depends upon the preacher, as upon those model hearers who are all the while praying for a blessing, and who are making other members of the congregation—those who are unconverted,—the constant subject of their supplication. Christ blessed this man because of the faith of the four who carried him, and possibly because of his own faith.

Notice that our Lord did not at first say to the sick man, "Thou art healed of thy palsy;" but he said, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." This was laying the axe at the root, because sin is at the bottom of sorrow; and where sin is pardoned, even the effects of sin will be removed.

6—9. *But there were certain of the scribes sitting there, and reasoning in their hearts, Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God only? And immediately when Jesus perceived in his spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, he said unto them, Why reason ye these things in your hearts? Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk?*

Whichever is spoken, Omnipotence is implied. The presence and power of God alone could give efficacy to either sentence; but to him, the one is as easy as the other.

10—14. *But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (he saith to the sick of the palsy,) I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house. And immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all; inasmuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying We never saw it on this fashion. And he went forth again by the sea side; and all the multitude resorted unto him, and he taught them. And as he passed by, he saw Levi the son of Alphæus sitting at the receipt of custom, and said unto him, Follow me. And he arose and followed him.*

There is a change in the method of displaying Christ's power, but his power is always the same. To the palsied man, he said "Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk;" but to the man engaged in a calling which degraded him, Christ said, "Follow me;" and "he arose and followed him." Blessed be God, still we have in our midst the living Lord, who is as able to work miracles of mercy to-day as when he was upon the earth; and we have not merely to exhort, to persuade, and to entreat, though we have to do all that, but we have also to speak with authority in the name of this glorious Son of God, and to command men to repent and believe in him. He is with us, by his Spirit, to make his Word mighty, so that, to this day, palsied men do arise, and walk, and sinful men are led to turn from evil, and to follow Christ.

15—17. *And it came to pass, that, as Jesus sat at meat in his house, many publicans and sinners sat also together with Jesus and his disciples: for there were many, and they followed him. And when the scribes and Pharisees saw him eat with publicans and sinners, they said unto his disciples, How is it that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners? When Jesus heard it, he saith unto them, They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*

For ordinary Christians to associate with those who are like the publicans and sinners of Christ's day, might be dangerous, for "evil communications corrupt good manners;" and Christians should be careful as to the company in which they are found; but for Christians to go amongst such people to try to do them good, is Christlike. The Church of Christ always fails in her duty when she looks upon any class of persons as being beneath her observation, or too far gone for her to reach. Our Lord's mission was to find out, and to supply the needs of mankind; and he seems to have paid particular attention to the very worst of men, because they needed him most; and his Church should always be guided in her choice of work by the necessity of the objects that need her care. And, brethren, you and I, who are in the ministry, will do well to choose, not that sphere in which we may be most happy and comfortable, but that one in which we are most needed. If I were a lamp, and had my choice of where I would be hung, I should prefer to be hung up in the darkest place in London, where I could be of most service; and I think that every one of us would make just such a choice if we judged rightly, and desired to be where we were wanted, and to do as the Saviour did when he was on the earth.

18—20. *And the disciples of John and of the Pharisees used to fast: and they come and say unto him, Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, but thy disciples fast not? And Jesus said unto them, Can the children of the bridechamber fast, while the bridegroom is with them? as long as they have the bridegroom with them, they cannot fast. But the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days.*

While Christ was with his people in person, they could not help having joy and gladness; but when he was gone from them, they must lament his absence.

21, 22. *No man also seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment: else the new piece that filled it up taketh away from the old, and the rent is made worse. And no man putteth new wine into old bottles: else the new wine doth burst the bottles, and the wine is spilled, and the bottles will be marred: but new wine must be put into new bottles.*

The bottles were made of skin, and the wine put into them must be of a suitable sort. To prescribe fasting to his disciples, while he was making them glad with his personal presence, would have been incongruous and absurd; and there are some things that we ought not to expect from young Christians, and other things that we ought not to expect from old and mature Christians. We should not expect to find new wine in old bottles, nor old wine in new bottles. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is not only a rule for the home and the merchant's counting-house, but it is also a rule which should be observed in the Church of Christ; for God, as a God of order, always puts things in their proper places, and in due order.

23. *And it came to pass, that he went through the corn fields on the sabbath-day; and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn.*

They had offended the Pharisees by not fasting, and now they were offending them again in a similar way, though with reference to a different matter.

24. *And the Pharisees said unto him, Behold, why do they on the sabbath day that which is not lawful?*

According to some Rabbis, you might pick an ear of wheat on the Sabbath-day; but if you rubbed it between your hands, they said that was a sort of threshing which was a kind of labour that must not be performed on the Sabbath. They made all sorts of ingenious restrictions, too ridiculous for us to quote. These disciples were therefore, according to them, chargeable with sin, because they had plucked ears of corn, and had performed the operation of threshing them on the Sabbath-day; and we have some of that sort of folk living now, who take the smallest matter, which is altogether insignificant, and in which there is neither good nor harm, and magnify and distort it, and then make a man a grave offender all for next to nothing. We have learned not to be very much troubled by anything that they choose to say.

25—28. *And he said unto them, Have ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was an hungred, he, and they that were with him? How he went into the house of God in the days of Abiathar the high priest, and did eat the shewbread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests, and gave also to them which were with him? And he said unto them, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath: therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath.*

He has made it to be no longer a day of bondage, but a day of blessed rest and holy service for God. Works of necessity, works of piety, and works of mercy, are not only allowed to be done, but are commanded to be done upon the Sabbath-day.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle: Pulpit.

SEEING GOD'S GOODNESS HERE.

## A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6TH, 1936,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAOLE, NEWINGTON.

*On Thursday Evening, August 1st, 1867.*

"I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living."—Psalm xxvii. 13.

WE were favoured with very much of God's goodness, last Sabbath evening, when we considered the rule of grace in guiding a believer's life, namely, that, instead of seeing in order to believe, he has learned to believe in order to see.\* "Unless I had believed to see," says the psalmist, "I had fainted;" and we should never have known true refreshment, nor enjoyed the comforts of the Lord, but should have been full of doubts, and distracted with fears, if we had not learned the sacred art of believing although we did not see, or even believing in spite of what we did see; or believing in order that we might see, fully expecting that sight would inevitably follow if our faith were but simple and true.

Those of you who were present, last Sabbath evening, will remember that I restricted my remarks, for the most part, to the one matter of our salvation. I tried to show to seekers that, instead of looking for evidences of salvation first, and then believing in Christ, they were to believe in Christ in order to obtain those evidences,—that, instead of looking to their repentance, and then having confidence in Christ, their repentance sprang from their confidence in Christ;—that, instead of saying, "We are not fully sanctified, and therefore fear we are not saved;" they were to remember that the certainty of their being saved by grace, through faith, would be, to their minds and hearts, the great motive power by which they would be enabled to obtain that sanctification which cannot be theirs as long as they remain in legal bondage, and have doubts about being "accepted in the Beloved." There were some set at liberty last Sabbath evening, who had really known the Lord for years, but were afraid to say definitely that they had trusted in Christ, and that, therefore, they were saved. May God grant that all of us may not only come to Christ, but may we also exercise a

\* See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 766, "Believing to See."  
No. 8,617.

simple, childlike faith, which just takes God's Word as it stands in this blessed Book, believes it, receives it, lives upon it, asks no questions concerning it, and will allow none to be asked by others.

"On this occasion, I propose to make a particular application of the general principle of our text. David was a man of many troubles. Especially in the latter part of his life, he was incessantly in the furnace; and he says that he should have "fainted" under these many troubles if he had not "believed to see," in the particular matter of his trials, "the goodness of the Lord" in that land which is the special sphere of trouble. David believed to see the goodness of the Lord, not only in the glory land yonder, but also in this land here below. He believed to see the goodness of the Lord, not merely when he emerged from the furnace, but also while he was in it. As a pilgrim and a stranger, he believed to see the goodness of the Lord during the days of his pilgrimage. He did not always see it, but he believed to see it; he believed in it, and anticipated it; and, by believing in it, he did actually come to see it with the eye of his mind, and to rejoice in it.

We all know that this world is a very unpromising field for faith; according to our varied experiences, we must all subscribe to the declaration that this earth is, more or less, a vale of tears, that it is not our rest, for it is polluted. There are too many thorns in this nest for us to abide comfortably in it. This world is under the curse, so it still bringeth forth thorns and thistles, and in the sweat of our face do we eat our bread until we return to the earth out of which man was at first taken. Were this world really to be our home, it would be a terrible fate for us; if we were always to live in this huge penal settlement, it would be sad indeed for us to know that we had continually to dwell where the shadow of the curse ever lingers, and where we have only the shadow of the cross to sustain us under it. But faith comes into this unpromising field, and believes that she shall see the goodness of the Lord even here. She rushes into the fiercest fight that ever rages here, fully believing that she shall see the banner of the Lord's mercy and truth waving even there. She bears the burden and heat of the earthly toil, and expects to experience the lovingkindness of the Lord beneath it all. She knows that she will see more of her God in the land beyond the flood; but, still, she believes to see the goodness of the Lord even in this land of the living which is so distracted and disturbed with sorrows and cares, and trials and tribulations.

I want to show you, first, that *faith is infallibly persuaded of God's goodness here*; secondly, that *she expects clearly to see that goodness here*; and, thirdly, that *it is this expectation and belief which sustain the soul of the tried believer*.

I. First, then, FAITH IS INFALLIBLY ASSURED OF THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD IN THIS TIME STATE.

*She is persuaded of this from what she knows of God himself.* She could not believe that he could be otherwise than good. She reads the promises recorded in his Word, and she believes that they are all true and reliable. She can detect nothing that is

unkind or ungenerous in any of them; they are all couched in the softest, gentlest, and most consoling words. The language used seems to her to have been selected, on purpose to meet her case, and to make the promise suitable and sweet to her sorrowing heart. She feels sure that God could not be unkind. With the psalmist, she cries, "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart;" and though, like the psalmist, she may have to write afterwards, "But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped;" yet she stands fast to her first declaration, "Truly God is good to Israel," however much surrounding circumstances may seem to prove the contrary; she knows that, from the necessity of the divine nature, God must be good to his people both here and hereafter.

When faith turns to the Bible, and reads the history of the Lord's people, she sees that God has been good to them; and, knowing that he is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," she draws the cheering inference that he will also be good to her. Inasmuch as she can distinctly see that the trials and difficulties of the saints, in the olden times, always wrought their lasting good, she is convinced, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that her trials and troubles, overruled by the same loving Lord who cared for them, will work her lasting good, and that God will bless her now as he blessed his saints in the olden time.

Perhaps some of you have faith, but yet, possibly through want of thought, you have not exercised it upon this particular point. If you are given to murmuring against God, you will often think thoughts which you would not like to hear or to see in spoken or written language. If someone should say to you, "God has been very unkind to you; I am sure that you cannot see the goodness of God displayed in your life;" you would at once turn round upon such a slanderer, and defend the character of your God from such an unjust accusation. Although you often murmur against the Lord in your spirit, yet, if another person should say in words what you have felt in your heart, you would then see the wickedness of your murmuring, and you would also see that, in the depths of your soul, there is a firm confidence in the goodness of God to you. You need to stir up that holy fire, and set it blazing, so that you may get comfort from its warmth; for it is true, and it must be true, that God is now good, and always good, and good to the highest possible degree of goodness to all his children, in their worst calamities, and their darkest seasons of sorrow.

But there are some conditions of life in which it is really a trial to faith to believe in the goodness of the Lord, as, for instance, that of long-continued, dire poverty. Some of God's choicest saints are so poor that they not only lack luxuries, but they even lack the very necessities of life. As a rule, possibly without exception, God does give his people bread and water; but, sometimes, the bread is only a very small portion, and the cup of water is a very tiny one. I have known a child of God, who has said to me, "I have struggled hard against poverty; I have undertaken first this, and then that; but, in every case, I have failed. My

little vessel has tried to enter the harbour of prosperity, but the cruel winds have always driven it back again into the rough sea of adversity. If I had been a spendthrift, if I had been wasteful in the days of my prosperity, or if I had not used my substance for the cause of God, I could understand my non-success. If God would again entrust me with ample means, I would cheerfully give to his cause, as I used to do; but, alas! I have not anything left after my daily needs are supplied." Unbelief asks, "Can this be the goodness of the Lord?" but Faith answers, "Yes, it is, and it must be; I should faint in this poverty, I should give up in despair if, under all my trials and hardships, I were not sure of the goodness of God to me. If I were even starving to death, God should still have a good word out of my dying mouth. Even if he should let me die of starvation, it must be right, and he must be good."

There are others of God's children, whose trials come from *constant sickness*: and some forms of illness are so trying that we are apt to ask ourselves why we should be subjected to them. I talked, this morning, with an aged sister in Christ, who, years ago, met with an accident by which her head was so severely injured that, every alternate day, her pain is almost unbearable. She can never go up to the house of God because the sound of the preacher's voice, or of the singing of the congregation, would be more than she could endure. When we talked together, gently and softly, concerning the things of God, she quoted to me Psalm cxix. 75: "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." If anyone asks, "Can it be the goodness of the Lord thus to keep away one who really loves his house, and prizes his ordinances, and to send her such sore sickness?"—we must reply, "Yes, it must be right. We cannot see how God's goodness can thus be manifested, but we are to believe that it is." I may be addressing some others, who are subject to peculiarly trying infirmities, which unfit you for the work you love, and the field of service where you have long been so happy and useful. Well, dear friends, in such a case as that, you must believe to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living in thus making your life to be one of sickness, and weariness, and pain.

The same rule also applies to our *bereavements*. How mysterious are the dispensations of providence in this matter! Many, whom we cannot afford to lose, are taken away from us; while others, who seem to do no good, continue to live. Death appears to spare the hemlock, and to cut down the oak and the cedar. Where there is a man who only cumbereth the ground, he is often allowed to remain; while others, who are like pillars of Christ's Church, are taken away. I know a little village, where there were but a few poor inhabitants, and one man of substance, whom I very greatly esteemed. Towards the small salary of the pastor in that village, my friend contributed three-fourths, if not nine-tenths. He was the mainstay of that little Christian community. When I found him, last week, very ill with fever, and joined with other friends

in earnest prayer that his life might be spared, it seemed to us absolutely essential to the welfare of that village church that he should be kept here at least a little longer. But now that the Lord has taken him home to himself, what can we say? We must not begin to cavil at what God has done, but say to him, "We are sure that whatsoever thou doest is right; it cannot be wrong, it cannot be unkind; it must be the kindest thing that could have happened, the very thing which we should have wished to happen if we could have known what thou knowest, and if we could have formed our judgment upon the same principles as swayed thine infallible judgment."

We sometimes fancy that we should like to make a slight alteration in some of the arrangements of divine providence. We would not interfere with the great wheels that are ever revolving; but just here and there, where a small cog rather inconveniently touches our personal interests, we would like to have it altered as to let us alone; but, remorselessly, as we sometimes imagine, the great wheels grind on, our comforts are taken from us, and our joy is destroyed. What then? Why, let us still say, "Lord, not our will, but thine be done;" and let us kiss the hand that wields the rod as much as the one that bestows choice gifts upon us. It is far easier for me to say this than it is for yon poor widow to carry it out,—easier for me to say it than it is for that weeping mother, who has seen all her children taken before her to the silent tomb. But, my sisters, my brothers, if it is harder for you, then so much the more earnestly would I urge you to say it; for the very difficulty of the submission, when you have rendered it, would prove the sincerity of your confidence in your God, and bring the more glory to him. So, as we take our friends and relatives to the tomb, and commit the precious dust to the earth, let us still believe to see the goodness of the Lord even there. If we do not look at our sorrows in that light, we shall faint under our repeated losses and bereavements; but if that be the light in which we view them, we shall see a glory gilding even the graves that cover the bodies of our departed loved ones, and shall rejoice in the full assurance of the goodness of the Lord to us, and even more to those who have gone to be "for ever with the Lord."

Another matter may, perhaps, have greatly troubled some of you, namely, *your unanswered prayers*. You have been praying for certain people for a long time; but, so far, you have received no answer to your supplications. There is a brother here, who has prayed for years for the conversion of his wife; yet she is still unconverted. If he yields to unbelief, he will have many difficult questions to answer. God has said, "Ask, and ye shall receive;" you have asked for a thing which, apparently, is for God's glory, yet you have not received it; and this will sometimes be a staggering blow to the earnest pleader. Some of you have prayed, as I have done, for the life of a friend, or you have sought some other favour from the hands of God, but he has not granted it. I believe there is a brother here, who has carried an unanswered prayer about with him for ten or a dozen years. I have known



cases of believers praying for thirty years, and yet not obtaining what they asked for; and some of them, like the worthies of old, have "died in faith, not having received the promises." They have not lived to see one of their children converted; yet their children have been converted, and saved through their prayers too, long after the parents slept in their graves.

In these cases of unanswered prayers, there is always the temptation to believe that God has not been faithful to his promises; so that this bitter draught of unbelief is an addition to the sorrow which you feel at your non-success at the mercy seat. This is the time when you will faint unless you believe to see the goodness of the Lord even now and here. You must feel that, in any case, God's will must be done. You must still continue to pray, for you do not know what God's will is; but you must pray with resignation, after your Saviour's perfect model in the garden of Gethsemane, "Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." You will be comforted and helped if you can look upon your unanswered prayers in that light.

And, dear brethren, there is another thing that will sometimes press upon you very heavily, namely, *the desertions which occasionally fall to the lot of the believer as to his communion with God.* Sometimes, we are left in the dark. Whether you are or not, I know that I have been where I could not see sun, or moon, or stars, or even get so much as a look from my Master to cheer my sad heart, or a word from his mouth to make glad my spirit. At such times, we must remember that ancient message, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." If you cannot see, you must believe to see; and if your heart feels like a stone, still believe that Christ is your life; and if, instead of holy meditations, your soul is racked with blasphemous temptations and evil thoughts, still hold on to Jesus, sink or swim. If, instead of clear evidences of salvation, you are half afraid that the Lord has forsaken you, and given you up, and you fall into an unbelieving frame of mind, go again to the fountain filled with blood, that this sin, like all others, may be washed away. Trust Christ all the more "when the enemy shall come in like a flood;" for, then, "the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." These must be strange Christians who never have any conflict raging within their souls. If that is true Christian experience, I wish I could get it;—to be always at peace and at rest, and never again have to wrestle with sins, and doubts, and fears. But, beloved, if we cannot attain to that position,—and I believe that the most of us cannot,—let us still walk by faith; for, so, we shall walk triumphantly even under the discouragements of our inward spiritual conflicts.

\* One other point I must mention, and then I will leave this part of the subject. To many believers, the sharpest trials they ever have to endure arise from troubles connected with the Church of Christ. What a grief it is to the godly when any portion of the Church of Christ does not prosper;—when bickerings arise among the

members, when one brother or sister is jealous of another, and when all our attempts to mend the rent only make it worse. It must be very trying for some of you to have to go, on the Lord's day, to listen to a minister who does not edify you, but rather provokes you to wrath; or to attend church-meetings, as I know that some do, and find them anything but a means of grace; or to have to meet with professors who, in their common conduct and conversation, instead of leading you onward and upward, do you as much mischief as if they were men of the world. It is sad to see even one of God's ministers sound asleep, and to see other professing Christians careless and worldly, and to see the whole ship of the Church like the vessel described by the Ancient Mariner,—

"As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean;"

when there was no motion, no advance; when—

"The very deep did rot."

It is a dreadful thing when there is such a horrid deathlike calm as this; yet, even amidst such trials as these, we must believe to see the goodness of the Lord. We must still believe that the great Head of the Church has not forgotten her, that in her darkest times he still wears her name upon his heart, and that he will yet return to her in mercy, cast out all her enemies, repair her broken walls, and cause the banner of his love to float again over her citadel.

II. Now, secondly, and very briefly, FAITH NOT ONLY BELIEVES IN THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD, BUT SHE EXPECTS TO SEE IT EVEN HERE.

*Sometimes, she sees it very soon.* God does not guarantee to let his people see here the reason for all his providential dealings with them, but he does occasionally do so. There is many a believer who has lived to see the goodness of God to him. Bernard Gilpin's case was a very clear one. As he was on his way to London to be burned at the stake, his leg was broken, and he had to stop on the road. He said it was all for the best, and so it was; for, when he reached London, the bells were ringing, for Queen Mary was dead, and Queen Elizabeth had come to the throne, so he was not burned, the breaking of his leg had saved his life. Some of us have also seen the goodness of the Lord displayed under very strange circumstances. It was so in connection with that terrible calamity at the Surrey Gardens Music Hall. Notwithstanding all the sorrow and suffering that it brought upon us, as we now look back upon it, we see how God, by means of that calamity, called public attention to the preaching of the Word; and I have no doubt that, for every life that was then lost, a thousand souls have since been saved from going down to the pit, so let God's name be praised for that gracious overruling of a terrible crime. You may not have to wait even a day before you will distinctly see the goodness of the Lord; but you must believe it before you see it. It must be a matter of duty to you now to believe it, and then, by-and-by, it may be a matter of privilege to you to see it.

But faith does not always expect to see the goodness of God here at once. She knows that this is the land of mist and fog, and she

is glad if she can see even one step before her. Ay, and she is quite satisfied to go on even if she cannot see a step before her. She puts her foot down on what seems to be a thick cloud, but she finds the ground solid beneath her. Without seeing where she is going, she takes the next step, relying upon the faithfulness of God, and again she is safe; and so she pursues her way in the thick darkness, and with greater joy than those who see far ahead, and compliment themselves upon their shrewdness. She knows that the day has not yet dawned, for the shadows have not yet fled away, so, while she is in this mortal state, she walks by faith, not by sight.

Faith understands, too, that *man is not endowed with that degree of judgment which might enable him, at present, even if the light were clearer, to see the goodness of the Lord distinctly.* With such an intellect as he now has, a child is not likely to see the wisdom of his father in the use of the rod. Even if he is a well-instructed child, he may still scarcely be able to see it. The father is the better judge; he has seen more of life, he knows what the child does not know, and foresees what the child does not even dream of. How can I, who can only see a little pool in front of me, judge as to how the Lord should manage the great ocean? Here am I sailing my tiny toy-boat upon a pond; and am I to lay down rules of navigation for God in steering the leviathans of the deep, across the shoreless seas? Here am I, an emmet of an hour, creeping about upon the little ant-hill which I call my home; and am I to judge as to how God manages all the affairs of time and eternity? Down, thou foolish pride; what knowest thou? Thou art wise only when thou knowest that thou art a fool; but thou art such a fool that thou dost not know even that until God teacheth it to thee. Lie down, then, and trust where thou canst not understand.

Faith also knows that, *at present, she cannot see the whole plan and procedure of God's providential dealings with men.* We cannot fairly judge the working of providence by gazing at a part of it. There is an old joke about a student, who took one brick to the market in order to show the people what kind of house he had to sell; but who could rightly judge of a house by looking at a single brick? Yet this would be less foolish than trying to judge as to the goodness of the Lord by the transactions of an hour. If, instead of trying to measure, with a foot-rule, the distance between Sirius and the Pleiades, we would just believe that God has measured that vast distance to an inch, and leave such measurements to the almighty mind which can take in the whole universe at one sweep, how much wiser it would be on our part! God sees the end from the beginning; and when the great drama of time shall be complete, then will the splendour as well as the goodness of the Lord be seen. When the whole painting shall be unrolled in one vast panorama, then shall we see its matchless beauty, and appreciate the inimitable skill of the Divine Artist. But, here, we only look at one little patch of shade, or one tiny touch of colour, and it appears to us to be rough or coarse. It may be that we shall be

permitted, in eternity, to see the whole of the picture; and, meanwhile, let us firmly believe that he who is painting it knows how to do it, and that he, who orders all things according to the counsel of his own will, cannot fail to do that which is best for the creatures whom he hath made, and preserved in being.

III. So, finally, THERE IS A WONDERFULLY SUSTAINING INFLUENCE ABOUT THIS PRACTICAL BELIEF IN THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD.

There is a man lying upon the surgeon's operating table, and the skilful surgeon has to cut deeply; why does the man endure that operation? *Because he believes it is for his lasting good.* He believes that the surgeon will not cause him an atom of pain more than is necessary, and therefore he lies quietly, and endures it all. But imagine that any of us were there, and that we fancied that the operator meant to do us harm instead of good. Then we should rebel; but the conviction that it is all right helps us to play the man, and to bear the pain with patience. That should be your attitude towards God, my dear friend. May your belief in his goodness enable you to bear the sharp cuts of the knife which he is using upon you!

He must have been a bold man who was the first to plough the ground, and to bury bushels of good, golden wheat in the earth; but, nowadays, our farmers do it as a matter of course. They go to the granary, take out that which is very valuable, go off to where they have made the death-trench ready to receive it, and cast it in there, knowing that, unless it is cast in there to die, it will not bring forth fruit. But they believe to see the fruit that will spring from it; every farmer, when he sows his wheat, has the golden sheaves before his mind's eye, and the shouts of the harvest home ring in anticipation in his ear; and, therefore, he parts with his treasured store of wheat, and parts with it cheerfully. So, dear friends, let us part with our friends, and part with our health, and part with our comforts, and part with life itself if that is necessary, believing that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Let me just add that, if there is such sustaining power about believing to see the goodness of the Lord even here, *what must result from the still higher belief of seeing the goodness of the Lord in another and better world than this?* The expectation of that bliss may well bear us up on its wings far above all the trials and troubles of this present life; so let us entreat the Holy Spirit to administer to us this heavenly cordial. Then, in the strength of the Lord, let us go forth to serve him, with body, soul, and spirit, to the highest degree that is possible to us.

If there are any of you who have never believed, let me just tell you what is needful ere I close my discourse. The way of salvation is this,—Believe God's Word; believe that your Maker cannot lie; trust his Son, whom he has given to be the Saviour of all who trust him; and rely upon what his Word has declared: "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." If thou trustest in Christ, even if thou hast not a fraction of other evidence of thy

salvation, thou art a saved soul on that evidence alone. Cast thyself upon him, and thou shalt find that declaration to be true to thee, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." But if thou believest not, remember that this declaration is equally true, "he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." May God save all of you from that awful doom, for his dear Son's sake! Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

#### PSALM XXVII.

David is in the darkness of sorrow; his enemies are many and mighty, and they make a dead set against him, and seek utterly to destroy him; but he finds his comfort where every true believer must ever seek his solace, that is, in his God. Thus sweetly does the psalmist sing.

Verse 1. *The LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the LORD is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?*

David leaves the broken cisterns of the earth, which can hold no water, and goes directly to the divine fountain-head. He does not say, "Ahiathophel is my light; Uzziah, the Ashterathite, is my friend and my joy;" but he says, "Jehovah is my light." Candles soon burn out, but the sun shineth on; and, eventually, "the sun shall be turned into darkness;" but Jehovah, our God, is "the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." David does not say, "Joab is the strength of my life; Benaiah and the Cherethites are my body-guard;" but he says, "Jehovah is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" It is the height of Christian faith to find everything good in God, and it is an evil hour for us when we begin to trust anywhere but in him. Build thy foundation for eternity on a firm and unyielding soil, O believer, and let every stone that is laid thereon be quarried from the Rock of ages.

2. *When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.*

If we are on the Lord's side, discomfiture of our enemies shall be total and final; they shall fall to the ground. They may be very many, and very varied, so as to be described under two names,—enemies and foes; they may be very ferocious, so that, like the wild beasts of the forest, they are ready to tear the flesh of their prey, and devour it; and they may be able to make such attacks as actually to come upon us; but, just at the moment when they think they shall be able to swallow us, our God will interpose for our deliverance. It is marvellous how near to the edge of the precipice of ruin the Lord sometimes lets his people go, yet he always delivers them just at the right moment, and causes their enemies to stumble and fall.

3. *Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.*

True and simple faith in God always begets courage. It is the man who is trusting to the creature who is the coward; but he who truly trusts in the Creator becomes a hero. Faith is the food upon which God would have his children fed; so, if you would do deeds of daring, lean only upon God, and then you shall have your heart's desire.

4. *One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after;*

A true Christian is a man of one idea, but that one idea is the noblest that ever possessed the human mind, or influenced the human heart. This idea is one which not only finds a lodging in his brain, but he carries it out

in the practice of his daily life: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after." And what is that one thing?

4. *That I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD, and to enquire in his temple.*

That is, to gaze upon the mystery of God in Christ, for is not Christ "the beauty of the Lord"? He is rightly called "the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person;" so all that we need, on earth, or in heaven, is a perpetual vision of Jesus Christ: "to behold the beauty of the Lord," and constantly to be enabled to present our petitions in his temple, and to receive gracious answers of peace to our supplications.

"Father, my soul would fain abide  
Within thy temple, near thy side;  
But if my feet must hence depart,  
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart."

5. *For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion:*

The pavilion was the many-coloured tent of the king, embroidered with needlework, and richly furnished. It was always placed in the centre of the encampment, so that, if there were a night attack, the enemy must first break through the ranks of the armed men before reaching the royal pavilion. So, the Christian is put into the very centre of the Lord's host. God's sovereignty encloses him, and God's angels surround him; and the enemy must first break through the angelic guard, and overcome all the heavenly powers, before any one believer can be destroyed.

5. *In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me;*

"The secret of his tabernacle" was the Holy of holies, into which no man but the high priest ever entered, and even he only entered it once a year; but, now, the Christian is admitted into the holiest place of all, through the sacrifice of Christ, and Christ's atonement and the sovereignty of God conjoin to make the Christian's position absolutely safe for ever.

5. *He shall set me up upon a rock.*

The Rock of ages is immutable; it stirs not in the fiercest storm that ever rages. God is immutable, he abideth the same for ever; so that we have three firm grounds of confidence,—God's sovereignty, Christ's sacrifice, and God's immutability.

6. *And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy: I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD.*

As David's trust was in his Lord, all his praise was to his Lord, and where we place our confidence, there let us also display our gratitude. If we trust in men, it is not surprising if we worship and praise men; but if we trust alone in God, our homage and gratitude will be laid at his feet.

7, 8. *Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, will I seek.*

Happy is the man who has a tender conscience,—whose heart is like the waves of the sea, which are easily moved by the breath of heaven;—so that, when God breathes upon him by his Holy Spirit, his soul is moved and controlled by that Spirit.

9. *Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger:*

The sharpest trial a Christian can know is to be forsaken of his God. As the very pith of the agony of Christ upon the cross lay in his being deserted by his Father, so the extremity of a believer's anguish is found when he also has to cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken

me?" Send us any other trial that thou wilt, O Lord; but let us never lose the light of thy countenance! We are rich in poverty, we are strong in weakness, we are healthful in sickness, we are living even in death while we have our God with us; but if our Lord shall once hide his face from us, we are in trouble indeed.

9. *Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.*

Beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, use your past experience to encourage you for the present; draw arguments from your past experience to use with God in prayer, even as David did: "Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation." "When my soul was burdened with sin, thou wast my Helper. Thou didst enable me to look to Christ when I lost friend after friend, when I passed through fierce conflicts with the devil; when I was sick, and health and strength failed me, thou wast my Helper." Many of you can thus look back upon a long life, and say to God of it all, "Thou hast been my Helper;" and this gives you a foothold in your wrestling with the great Angel of the Covenant; so mind that you grasp him firmly, and say, "Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation."

10. *When my father and my mother forsake me,*

*They are not likely to do that; yet, if they should do so, what then?*

10, 11. *Then the LORD will take me up. Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.*

This is a prayer which all Christians have good need to pray, for there are so many enemies who will, if they can, cause us to stumble, so many who watch for our halting, that we need to pray, "Lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies." Yet let me also say to you that it matters not how carefully and warily you may walk, nor how holy you may be, you will be sure to be slandered, ay, and sometimes by Christian people, too. There are always some to tell the lie, and others to repeat it, and some to believe in it, and even to rejoice in it. It would be a mercy if some people had no tongues; for, if they had none, they would commit far less sin than they do now.

12. *Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.*

David found enemies, and so will you; and the holier you are, the more shall you have of them. Birds pick the ripest fruit; the highest towers cast the longest shadows; and so is it that the highest holiness is generally the object of the most cruel attacks. Well, what are they to do who are passing through this trial? Do? Why, go to their God about that as well as about everything else.

13. *I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.*

With troubles without, and fears within, and slanderers and enemies of all sorts around him, the Christian had almost fainted; but, faith puts the divine smelling-bottle to his nose, and as soon as ever the nostril perceives the sweet perfume of God's faithfulness, the man is revived: "I had fainted, unless I had believed." So, you see that you must do either the one or the other; you must either believe or faint; for, by unbelief and sin, a spiritual fainting fit will soon come on.

14. *Wait on the LORD: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the LORD.*

Wait on no one else; wait only on him, and then you shall not be discouraged or faint-hearted; wherefore, "wait, I say, on the Lord."

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

## THE TRUE LINEAGE.

### A Sermon

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13TH, 1906.

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON.

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

*In the year 1864.*

"And it came to pass, as he spake these things, a certain woman of the company lifted up her voice, and said unto him, Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked. But he said, Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it."—Luke xi. 27, 28.

Was this a loving-hearted woman who had been moved by the dear Saviour's discourse? Many, doubtless, had listened to the same gracious words; some of them with wrath, and others with stern complacency;—but it may be that her soul began to swell with holy wonder at the marvellous things which proceeded out of his mouth, and her soul felt such an affection for the man from whom so much of grace proceeded that she cried, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee!" Was it so? Perhaps it was an ignorant but passionate love breaking through all restraint. Sometimes, among our Primitive Methodist friends, we hear the same kind of thing; they are so carried away by the power of the truth which has just been stated that they cannot refrain from crying out, "Glory!" or "Hallelujah!" Throughout all Wales, this custom, which I am far from condemning, prevails the whole sermon through, often very much to the comfort of the speaker, enlivening him, and cheering him on, and making him rise to greater heights than otherwise he might have taken. Perhaps we may look at this interruption of the affectionate woman in that light.

Possibly, however, there was bold, blank ignorance rather than intense affection. Hers may have been a sort of vacant wonder at what she had heard; and, involuntarily, she betrayed it with her tongue. So have I noticed, sometimes, when I have been preaching the Word among our Primitive Methodist friends, that they have not always put the "Glory!" in at the right place, of the observation with which they have favoured us has been as inappropriate as it well could be. Though I have been glad, at times, to hear some emotional response when it seemed to come from true sensibility, and was compatible with common sense, I



have not been quite so gratified whel ignorance has been the prompter. Perhaps it was so with this woman. Such, at least, is the opinion of many sound expositors, and Jesus does not appear to commend her at all. She was a poor ignorant soul, who perhaps had never listened to any preaching before, and certainly had never listened to such preaching as that of Jesus Christ, and so she cried out, in a sort of stupid wonder, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked."

Anyhow, whichever it might be, this woman was but a specimen of very many in her own age, and a representative of many millions in successive ages. She turned her admiration, you perceive, from the person of Christ to the person of his mother. There was some sort of tendency of this kind on other occasions in Christ's life, and he rebuked it, as he did here, for, you will observe, though he says nothing disrespectful of his mother, yet he does at once put the extinguisher upon everything like blessing her as though she were so highly favoured above all other believers in himself. On the occasion of the marriage in Cana of Galilee, Jesus answered his mother—I will not say roughly,—that was not possible to him,—but somewhat sternly, when he said, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come." He purposely discouraged what he must have perceived was the natural tendency of people's minds to reverence his mother unduly, and it does seem marvellous, to any thinking man, that after such words as these of my text, Mariolatry should have prevailed in the Church of Rome to so frightful an extent as it has done, and as it still does. Why, for every prayer offered to Jesus Christ, I believe there are fifty, at the present moment, offered to the Virgin Mary. At all events, in the Romanists' rosary, there are nine beads for the "Hail Mary" to every one for "Our Father."

Observe, that she is to be held in profound respect, she is "ble sed among women," there should never come from the lips of any Christian a single word of disrespect to her; she was highly favoured, she was a sort of second Eve, as Eve brought forth sin, this woman, this second Eve, brought forth the Lord who is our salvation. She does stand in a very high position; but, still, in no respect is she to be an object of worship; by no means is she to be lifted up and extolled as though she were immaculately conceived, and afterwards lived without sin, and were taken up, as the Papists declare, by a marvellous assumption into heaven,—an assumption, indeed, on their part, and nothing better than an assumption, without any foundation whatever in fact. No, brethren, the Virgin Mary was a sinner, saved by grace, as you and I are. That Saviour, whom she brought forth, was a Saviour to her as much as to us. She had to be washed from sin, both original and contracted, in the precious blood of her own Child, "the Son of the Highest;" neither could she have entered heaven unless he had pronounced her absolution, and she had been, "as we are, accepted in the Beloved." Yet I do not wonder that there was a tendency to exalt her unduly; however, I do marvel much that after Christ has spoken so plainly and so expressly, men should

have had the impudence, and the devil should have had the audacity, to delude millions of professing Christians into a worship of her, who is to be revered, but never to be adored.

If you look at the text, you will see that there is something very beautiful about it. This woman pronounced a benediction upon the Virgin Mary; Christ lifts that off, and puts it on all his people. She said, "Blessed is the woman who brought thee forth." "Yea," said Jesus, "she is blessed; but (in the very same sense,) they are blessed who hear the Word of God, and keep it." Thus, my brethren, whatever blessings pertain to Mary, pertain to you, and pertain to me, if we hear the Word of God, and keep it; whatever we may suppose to have been the mercies comprehended in her being so highly favoured a person, those very same mercies are yours and mine, if, hearing the Word of God, we truly keep it.

I. It is supposed, and very naturally, by many, that it would have been a delightful thing to have been the mother of our Lord, BECAUSE, THEN, WE SHOULD HAVE HAD THE HONOUR OF THE CLOSEST ASSOCIATION WITH HIM.

To have seen that infant in his cradle, and nursed him upon one's knees, to have marked the ripening years of the Holy Child, to have observed his gracious words, his holy piety, his complete obedience to his parents, to have remained with him the thirty years which, doubtless, Joseph and Mary spent with their honoured, glorious Son, must have been no small boon. The same spirit, you know, comes out, in Mrs. Luke's pretty hymn, such a favourite with our dear children, which we all of us love to sing,—

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs to his fold;  
I should like to have been with them then.

"I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,  
That his arms had been thrown around me;  
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,  
'Let the little ones come unto me.'"

Yes, many a mother might feel that, to be kissed with those little lips, to have had her neck surrounded by those blessed arms, to have had her eyes looked into with the love-flashing eyes of such a Child as that, would have been a boon to be craved for every day. Well, so it looks, beloved; and yet, if we come to think rightly of it, the illusion is quickly dispelled. It was a high privilege to be associated with Christ; but, unless spiritually sanctified, it was a solemn responsibility sinking the soul deeper in guilt, rather than raising it higher in sanctification. Let me venture to remind you of one, who had the very closest intimacy with Christ in the days of his public ministry; he was so trusted by the Saviour that he kept the little treasury in which Christ put, when there were any, the excessive gifts of charity; he was the treasurer of the little company, you know him,—Judas. He had been with Jesus almost everywhere; he had been his familiar friend and acquaintance, and when he dipped the bread with him in the sop, it was but an

indication of the close association which had been preserved between the Divine Master and a vile creature who was utterly unworthy of such a privilege. There was never such another "son of perdition" as Judas, the friend and acquaintance of Christ. Never has any other man sunk so low in the depths of divine wrath, with so huge a mill-stone about his neck, as this man with whom Christ took such sweet counsel, and went to the house of God in company. The same sun ripens the corn and the poppies. This man was ripened in guilt by the same external process that ripened others in holiness.

It is not, then, after all, so great a boon, looked at as a natural blessing. But, whatever the boon may be, it is open to every Christian spiritually. Beloved you may have an acquaintance with Christ, if you are his people, quite as near, and far more enduring than any acquaintance which his mother could have gained by merely dandling him on her knees, or supplying his wants from her breast. To-day, you may talk with Jesus; ye heirs of heaven, your Divine Elder Brother's company is free to you; you have but to go to him, and he will bring you into his banqueting-house, and his banner over you shall be love. Still is his left hand under the head of his saints, and his right hand doth embrace them. There are dearer things than even the infant Christ could give to his mother; there are kisses of his lips more sweet, more spiritual, than any which Mary received. You have but to long for them, and to pine after them; and, when you get them, you have but to prize them, and you shall have them every day. I trust, beloved, some of us need not cry with the spouse in the Song, "O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee;" for we can say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his. . . . Stay me with figs; comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love." I say, then, that all the honour of associating with Christ may be had, at the present moment, by his people; the sweetest of fellowship can be enjoyed by us, in the highest and purest sense, so that the blessing which Mary had is ours, and we may say, with Christ, "Yea, rather, blessed are they that hear the Word of God, and keep it."

II. Again, it is naturally supposed, by some, that it must have been a sweet thing to be the mother of our Lord, BECAUSE, THEN, WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH HIM, AND HAVE KNOWN MORE OF HIS HEART.

If he had any secrets, surely he would confide them to his mother. There must have oozed out, in his private life, some things which men did not see in public. Perhaps there may have been something which he could not very well unveil to the gaze of the million, which would be perceived by Joseph and by his admiring mother. She was behind the scenes; she had the benefit of looking into his very heart in a way in which we cannot do it. Well, there may be something in that; but I do not think there is much. I do not know that Mary knew more than others; what she did know, she did well to lay up in her heart; but she does not appear, from anything we read in the Gospels, to have been a better instructed believer than any other of Christ's disciples; and we

have no indication of her having made any extraordinary advances in the spiritual instruction which her Son had given.

But certain is it that, whatever Mary may have found out, you and I may find out now,—not naturally, but spiritually. Do you wonder that I should say so? Here is a text to prove it: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant." I remember also the Master's words where he said, "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." Nay, so blessedly does this Divine Revealer of secrets tell us what is in his heart that he keepeth back nothing which is profitable to us, and can say to us as he said to his disciples, "If it were not so, I would have told you." Christ keeps nothing back from his chosen. Between the heart of a true saint and Christ there are no secrets; we pour our hearts into his heart, and he pours back his heart into ours. Doth he not, this day, manifest himself unto us as he doth not unto the world? You know that he does; and therefore you will not ignorantly cry out, as this woman did, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee;" but you will intelligently bless God that, having heard the Word, and kept it, you have, first of all, as true a communion with the Saviour as the Virgin had; and you have, in the second place as true an acquaintance with the secrets of his heart as she can be supposed to have obtained.

III. Further, perhaps a more common remark is this, "I wish that I had been Christ's mother, that I MIGHT HAVE NURSED HIM, AND SUPPLIED HIS NEEDS, watched him in his weakness, put him to his rest, and heard the first lisplings when he began to speak. Oh, it would have been something to have said, when I was in heaven, that I had nursed the One who is now exalted far above all principalities and powers, that I listened to the cry of his infancy, and relieved his needs."

Well, that would be something, but let me say to you that you may have it, beloved,—every child of God should have it. Christ is on earth still,—not as to his bodily person, but as to his mystical person; and you may still nurse that mystical person. Wo, ministers of God, are we not nursing fathers unto the Church of God? And you, each of you, in your sphere, as you teach the ignorant, guide the wandering, and comfort those that are bowed down, are hearing the plaintive cry of a suffering Saviour, and you are, with the breasts of your consolation, supplying the wants of his yet infant Church. Perhaps it is better, and nobler far, to have the honour of nursing Christ's mystical body than it was to care for his corporeal frame, because there is a much wider range here. It was but a little cup he needed, it was but a morsel and a drop the Saviour wanted sometimes; but now his great body, stretched as it is from Japan to America,—his great body, found as it is in every part of this world,—his great body, found in sadder sick ones, in yonder poverty-stricken ones, requires vastly more, and therefore of your substance you may give more, yea,

your whole strength you may offer up, that you may feed him, and supply his spiritual wants. Whatever honour, then, the Virgin had in this respect, Christ's pure virgins may still have if they will wait upon his Church, and minister to it of their heart's substance.

"Jesus, poorest of the poor!  
Man of sorrows! Child of grief!  
Happy they whose bounteous store  
Minister'd to thy relief.

"Jesus, though thy head is crown'd,  
Crown'd with loftiest majesty,  
In thy members thou art found,  
Plunged in deepest poverty.

"They who feed thy sick and faint  
For THYSELF a banquet find;  
They who clothe the naked saint  
Round THY loins the raiment bind."

IV. It may be very possible that some others have looked at it in another way. They have said, "Blessed is the womb that bare him, and the paps that gave him suck; for had it been our lot to be his mother, then we believe HE WOULD HAVE BEEN READY TO HEAR OUR CRY, for a son cannot surely resist the prayer of his own mother; and when a mother says, 'My son, help me, I am sinful; I believe in thee, help me;' when she cries out to him whom she had conceived, 'Help me, blot out my sins,' why surely Jesus would heed, with ready ear, and say, 'Mother, thy sins are forgiven thee.'"

But, beloved, this is only our fancy, for Christ is just as ready to save any sinner in this place as he was to save his mother, for it is his greatest delight to see a sinner, with tears in his eyes, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." If I had power to pardon you, I think you know how cheerfully I would do it. Oh, could I break your hearts, and bind them up again, God knoweth that I would not let this night pass without doing it; and do you think that my Lord and Master is less loving than I am? You feel, if he were here to-night, and you were his mother, that he would be sure to hear your cry, and answer you; but Jesus Christ said, on one occasion, as he looked upon the crowd gathered together, when someone said to him, "Thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee;"—what did he say? "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?" and then he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, "Behold my mother, and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." And you, if you put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, shall not stand second to his mother, nay, shall I not say it? you shall even have the preference. Christ was preaching, and they said, "Here is thy mother." Did he

stop to attend to his mother first? Nay, but first he would feed his disciples, first he would teach them; and so, sinner, thou shalt not be second to the mother of the Saviour. Do but cry to him now. "Oh, that the Holy Spirit might show thee thy lost state, reveal to thee thy need, and put a penitent cry into thy mouth; for, when thou canst cry, "Jesus, pity me, and save me," thou mayest cry to him with the greatest confidence, for—

"He is able, he is willing,  
Doubt no more."

You need not seek to move his heart with many cries; for his heart is moved already. He loves the sons of men; his delights are with them. You cannot do him a greater service than by letting him save you. Submit yourself, with all your emptiness, to the fulness of his unspeakable compassion. Is there not a thought here that might woo some.—I am holding it now like a loadstone,—is there no metal here that will be attracted by it? The love of Christ to his people, to poor sinners who seek him, is as great as any love he ever had to his mother, and even greater; you may come with boldness to him, though you never sought his face before.

V. Again, methinks some have thought that, if they had been his mother, THEY COULD HAVE COME TO HIM WITH GREATER EASE.

"It is so easy to speak to one whom we know. We are not at all afraid to tell out our wants to one who has been so near to us as Christ was to his mother." Yet I would have you remember that Christ, as the Son of God, was not the Son of Mary; Christ, the Divine Saviour, was no nearer to Mary than he is to us. Christ was merely the man Christ that was conceived in her womb, or that sucked at her breasts; and, therefore, in his divine person, he towers as much above her as he does above us. And then, though he was born of the substance of his mother, yet was he of our substance, too, for he is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh,—a man, such as we are. If he were an angel, being of a different kind, we might be afraid to come to him; but he is a man, he has a man's emotions, a man's heart, a man's compassion, a man's love, and we need not be afraid to come to him. What though he was not born of us, yet is he of us; though we are not his mother, yet are we his brothers. So let us come boldly to him. Sinner, thou hast as much right to come as ever Mary had. She had none except what grace gave her; thou hast the same. Did Christ ever cast away one sinner who came to him? Nay, did he ever reject one that ever was brought to him? There was a woman taken in adultery, and she did not come willingly, but they brought her to him, thinking, "Surely, Christ will condemn her." What was the result? After driving all her adversaries away, he said to her, "Go, and sin no more." And so will he say to thee if thy doubts and tremblings and fears should bring thee to him. When he casts one soul away, then let other souls be afraid to come to him; but while my blessed Master stands with open arms, and takes the foulest, and vilest, and poorest to

minister unto his love, I pray you stand not back through shame or fear. As much as if you were his mother, and he your Child, come to him, for he invites you to come, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." With tearful eyes, he entreats you to come to him; and if you will not, he doth but relieve his heart by crying, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

VI. Perhaps, if you will think this over, you will see much more that is beautiful. Sure I am, there is no topic more consolatory than that which my text contains. THE VERY BLESSING WHICH BELONGED TO THE VIRGIN MOTHER OF JESUS BELONGS TO EVERY SOUL THAT HEARS GOD'S WORD, AND KEEPS IT.

Now you hear it. Do you hear it with your inside ears, with the ears of your heart; and when you hear it, do you keep it in your memory? Do you keep it in your faith? Do you try to keep it in your obedience? And are you daily testifying to its truth? If so, all these blessings are yours; and let me say to any trembling, awakened, convicted sinner, all these blessings may be yours if you hear the Word of God, and keep it to-night. Here are one or two words of God that I want you to keep: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Will you not come and reason with God, and talk this matter over? You have heard the Word, I pray you to keep it; that is, to obey it. Here is another message from the Word: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." You have heard that, keep it; believe that, although you are a sinner, he came to save you; rest in it, trust in it. Here is one more, and I pray you, as you hear it, keep it: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." You have heard it; now keep it. To believe is to trust; trust Christ now; I pray God to constrain you to do it before you pass those doors. Fall flat on your face upon Christ's promise; as for your own righteousness, away with it to the dogs! No prayer, no tears, no vows, no sighs, of yours, can do anything in the matter. Trust Jesus Christ wholly now; then, if you have heard that Word, and shall thus keep it, go your way, and let Satan say what he will, and let the flesh make what noise it pleases, Christ has blessed you, and you are blessed; he has said to you, sinners as you are, "Blessed are they that hear the Word of God, and keep it." When you and I get to heaven, may we find it to be so! May we glory there, and sing as loud a song as even Mary did, when she said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden;"—for all generations may call that one blessed who has sought and found the Saviour. O beloved, even in heaven, that song of Mary shall make a sweet song for us all. May we begin to sing it here, and Christ shall have the praise. Amen.

## THE TRUE LINEAGE.

Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

LUKE XI 14-44.

Verses 14, 15. *And he was casting out a devil, and it was dumb. And it came to pass, when the devil was gone out, the dumb spake, and the people wondered. But some of them said, He casteth out devils through Beelzebub the chief of the devils.*

One would hardly have thought that they could have gone to such a length as that; but when men hate Christ, there is nothing they will not say against him. It is no subject of surprise when great heresies arise, for they are the natural outcome of human enmity against Christ and his truth. People in such a state of heart will say anything; they will give utterance to thoughts that you could not have imagined would have entered any human brain; it is the enmity of the heart to Christ that produces this blasphemy of the tongue.

16. *And others, tempting him, sought of him a sign from heaven.*

"You are working this work from beneath," they said, "now do something that is really from above." They must have known that the casting out of the devil was from heaven, for Satan would never cast out Satan.

17, 18. *But he, knowing their thoughts, said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and a house divided against a house falleth. If Satan also be divided against himself, how shall his kingdom stand? because ye say that I cast out devils through Beelzebub.*

That was a very good and sufficient answer to these cavillers. It is a comfort to us to know that error is very vulnerable; there is always a weak point about it. In this case, Christ permitted it to turn its sting upon itself:—

19. *And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your sons cast them out? therefore shall they be your judges.*

For some of these men had sons, who either did really cast out devils, being disciples of Christ, or else professed to do so, being exorcists, pretending to a power they did not possess. In either case, the argument was good as against the objectors.

20—22. *But if I with the finger of God cast out devils, no doubt the kingdom of God is come upon you. When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.*

This is how Christ drives out the devil; by sheer force of arm. He overcomes him, and drives him out. He does not cajole him, invite him, or persuade him to go; but he fights with him, puts forth his omnipotent power against him, overthrows him, takes away his armour, and divides the spoil. Were you ever conscious of such a fight as that? If not, be afraid of your so-called reformation, for there is no true reformation, and no true conversion, in which there is no conflict between Christ and Satan.

23, 24. *He that is not with me is against me: and he that gathereth not with me scattereth. When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man,—*

This is the kind of "conversion" which is not genuine: "when the unclean spirit is gone out of a man,"—"gone out" of his own accord,—and he may do that; he may leave a man, for a while, with the evil purpose of getting him more completely into his power afterwards: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man,"—

24. *He walketh through dry places, seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out.*



It was his house all the while; he left it voluntarily, he was not driven out by force; he simply left it for a time in order that he might return to it, and retain it the more completely. Now he goes back to it.

25. *And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished.*

There has been a reformation of a sort; the man has given up drunkenness, left off swearing, and become, in certain respects, a better man. The house is swept and garnished, but there is no new tenant of Mansoul, there is no Christ come to take possession of Heart Castle.

26. *Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in, and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first.*

It often happens that, when men make a profession of reformation, and then relapse into their former state, they become far worse than they were before. The so-called "reformation" is all of their own doing; or rather, the greater part of it is the devil's doing. The demon within the man voluntarily went away, and now that he comes back, he brings with him "seven other spirits more wicked than himself;" and so the man is more than eight times worse than he was before the demon left him for a while.

27, 28. *And it came to pass, as he spake these things, a certain woman of the company lifted up her voice, and said unto him, Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked. But he said, Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.*

The enthusiastic woman was so carried away with admiration for Christ that she thought his mother was a highly-favoured woman, and she called her "blessed." "Yes," said Christ, "she is blessed; but still more blessed are they who have the Word of God in their hearts, who regard it as their own, and keep it as a great prize."

29. *And when the people were gathered thick together, he began to say, This is an evil generation: they seek a sign;*

Look back to the 16th verse: "Others, tempting him, sought of him a sign from heaven." Christ had answered those who imputed his miraculous works to Satanic agency, now he answers these others.

29, 30. *And there shall no sign be given it, but the sign of Jonas the prophet. For as Jonas was a sign unto the Ninevites, so shall also the Son of man be to this generation.*

Jonah rose, as it were, from the dead, for he was buried in the deep, in the belly of the whale, and Christ was buried in Joseph's tomb, yet he came back from the grave on the third day.

31, 32. *The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with the men of this generation, and condemn them: for she came from the utmost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here. The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here.*

The resurrection would make Christ the most conspicuous sign of God's presence among the people, it would be the testimony of God to his Son, that he was indeed the Messiah.

33—35. *No man, when he hath lighted a candle, putteth it in a secret place, neither under a bushel, but on a candlestick, that they that come in may see the light. The light of the body is the eye: therefore when thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light; but when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness. Take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness.*

If thy religion be irreligion, if thy hope be a false one, if thy highest aspirations are untrue, what is thy position in the sight of God? Where art thou?

## EXPOSITION.

36, 37. *If thy whole body therefore be full of light, having no part dark, the whole shall be full of light; as when the bright shining of a candle doth give thee light. And as he spake, a certain Pharisee brought him to dine with him: and he went in, and sat down to meat.*

It was often a matter of marvel to the onlookers that Christ went among publicans and sinners; but is it not a greater wonder that he went among Pharisees? If they asked him to their houses, it was usually because they hoped to entangle him in his talk; yet the condescension of our Master is so great that, again and again, "he went in, and sat down to meat."

38. *And when the Pharisee saw it, he marvelled that he had not first washed before dinner.*

Not because Christ's hands needed washing, but because it was the custom of the Pharisees to wash before eating, and our Lord broke through the custom, as he was wont to do, for he cared nothing for their inventions.

39, 40. *And the Lord said unto him, Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter; but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness. Ye fools, did not he that made that which is without make that which is within also?*

"One needs washing as much as the other. You are so careful of your hands; will you not be more careful of your hearts?"

41. *But rather give alms of such things as ye have; and, behold, all things are clean unto you.*

"When you are full of love to your fellow-men, and make a practice of helping them, you have cleansed your heart from selfishness, and have really washed yourself then."

42. *But woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.*

How many, in these days, are very particular about very little things, but very careless about great things! They would not violate the law of their sect or party for the world, but the law of God is of small account to them.

43. *Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye love the uppermost seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets.*

They loved to be called Rabbis, learned Doctors of the law. Any title that made them appear great was very sweet to them.

44. *Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them.*

Nobody but Christ knew how base they were. They were fair to look upon, but he knew that they were villainously hypocritical, and he therefore denounced them. Ah, dear friends, the great matter is to have grace in the heart,—to have the divine light within, in the soul; and if we have not this, vain is a fair profession, vain is everything that comes from man. If we are to be saved, we must have the grace that comes from God alone.

45. *Then answered one of the lawyers, and said unto him, Master, thus saith thou reproachest us also.*

There was no great difference between the scribes and Pharisees and the lawyers, as this man evidently perceived, and as our Lord also soon confirmed by pronouncing upon them the same kind of "Woe" that he had pronounced upon the other false teachers.

46. *And he said, Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.*

Their regulations as to moral and ceremonial observances were like huge

faggots or crushing burdens bound together, and made into a weight intolerable for any man to carry. Many of these rules by themselves were grievous enough; but altogether they formed a yoke that neither the people nor their fathers could bear. The scribes, and Pharisees; and lawyers piled the great load upon them; but neither helped them to sustain it, nor offered to relieve them of any portion of it. "Ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."

47, 48. *Woe unto you; for ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them. Truly ye bear witness that ye allow the deeds of your fathers: for they indeed killed them, and ye build their sepulchres.*

They pretended to have such regard for the holy men of the past that, being unable to honour them in person, they would set up monuments to their memory, and adorn their resting-places with tokens of respect.

Out of their own mouth our Lord condemned these hypocrites: "Truly ye bear witness that ye allow the deeds of your fathers." In effect, Jesus said to them, "You confess that you are the sons of the murderers of the prophets. That admission carries with it far more than you imagine. You are their sons, not only by birth, but also by resemblance; you are veritable children of those who killed the prophets. If you had lived in their day, you would have committed the crimes you pretend to condemn."

49—51. *Therefore also said the wisdom of God, I will send them prophets and apostles, and some of them they shall slay and persecute: that the blood of all the prophets, which was shed from the foundation of the world, may be required of this generation; from the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, which perished between the altar and the temple: verily I say unto you, it shall be required of this generation.*

The destruction of Jerusalem was more terrible than anything that the world has ever witnessed, either before or since. Even Titus seemed to see in his cruel work the hand of an avenging God. Truly, the blood of the martyrs was amply avenged, when the whole city became a veritable Aceldama, or field of blood. It was before that generation had passed away that Jerusalem was besieged and destroyed. There was a sufficient interval for the full proclamation of the gospel by the apostles and evangelists of the early Christian Church, and for the gathering out of those who recognized the crucified Christ as their true Messiah. Then came the awful end, which the Saviour foresaw and foretold.

51. *Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered.*

This "Woe" is similar to that pronounced upon the hypocritical scribes and Pharisees; and it was a terrible charge to be brought against them by him who could read their hearts, and who could truthfully say to them, "Ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered." They ought to have helped men into the kingdom; instead of doing so, they hindered those who were entering. Are there not false teachers, nowadays, who put stumbling-stones instead of stepping-stones in the way of those who are entering the kingdom of heaven?

53, 54. *And as he said these things unto them, the scribes and Pharisees began to urge him vehemently, and to provoke him to speak of many things: laying wait for him, and seeking to catch something out of his mouth, that they might accuse him.*

Thus they proved the truth of the accusations that he had brought against them; but all their plots and traps were in vain until the hour appointed for his great sacrifice to be offered on Calvary.

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

THE HUNGRY FILLED, THE RICH EMPTIED.

## A Sermon

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DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

On Thursday Evening, February 25th, 1869.

"He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away."—Luke i. 53.

DIVINE providence is like a wheel; and as the wheel revolves, that spoke which was highest becomes the lowest, and that which was lowest is elevated to the highest place. It seems to be one of the works in which God delights to cast down the lofty, and to lift up the lowly. He hurleth down princes from their thrones, and lifteth up beggars from the dunghill. "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low." Like the woodman with his axe, the providence of God is cutting down the high and goodly cedars, while making fruitful trees that were dry and withered. That which is full, God empties; and that which is empty, God fills. That which is something, he makes to be nothing; and that which is nothing, he makes to be something. That which is reckoned the wisdom of this world, God maketh to be utter folly; but base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, that he may elevate them, and crown them with his glory.

I am going to take our text as one instance of the general providence of God, and to use it, first, in reference to sinners; then, in reference to saints; and, lastly, in reference to saints in their capacity as workers for Christ.

I. First, then, WITH REFERENCE TO SINNERS, it is true that "He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away."

"The hungry" are the poorest of the poor. When a man is homeless, he is poor; but he may still have something in his purse with which to supply his present necessities. When a man is penniless, he is certainly poor; yet he may have just satisfied the cravings of his hunger, and before the time shall come for another meal, he may be able to procure it. But when the hour has passed in which the man should have refreshed himself, and he is literally

hungry, yet has no means of getting food, then he is one of the poorest of the poor. There are thousands, in London, who are very poor; but, still, they are not actually hungry. They are brought down to poverty; but yet, by some means or other, they are able to get their daily wants supplied; but the hungry man is worse off, and he represents the lowest degree of spiritual poverty. When a man has lost all his former treasures of self-righteousness, when he has no merits, no strength, no might whatever, when he is entirely empty, and his soul craves for what it cannot find in itself, nor earn of itself, nor by any possibility procure by its own merit or power, then is the man in the lowest state of spiritual destitution; and when he is brought to that state, then may he expect, in his experience, the fulfilment of the first part of our text, "*He hath filled the hungry with good things.*"

More than that, the man who is hungry is not only abjectly poor, but *he feels his poverty in a way that does not permit him to forget it.* The man who has but few clothes upon his back may, by reason of the genial weather, scarcely realize that he is wearing the garb of poverty. A man who sleeps in a miserable hut may seldom have been better housed, and therefore may scarcely recognize that he is dwelling amongst the very poor. But he that is hungry has internal evidence that will not suffer him to deny, nor even for a moment to forget, his destitution. So is it with certain sinners. They have within them an insatiable hunger, which causes a desperate disquietness. There is no peace to them; neither by day nor by night can they be at ease. Their sins haunt them, and the fear of punishment dogs their heels. They long to find mercy, but know not how to seek it aright. They would be indeed thankful to be saved from the wrath to come, but they wonder whether salvation is possible to them. They know they are guilty in the sight of God; yet, possibly, they feel grieved to think that they do not feel as much grieved as they should; and are vexed to think that they are not more vexed on account of their sins. All this shows very clearly how utterly destitute they must be, and how truly they may write themselves down among the spiritually "hungry."

"I hope I am now addressing some who are in this condition. Dear friends, you are well aware that there is no good thing in you, yet you wish there were; though, sometimes, you fear that you have not even the desire to be right. To be able to confess your sins with a proper tenderness of conscience, seems to be a task beyond your powers. You say that you wish you could repent, and could believe; and I think you are repenting and believing all the while. But even if you are not, this only proves how abjectly poor you are spiritually, and how far you have gone astray from God, and how lost, how undone you are: and then comes in this blessed message of our text, '*He hath filled the hungry*'—that is, such sinners as you are, so full of needs,—"*he hath filled the hungry with good things.*"

How is it that the hungry get filled while the rich are sent empty away? I think it is, partly, because *the hungry are not to*

## THE HUNGRY FILLED, THE RICH, EMPTIED.

*be satisfied with anything but bread.* There are many; in the world, who spend their money for that which is not bread, and they are contented when they get unsubstantial diet; but a really hungry soul knows that it needs bread, and will not be put off with anything else. When a soul really feels the pressure of sin, it wants to have it pardoned, and it will not be content with anything less than pardon. It wants peace with God, and it will never rest till it gets it. The soul that once hungers after God, the living God, will not be put off with ceremonies and so-called "sacraments." It wants Christ himself; it wants to hear him say, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven; go in peace." You can pacify those whose desires are only whims; but when men's desires are based on such voracious appetites as the hungry have, you cannot satisfy them by the clatter of plates and dishes, and the rattling of knives and forks, or even with the sight of food. They must have it to eat; they will not be put off without it. They cry until they get it, and hence they do get it, for God hears their cry, and grants their request. If a man's prayer be of such a character that only sovereign grace, real pardon, and true salvation will content his soul, then he shall not be put off with anything else, but he shall have that for which his soul craves. Such a man plays, with one of our hymn-writers,—

"Gracious Lord, incline thine ear.

My requests vouchsafe to hear;

Hear my never-ceasing cry;

Give me Christ, or else I die.

"Lord, deny me what thou wilt,

Only ease me of my guilt;

Suppliant at thy feet I lie,

Give me Christ, or else I die.

"Thou hast promised to forgive.

All who in thy Son believe;

• Lord, I know thou canst not lie;

Give me Christ, or else I die."

How vain a thing it is for a man to boast of the privileges he enjoys rather than of the use which he has made of them! How many say, like the Jews of old, "The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord are these;" because they think they belong to an orthodox denomination, or they are members of a church which is correct in its creed, or they attend a ministry which God has greatly blessed to the salvation of souls. Ah, sirs! but if the creed be not believed in your heart, and if the ministry be not blessed to you, your boasting is as vain as that of one who was clothed in rags, and died in poverty, but who boasted of the wealth of London, or of the man who shut his eyes, but who nevertheless boasted of the light that shone upon his countenance. Except you use your privileges, unless you get through the external husks into the very spirit and kernel of them, instead of boasting, you have reason to be ashamed, and to hide your heads. But the truly hungry soul is not satisfied with privileges and opportunities; he wants Christ. To sit in a place of worship to

hear a gospel sermon, he counts to be a favour, for he is very humble, but it is a favour that cannot content him. His soul cries, "Lord, give me Christ; give me salvation; give me now to know that my many iniquities are cast behind thy back; to be remembered against me no more for ever." He cannot be content with anything short of a full Christ for his poor empty spirit.

Further, a hungry soul is likely to get the blessing it craves *because it is an importunate soul*. You know that our Lord Jesus Christ, in his parable of the widow and the unjust judge, set forth the prevalence of importunate pleading with God; and, on another occasion, our Lord used the figure of one, who though not himself hungry, was able to satisfy the hunger of a friend, who had unexpectedly called upon him when he had nothing to set before him; but, by his importunity, he obtained for his friend the food that he needed. Ay, and let a man really have the fear of hell before his eyes, and a sincere desire after reconciliation with God, let his soul be really hungering after peace with God through Jesus Christ, and he will be at mercy's door both night and day, he will hammer away at the knocker, and give God no rest until he puts forth his hand, and gives the Bread of life to that poor starving suppliant. Yes, it is holy importunity that wins the day, and the spiritually hungry man gets the blessing because his importunity gives success to his pleading with God.

I feel sure that there are some in this place who, knowing their need, being painfully conscious that they have no good thing of their own, are hungering after eternal life. I do trust that this hunger will grow into a craving that will never be satisfied until you get what your spirit wants. I pray God that you may never be comforted till Christ comforts you, never get peace till he becomes your peace, never feel that you are safe till you get into the very heart of Christ, and never suppose that you are clean till you are washed in the fountain filled with blood. Beware of getting peace apart from Christ; always be afraid of a hope that is not grounded upon him, for it is better far to continue to hunger and to thirst than to be satisfied with the dust and ashes of this world's religion, or this world's pleasures. O ye hungry ones, hear the words of the text, and be encouraged: "He hath filled the hungry." Look at that blessed word "filled." He has not merely given them a little refreshment, or administered some temporary consolation to them; but "he hath filled the hungry," given them all that they can wish for, all that their souls really need. Turn to this blessed Book of God, and see what promises are there for needy souls. Do they need pardon? There is plenteous forgiveness. Do they need adoption? "They shall be my sons and my daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." Do they need comfort? There is the Holy Spirit himself to be their Comforter. Do they need anything on earth or in heaven? Then it shall not be denied to them, seeing that, in giving Christ to them, God has given them all things. "He hath filled the hungry."

It is a blessed thing to see the man, who once was spiritually hungry, after he has had his soul filled by God. How he rejoices!

He dances like David did before the ark; nay, more than that, his soul seems as though it would dance into heaven itself with glorious leaps of overwhelming joy. As Christ is mine, and Christ is all, I have in Christ all that I can ever desire. It is a blessed fulness, a divine satiety, a heavenly satisfaction which the Lord gives to us when he makes our youth to be renewed like the eagle's by filling our mouth with good things.

We must notice one other word in the text: "He hath filled the hungry with *good* things." I shall not be altering the text, but only giving its true sense, if I say that he fills the hungry soul with the best of things. They are positively good; and they are good comparatively, better than all the good things of the world, and they are superlatively good, for even heaven itself hath no better things than God giveth to poor hungry souls when they come unto him by faith in Jesus. We are apt to think that, if men are starving, the commonest kind of food will do for them so long as they are able to keep away from death's door; but it is not thus that God deals with the spiritually hungry. He spreads the table bounteously, royally, with the best of food; and filleth the hungry with good things;—not simply with a good thing, but the word is in the plural, "with good things." Their needs are many, so the mercies given to them shall also be many. Their needs seem to be as many as their moments, but the mercies of God exceed their utmost needs. All their capacious souls can wish, they shall find in Jesus Christ, who shall be their All-in-all.

The text, you observe, refers to the past, but it may be taken for granted that what God did yesterday he will do to-day, and what he does to-day he will do for ever, so far as it is needful and right; and as he is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," all the blessings that he gives to his people shall be continued to them as long as they need them. Some of us can say that we were filled with these good things twenty years ago, and we have never again hungered as we hungered then. The Lord hath satisfied our souls by giving us Christ, and we are fully content with him. His own word is true to us, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." God is still filling the hungry with good things. There are many, in this house, who can testify that, in answer to prayer, they have had their griefs assuaged, and heavenly comforts granted to them; and, poor sinner, God is willing to do the same for you. If you are hungering and thirsting, come unto him, for there is as much grace in him to-day as ever there was; so come, just as you are, and trust him, rely upon him, and you too shall be filled with good things.

The other half of the text, in its reference to sinners, I shall touch upon very briefly: "The rich he hath sent empty away." Oh, how many sinners there are who think themselves rich! According to their own valuation, they are rich in merit; but the gospel has nothing to do with merit, it only deals with misery, and therefore it sends them away empty, because it does not conduct its



business on the lines that they approve. There are many sinners, who are so rich in their own estimation, that they will not take Christ and his cross for nothing. David knew enough to say to the Lord, "With the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward. For thou wilt save the afflicted people; but wilt bring down high looks." If a man thinks that he is so good that he does not need the gospel, God regards him as so vile that the gospel brings no message of mercy to him until he humbles himself and repents. Jesus said, "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Of all the sins that can happen to us, perhaps the deadliest of all is that of not being conscious of having any sin. A good old Scotchman used to say that there was no devil in the world so bad as having no devil at all, and that not to be tempted was the worst sort of temptation. So I think; and not to be conscious of any sin is, perhaps, to be at the furthest point from God to which any human being can go; for, the nearer we are to God, the more conscious we are of our own shortcomings, and the more earnestly do we struggle to overcome every atom of sin which we discover to be within our souls.

"The rich" are those who are far from being hungry; they have enough, and to spare. Instead of going down upon their knees, like beggars, to ask mercy from God as a charity, they talk proudly about what they deserve, and what good deeds they have done, and what they mean to do in the future; and, therefore, they thank God that they are not as other men are.

Now, what becomes of these sinners, who think themselves so rich that they have no need of the good things with which God fills the hungry? The text does not simply say that they are not fed; it does not say that the door of mercy is shut in their faces; but it says that they are sent right away from mercy's door because they have no right to stand there. Why should a man be allowed to pray when he has nothing to pray for? These rich people are sent away from mercy's table because they do not want to feed on mercy's fare. Why should they sit there, and uselessly occupy places where hungry ones might sit and feast? "So they are sent away."

And, mark you, it is an awful thing to be sent away from the gospel; and it is a remarkable thing that the only people who are sent away from the gospel are those who consider themselves spiritually rich. You who think yourselves so excellent, moral, and amiable, you who cannot see any fault in yourselves, you who think you are going to heaven because of your good deeds, — the gospel not only does not open its door to you, but it even sends you away from its door; and how does it send you away? The text says, "The rich he hath sent empty away." Empty even of what you once thought you had. I only hope that the gracious meaning of the text may be fulfilled to some of you, and that, while listening to the gospel, you may be made to feel that, after all, you are not spiritually rich, but that you are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." It will be the best day's work that

was ever done for you if you are brought to realize your true position, and come to Christ confessing your abject poverty; for, as Joseph Hart well says,—

" 'Tis perfect poverty alone  
That sets the soul at large;  
While we can call one ~~en~~ite our own,  
We have no full discharge."

We know what happened to the two debtors.\* "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both;" but if they had had anything with which they could pay, there would have been no forgiveness vouchsafed to them. Oh, for such an emptying that you may afterwards be filled with good things!

But there are some, who are sent away from hearing the gospel with the same conceit of fulness as they had before, and they are suffered to remain empty without discovering their true condition. This is a dreadful state for anyone to be in,—to go on deceiving one's self, and thinking all is well for time and eternity, and only to find out one's fatal mistake where the discovery will come too late "Woe is me!" cries the self-righteous professor, when he wakes up in the world to come, and finds that he is shut out of heaven;—"Woe is me, that I should ever have fancied that I had a sufficient store of good things for eternity, yet now I have not so much as a drop of water to cool my tongue, and I am tormented in this flame! Woe is me, that I am banished for ever from the presence of God, and from the glory of his power,—sent empty away!"

O my dear hearers, may this text be fulfilled to you in a gracious sense, and not in this sense of terrible justice! One of the two it must be for, if you are "rich" as the text uses that term, you must be "sent empty away" in one sense or the other. I pray that, instead, you may be filled with good things, because the Spirit of the Lord has caused you to hunger and thirst after righteousness.

II. I shall now briefly use the text WITH REFERENCE TO SAINTS.

Beloved brother and sister in Christ, if your experience at all tallies with mine, I think you will have found that the first clause of this portion of Mary's song is most true to you in your spiritual experiences. I find that, whenever I am hungry,—that is to say, conscious of my utter unworthiness, weakness, insignificance,—then it is that Christ is most precious to me, the promises are peculiarly sweet, the covenant of grace is a dainty morsel, and the assembling of myself with the Lord's people brings me to the King's banquet-table. Is it so with you? When you are hungry, do you get filled with good things? You remember when you were under the Lord's chastening hand, and much broken in spirit through bodily pain, how precious that promise was, "Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." You were laid aside both from the means of grace and the cares of business life, and your soul had time for thought and meditation, and in its hunger the Lord was made very sweet to you. You remember when you were poor, some years ago, when

\* See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 3,015, § The Two Debtors."

you had to live 'from hand to mouth, what blessed times you had with your Lord and Master.

You are supposed to be better off now; but you are really worse off if you do not have so much of Christ as you had then. You used, then, to take the promise, "Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure;" in a more literal fashion than you do now. A message which came to your soul with quickening power was this, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." You were hungry then, so your Lord filled you with good things. Every now and then, the pangs of this hunger seize us; our spirits sink, our confidence grows dim through the smoke of our sin, and we get such a sense of our sinnership as we have not had, perhaps for months. We feel as if we ought never to have made a profession of religion. We are so ashamed of ourselves that, if we could ship with Jonah to go to Tarshish, we should be glad to flee from the presence of the Lord, and from the presence of his people too. At such a time as that, if we hear a gospel sermon preached to the very chief of sinners, if the preacher opens his mouth wide concerning sovereign grace, and forgiving mercy, and the cleansing power of the precious blood of Jesus, oh, how welcome the message is to us! We go to the sanctuary, not to criticize the preacher, but to seek spiritual food for our souls, and if the preacher does the work which God gave him to do, we are filled with good things.

But, on the other hand, those who reckon themselves to be spiritually rich are "sent empty away." Yes, "sent empty away" from a full gospel! How many people there are, who have such peculiar tastes,—they call them such refined tastes,—that there are only one or two ministers whom they can hear in a radius of twenty miles! It is a sure sign of a bad spiritual appetite when you must always have little dainties all to yourself; or, in other words, when the old-fashioned truths become distasteful to your palate. There are two things that I always like to see on the table; whether at breakfast, dinner, or tea, they are never out of place; and those two things are bread and salt. And the old-fashioned gospel, like bread and salt on the table, ought to be in every sermon; and those whose souls are in a right spiritual condition will always want to hear it. There are some who crave fancy cookery: this dish must be prepared after the Plymouth fashion, and that dish must be spiced according to some other mode; and if it is not made according to the last new fashion in theology, there are some who cannot savor thereof. Oh, to be brought down from such richness as that, and to be made spiritually poor! "I am sure that our Bibles would be a hundred times richer to us than they are now if we were a hundred times poorer than we are; by which I mean, that the Bible would be more truly to us what it really is if we had a truer sense of what we really are. As we went down in our own esteem, it would go up; and the doctrines of the Bible, the promises of the Bible,—ay, and even the precepts of the Bible,—would possess a wonderful sweetness to us if we had a greater spiritual hunger. Solomon said, "The full

soul loatheth an honeycomb; but to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet." There is such a thing as getting full of our own grace, full of our own prayers, full of our own sermons, full of our own good works, full of our own selves; and what state can be worse than this? It is being blown out almost to bursting. Then, soul, empty yourself of yourself; and when you think of yourself as you ought to think, you will abhor yourself, you will see no good in yourself whatever; but you will see the black finger-marks of your fallen nature even upon the bright alabaster works of grace within your soul, and you will mourn over even your best things because you have defiled them. When we become thus empty, God will fill us with good things.

III. Now, lastly, I believe, brethren and sisters in Christ, that our text is true WITH REFERENCE TO CHRISTIANS IN THEIR CAPACITY OF WORKERS FOR CHRIST.

Give me hungry dogs to hunt with, and give me really hungry workers to work with for the Lord Jesus Christ. I mean, men and women who are dissatisfied with the present spiritual condition of the nominal Christian Church, dissatisfied with the progress that is being made, earnestly longing for something better, determinately set on doing something that shall be for God's glory, and the good of the people, crying and sighing for the conversion of souls, not satisfied with ones and twos, but wanting to see the kingdom of Christ come in all its power, and the will of God done on earth as it is done in heaven. Give me men who will not slumber although the professing Church of God slumbers, men who cannot rest because sinners do not find rest in Christ, men who have no peace because Christ has not become the sinner's peace. Give me such men, for they will be filled with good things. A church that longs for the blessing, and will not be content without it, will get it; but, on the other hand, the "rich" church, which says, "We have got the blessing; we are doing very well; we cannot see anything in which we could improve: we preach the gospel, we have all the usual agencies, they are all conducted with propriety, and with a measure of success; everything goes on exceedingly well; on the whole, perhaps we are ahead of the rest of the churches; we ought to let well alone, and not try to get up excitement, or be seeking after what is not attainable, and attempting such great things that we are pretty sure to fail in our attempts;"—such "rich" people will be sent empty away.

Self-satisfaction is the death of progress. Contentment with worldly goods is a blessing; but contentment in spiritual things is a curse and a sin. What said Paul? "Not as though I had already attained." Some of us think, "If we could get as far as Paul did, we should be satisfied." But Paul said, "Not as though I had already attained;" and then he added, "Forgetting those things which are behind,"—why, some of us wish we had such things to recollect; but he wished to forget all that he had done, and to think only of what remained to be done;—"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling

of God in Christ Jesus." Oh, for this sacred forgetfulness, by way of contentment, of all successes and achievements, so as still to be pressing forward! I would that every believer had, for the glory of God, that spirit which is never satisfied, but always cries for more. I would have the hearts of Christians insatiable as death and the grave, for how can we bear that men should be for ever lost? How can we be quiet while hell is being filled, and souls are perishing day and night? How can we be at ease while God is blasphemed, while Christ is unknown in a great part of the world; and where he is known, he is not beloved? How can we be contented while the black prince of hell seeks to steal the crown rights of King Jesus? Contented and satisfied? Never, till all over this our highly-favoured land Christ shall reign as Sovereign Lord; nay, not then, nor till in every continent and island the nations of the whole world shall have heard the gospel, and vast multitudes have prostrated themselves at Messiah's feet in loyal and loving adoration. Up, saints of God, from your resting-places of inglorious sloth, and begin to cry aloud, and spare not; come to God's throne with a sacred spiritual hunger, for thus shall the Church of God be filled with good things. May God, in his infinite mercy, bless his message, and his shall be the praise and glory for ever. Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

LUKE I. 26—56.

Verses 26, 27. *And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.*

It was by the temptation of an evil angel that man fell, and Paradise was lost; it was, therefore, most appropriate that good angels should be sent to announce the coming of the Restorer, through whom Paradise is regained: "Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth." Christ's coming to earth must be announced in the lowliest of cities, and he must be born in the small Judæan town of Bethlehem; but it was also decreed that he must die at Jerusalem,—in the metropolitan city. Mark the simplicity, and yet the sublimity, of the arrangement by which the meek and lowly Saviour was to be born in our nature. The angel Gabriel was sent from God to a virgin, whose name was Mary.

28, 29. *And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women. And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.*

The best of news may sometimes cause the greatest perturbation of mind and heart. If you feel troubled when you receive a message from God, do not be astonished, as though some strange thing had happened unto you. See how Mary, who was told that she was to receive the greatest honour and favour possible to a mortal being, was troubled by the angel's speech, perplexed by his extraordinary salutation.

30. *And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God.*

If we have found favour with God, there is no cause for us to fear. If God is gracious to us, we are raised above all reason for alarm. Some court the fickle favour of men; but, even if they gain it, they may well fear that

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they may shortly lose it; but the angel said, "Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found favour with God;" and having found that favour, she would never lose it.

31, 32. *And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS. He shall be great,—*

How true is that prophecy; "He shall be great." Christ is the greatest of all great ones. How great he is in our esteem! The tongues of men and of angels could not tell all his greatness. "He shall be great,"—

32—37. *And shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end. Then said Mary unto the angel, How shalt this be, seeing I know not a man? And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And, behold, thy cousin Elisabeth, she hath also conceived a son in her old age: and this is the sixth month with her, who was called barren. For with God nothing shall be impossible.*

It seemed meet that the gospel dispensation should thus begin with two great wonders. The age of wonders has opened upon us now that the day of grace has dawned. Now shall the barren woman keep house, and be the joyful mother of children, according to the ancient prophecy.

38. *And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word.*

Oh, that we all had such a spirit of submission as she had, that we might be willing to place ourselves absolutely at God's disposal, for him to do with us as he pleased!

38. *And the angel of the Lord departed from her.*

His mission was accomplished, so he might go back to the glory from which he had come at God's command.

39—42. *And Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill country with haste, into a city; and entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elisabeth. And it came to pass, that, when Elisabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb: and Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost: and she spake out with a loud voice, and said, Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?*

The most gracious people are always the most humble people. This question of Elisabeth, "Whence is this to me?" has been one that we have often put concerning ourselves. She was the older woman of the two, but she felt herself highly honoured by this visit from her younger relative whom the Lord had so wondrously favoured. It is well when Christian people have a high regard for one another, and think less of themselves than they do of others whom God has specially favoured. It is one of the traits in the character of God's true people, that they have this mind in them; while they who think themselves great prove that they are not the Lord's. If you think much of yourself, he thinks little of you.

44, 45. *For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears the babe leaped in my womb for joy. And blessed is she that believed:*

Not only Mary, who believed the angel's message, and was therefore blessed; but every one of us, who believes in God, may share in this benediction.

45, 46. *For there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord. And Mary said,*

This humble Jewish maiden was a woman of great natural ability. This song of hers is worthy to be sung throughout all ages. It is true

that it is mainly taken from the song of Hannah, and other songs of devout persons in former ages; but this shows how Mary had studied the Word of God, and laid it up in her heart. The best preparation that you young people can have for the highest honour and service in your future life is to bask frequently in the Word of God, and to perfume your whole life by a familiar and accurate acquaintance with Scripture truth. Nothing else can make you so pure, or so prepared for all service which God may yet have for you to perform.

46. *My soul doth magnify the Lord,—*

That is a good beginning. Mary does not magnify herself in her Magnificat; she has nothing to say concerning her own dignity, though she was of a noble lineage; but she sang, "My soul doth magnify the Lord."—

47. *And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.*

She needed a Saviour as much as we do, for she was a sinner like ourselves; and though she was blessed among women, she here indicates that she owed all that blessedness to the grace of God, who had become a Saviour to her, as well as to us.

48. *For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden:*

The family, from which Mary sprang, had become poor, and she dwelt in lowliness at Nazareth.

48, 49. *For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things: and holy is his name.*

She was indeed a blessed woman to have such holy thoughts, such reverence for God, such a true idea of his might and majesty, and of the marvellous favour which he had shown to her.

50. *And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.*

Remember this; it was not mercy to Mary only; it was mercy to us, and mercy to all, who truly trust the Saviour in whom she trusted.

51. *He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.*

Sometimes, we read of God's "finger." That refers to a part of his great power. At other times, we read of his "hand." That is a more brilliant display of his power. But here, as elsewhere, we read of his "arm." This is the majesty of his omnipotence. Pharaoh's magicians told the king that it was the finger of God that wrought the plagues of Egypt, but it was with his outstretched arm that he divided the Red Sea, and overthrew Pharaoh and his hosts: Mary felt that, in the work of salvation we see God's arm; not merely his finger, or his hand.

52. *He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.*

This is what God is constantly doing,—casting down the high and mighty ones, and lifting up the meek and lowly.

53. *He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.*

They who are self-satisfied shall, sooner or later, be cast out; but those who look to God alone, and are hungry after him, shall be satisfied with his favour.

54.—56. *He hath helped his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy. As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever. And Mary abode with her about three months, and returned to her own house.*

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